

PHOTOPLAY

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ined with

MOVIE MIRROR

15¢

NOVEMBER

GINGER ROGERS
BY PAUL HESSE

URING IN THIS ISSUE & MOVIE STARS IN FULL COLOR
TEN MOST ATTRACTIVE MEN IN HOLLYWOOD—See page 34

Ladies!

LAST CHANCE

OFFER

TO READERS OF

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

WE HOPE YOU DON'T MISS A WORD OF



SEND YOUR NAME...WE'LL SEND THE RINGS

Priorities have cut our supply of stones for these gorgeous rings. This may be your last chance to get yours before stocks are entirely gone. Now, today, mail the coupon!

SEND NO MONEY

MAIL COUPON TODAY...TEST 10 DAYS ON GUARANTEE OF FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK!

The beautiful, sentimental solitaire has a gorgeous, brilliant center replica, nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ -karat size and two dazzling replicas on each side. The mounting reproduces in fine detail the same popular ring styling which has been the rage from Miami to Hollywood. It is the ring of youth, of love, of affection. You have your choice of genuine sterling silver or yellow gold-plate mountings. Remember, we're not trying to tell you these are real diamonds. The originals would cost \$100.00, \$200.00 or perhaps more. But these replica diamonds *ARE* one of America's greatest imitations. Not too big, not too flashy, it takes the closest inspection to tell the difference. Stage stars, celebrities, social leaders and millionaires don't risk their precious originals but wear replica diamonds without fear of detection.

The solitaire is offered to you for only \$1.00. The solitaire and wedding ring to match are specially priced at only \$1.69... the perfect pair for only \$1.69. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below and deposit \$1.00 for the solitaire alone or \$1.69 for both the solitaire and wedding ring, plus 10% Federal Excise Tax, and postage charges. Inspect these beautiful replica diamonds. Wear them, see how real-like they sparkle, how amazingly brilliant they are, how envious your friends may be. Convince yourself—compare these replica diamonds with originals. Consider them on-approval, on free trial for ten full days. Then, if you can bear to part with your rings, if you aren't satisfied in every way, return them and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait, but mail the coupon, today!

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 47, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR RING SIZE

Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.



0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



Send a Letter or Order From Convenient Coupon



Ladies... have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of Escalante have brought the diamond centers of the world to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams come true. But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can own a beautiful solitaire *replica* diamond ring, nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ -karat solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gorgeous sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one of our greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! So mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitaire replica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delighted in every way, you need not lose a penny!

HAVE YOU EVER WISHED TO OWN A BEAUTIFUL EXPENSIVE-LOOKING REPLICA DIAMOND SOLITAIRE?

Just think! No other type ring so beautifully expresses the sentiment of true love as a solitaire... a replica diamond solitaire, gleaming in its crystal white beauty... exquisitely set in a sterling silver or yellow gold-plate ring that proudly encircles "her" finger... a perfect symbol of life's sweetest sentiment... an adorable token of love and affection. Replica diamonds are decidedly new and fashionable. So closely do they resemble real diamonds in their dazzling colors, the average person can scarcely tell them apart. You, too, should inspect this replica diamond solitaire. Mail the coupon, see for yourself that it is one of the world's most popular ring styles. Consider your replica diamond on-approval for ten days. If it doesn't amaze you and your friends, return it and you aren't out a penny!

"The Perfect Pair"

The solitaire replica diamond ring, in either a sterling silver or gold-plate mounting is offered at \$1.00. The wedding ring to match is only 69c extra, both the solitaire and matching wedding ring for only \$1.69. Mail the coupon today.



CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 47, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings as listed below. I will pay the postman amount indicated, plus postage on a refund my money immediately without question.

- ☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire—\$1.00 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax
☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire and Matching Wedding Ring—\$1.69 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax

Size..... ☐ Sterling Silver ☐ Yellow Gold

Name..... (print plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

all hearts respond to a radiant smile!

Make your smile the passport to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

GLANCE ABOUT YOU, plain girl! Who are the bright stars of your own special intimate world? Are they all beautiful—all candidates for a screen test?

Of course not! But the chances are their smiles are bright. For a sparkling smile can light up the plainest face—give a charm and a warmth no eyes can resist.

Make your smile the real *you*! But,

remember, a bright, sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Play safe—if your tooth brush "shows pink," heed its warning.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

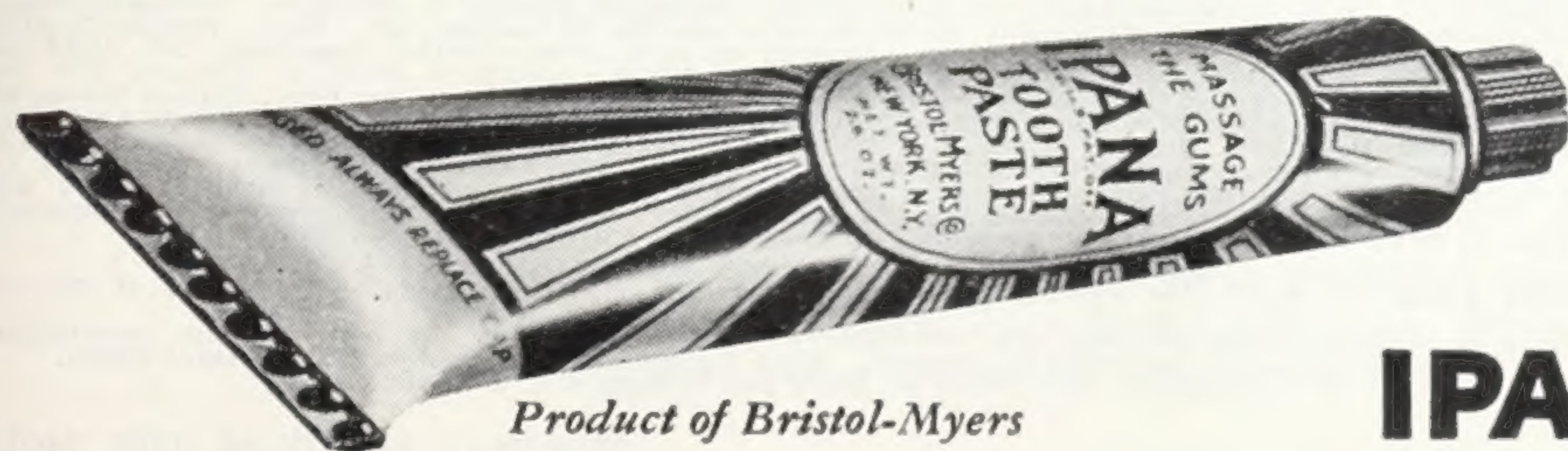
If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink"—see your dentist right away. It may not mean anything serious, but get his decision.

It's very likely he'll tell you that your gums have become sensitive because they've been denied natural exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. His sugges-

tion, like so many dentists, may be "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth to sparkling brilliance but, with massage, is designed to aid the health of the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation is increased in the gums, helping them to a hardier, healthier firmness.

Today adopt the modern dental routine of Ipana and massage and help yourself to have brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more radiant, sparkling smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE



Our Department of Curious Statistics informs us that "Mrs. Miniver" has hung up the Lost Kerchief record.

It seems that more handkerchiefs were left in the seats than in the case of any previous duct-draining cinema.

A more solid statistic about this M-G-M masterpiece is that from all indications "Mrs. Miniver" will play to more people than any other single film ever released.

"Mrs. Miniver" is more than a movie. It's a message of moment!

For a waggish lion we are sounding too terribly in earnest. If you'll promise to go and see "The War Against Mrs. Hadley"—another "Mrs."—and another motion picture that's timely, topical and top-notch, we'll get on to lighter aspects of shadow life!

As for instance "Seven Sweethearts" the charmer which brings out so many talented new faces, led by Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

And Red Skelton's new comic confection called "Whistling in Dixie", the ultimate in gaiety since "Whistling in the Dark".

Red's maternal parent might be called The Whistler's Mother.

Perhaps the best music since such things began will be Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal". Watch as well Gene Kelly of "Pal Joey" fame.

And the most effective looking morsel ever to be shot by a photographer is Hedy Lamarr as Tondelayo in "White Cargo".



We're pretty effective too—Tonde-Leo

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

NOVEMBER, 1942

VOL. 21, NO.

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COVER: Ginger Rogers, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sammis
Editorial Director

Helen Gilmore
Editor

Edmund Davenport, Art Director

Marian H. Quinn, Asst. Editor

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Another triumph from
M-G-M—the producers
of Mrs. Miniver



● From the vivid pages
of James Hilton's love
story comes a splendid
motion picture.

Greer Garson as the girl
who found love, lost it
and found it again . . .

Ronald Colman as the
shell-shocked hero who
drifted into a romantic
adventure of infinite
beauty and tenderness.



RONALD
COLMAN

GREER
GARSON

JAMES HILTON'S
Random Harvest

Directed by **MERVYN LEROY** • Produced by **SIDNEY FRANKLIN**

with

PHILIP DORN • SUSAN PETERS
HENRY TRAVERS • REGINALD OWEN
BRAMWELL FLETCHER



Screen Play by Claudine West, George Froeschel and
Arthur Wimperis • Based Upon the Novel by James Hilton
A Mervyn LeRoy Production • An M-G-M Picture

BY RUTH WATERBURY

It takes an actress to think up an idea like Mary Astor's and . . .



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

. . . it takes Hollywood to make a masterpiece of "Mr. Blabbermouth"

WHILE Hollywood, with the rest of our country, knows the war is of the most ghastly seriousness, it somehow manages to take all the situations that war creates with a degree of humor. . . .

Take blackouts, for instance . . . they are terrifying . . . but I know of nowhere else that you would have such wonderful, handsome comfort as discovering that your air-raid warden is Walter Pidgeon or Fred MacMurray or Gary Cooper. . . .

Take the air-raid warning service . . . it's a bit frightening calling up to warn of sounds overhead . . . but it is most soothing to hear a voice like Ty Power's answering the phone . . . that is, Ty did answer the phone before his enlistment until practically every woman in the Bel Air district, where he served, got wise to the fact that he was at the warning station every Thursday night . . . after that, the phones got so clogged with calls, with ladies apparently terrified by the trembling of a leaf or the mewling of a cat, that Ty had to get shifted to another job, where he was mute but willing. . . .

Every week end the town is simply packed with soldiers, sailors and marines all out for a good time and all of them having it . . . service men are the only strangers who now can get into studios for the mere asking . . . the ones smart enough to find out the addresses of their favorite stars have learned that by merely happening around they are always sure of food, laughter and in most instances a swim in a private pool . . . what they don't know is that Hollywood hostesses cherish them fondly,

not alone because they are giving their all for the service but also because their presence means that for once Hollywood has more men than girls, a most pleasant state indeed. . . .

It takes an actress to think of an idea like Mary Astor's . . . Mary's husband Manuel del Campo enlisted, via Canada, in the R.A.F. . . . thus Mary came to know a lot of the R.A.F. boys and discovered, being so much farther away from home than our boys, they were proportionately more lonely . . . so she's turned her house into a post office for letters from their girls . . . each Saturday she turns her place over to any of the R.A.F. lads who may be in town . . . if they have local girls they can come and meet them there . . . Mary not only gives them the run of the place but she goes down and works the while at the office of the Civil Air Patrol . . . works as a typist, asking and receiving no favors . . . just being one of the girls. . . .

EVEN a war can't stop the Hollywood impulse that makes one studio try to top another . . . as you have probably read, the regular previews in theaters, which had been such a feature of Hollywood life, were dropped when the war started . . . the excuse was that the Fourth Interceptor Command was against large gatherings and bright lights . . . therefore, said the studios, films would be shown mid-afternoons in projection rooms right on the various lots. . . .

The truth was something else again . . . the truth concerned the list of

"reviewers" . . . originally this list was supposed to be just the two hundred and fifty odd correspondents for magazines, newspapers and syndicates who were accredited by the Hays Office . . . these were the people who at the theater previews were invited to sit in the sacred, roped-off section . . . gradually, however, the list grew, faster than an unbalanced budget . . . in came the agents . . . in came the producers' relatives . . . in came the wives of a friend of a friend . . . it got to the point where the "preview list" actually numbered 1800 people . . . all of whom viewed the picture for free . . . all demanding the choice seats . . . thus the war offered the finest "out" on this thorny situation . . . the previews were abandoned . . . the films were shown in small projection rooms . . . nobody liked the new setup . . . everybody yelled murder until along came "Mrs. Miniver". . . .

You know about "Mrs. Miniver" and how she upset all calculations . . . but you probably don't know that she brought the premieres back . . . this is how that cooked . . . M-G-M opened the film in New York . . . New York is a snazzy place and the largest city in the world . . . but nothing impresses Hollywood like Hollywood, so the film simply had to open big here . . . the VACS offered the proper excuse . . . the VACS—Volunteer Army Canteen Service, if you insist—are Hollywood's own war service de luxe . . . Mrs. William Goetz, wife of the vice-president of Twentieth Century-Fox and daughter of Louis B. Mayer, who is both M's of M-G-M, (Continued on page 96)

Ginger is great at
kidding around...

but watch her when
she acts her age!



GINGER ROGERS

AND

RAY MILLAND

in

When Ginger decides to travel half-fare, she just isn't half fair to Major Ray, who thinks she's a kid, when she's really kidding. It's Ginger's funniest hit — and we're not kidding!

"The Major and The Minor"
RAY MILLAND GINGER ROGERS

UNDER 12

A Paramount Picture with

Rita Johnson • Robert Benchley • Diana Lynn

Directed by BILLY WILDER • Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Fitting tribute to a heroine: Anna Neagle and Robert Newton in "Wings And The Woman"



Magnificent "must": MacDonald Carey, Robert Preston and Brian Donlevy in "Wake Island"

✓✓ Wings And The Woman (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The life story of gallant Amy Johnson.*

A NNA NEAGLE and producer-director Herbert Wilcox journeyed to their native England to create this beautiful monument to a great woman. The raging Nazi bombs outside the Denham Studios failed to alter in any way the beauty and charm of the production.

Miss Neagle, as Amy Johnson, the woman who dreamed and planned and achieved her dreams and plans to become the first great woman aviatrix, is so very good.

Robert Newton as Jim Mollison, the flyer, who married Amy and lost her, is outstanding. Edward Chapman as her father and Joan Kemp-Welch as her mother give beautiful performances. In fact, the entire cast is superb. But the red-letter performance is Anna Neagle's.

The end of the picture, in particular, will stir you to the depths. It makes you realize that British women in this present war have what it takes.

Your Reviewer Says: A tribute fittingly paid.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Wings And The Woman

Between Us Girls

Desperate Journey

Wake Island

Best Performances

Anna Neagle in "Wings And The Woman"

Robert Newton in "Wings And The Woman"

Fay Bainter in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley"

George Sanders in "The Moon And Sixpence"

Lucille Ball in "The Big Street"

Henry Fonda in "The Big Street"

✓✓ Wake Island (Paramount)

It's About: *The gallant stand of the marines on Wake Island.*

THE records of the United States Marine Corps furnished the basis for this authentic picture of the magnificent achievements of the marines on Wake Island. Bringing home to us the great fight of fellow Americans against a foe better armed and greatly outnumbering them, it becomes a glorious tribute to the indomitable marines who gave their lives so valiantly, refusing to admit defeat until their ammunition and almost the last man were gone.

Brian Donlevy plays the major who commands the Island's defenses; Albert Dekker is the civilian engineer who refuses to leave; MacDonald Carey, the young flyer whose wife has been killed in the Philippines and who gives his own life to destroy a Jap cruiser. Robert Preston and William Bendix play the two marine buddies who provide the only comic relief. All performances are magnificent.

The magnificence of the terrific fight against hopeless odds is heart-rending and the spirit of fighting men will thrill beyond words.

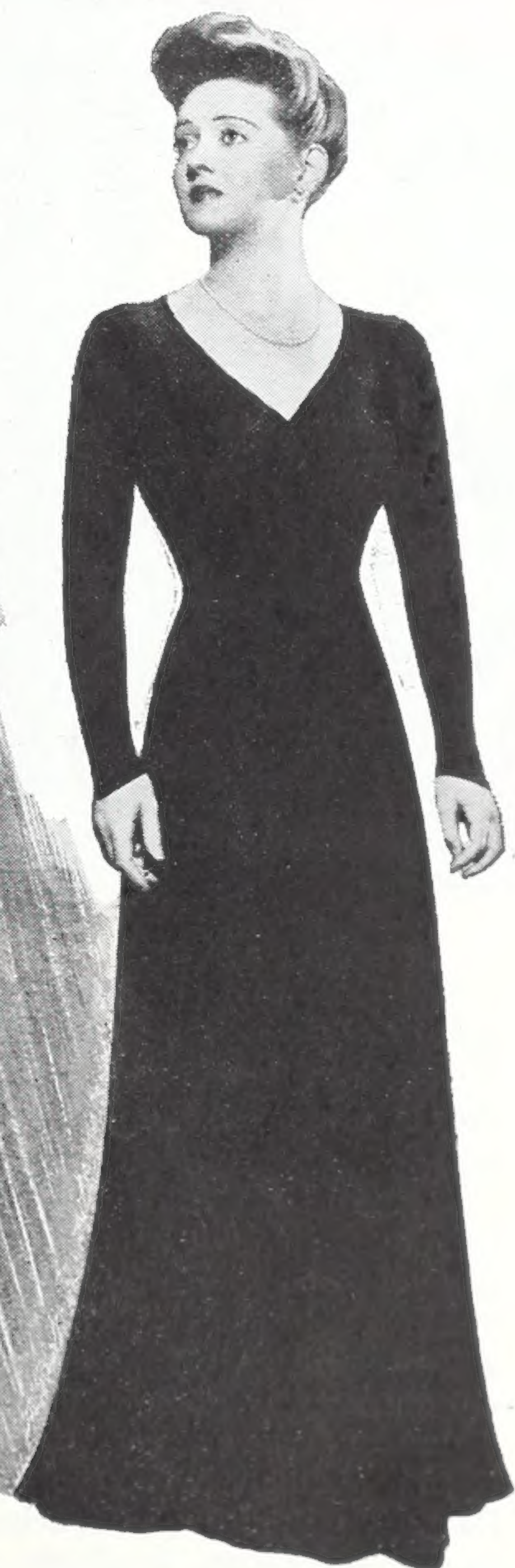
Your Reviewer Says: A picture every American should see.

(Continued on page 101)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 110

**It
happens
in
the best
of
families**

But you'd never think it could happen to her!



WARNER BROS.
present their new dramatic triumph

BETTE DAVIS

more exciting, more radiant than ever—with her new co-star

PAUL HENREID

in
Vow, Voyager

*A story that surpasses
'Stella Dallas', by its
author, Olive Higgins Prouty*

A HAL B. WALLIS
PRODUCTION

with

CLAUDE RAINS

EDYSS COOPER • BONITA GRANVILLE • ILKA CHASE • Directed by IRVING RAPPER • Music by Max Steiner • Screen Play by Casey Robinson

SEPTEMBER, 1942

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



The chorus of oh's and ah's went up from the sidewalk set for Bette Davis and husband Arthur Farnsworth at "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Eyes of all the Mocambo merry-makers were centered on Betty Grable and George Raft (left) the other night. Reason? Those rumors

Thought You'd Like to Know: The recurrent piffs between George Raft and Betty Grable may mean the end of a booful romance. And won't the Army, the Navy and the Marines be glad if Betty becomes heartfree again?

Kathryn Grayson, midst pleas, tears and promises from husband John Shelton, finally filed that divorce plea. Mr. Shelton promptly replied with a denial-of-charges proceeding. Latest reports say that once again the little Grayson has reconsidered in the face of John's early departure to war. So the marriage is due to stand—at least for the duration.

Hedy Lamarr with the new French star, Jean Pierre Aumont, and Charles Chaplin with Luise Rainer are taking in all the previews these days—and being taken in on speculation by Hollywood.

Marriage À La Hollywood: That blonde star who eloped recently with a playboy is regretting it, oh so much, one hears. When the first of the month rolled around and the bills poured in, it became apparent that the so-called wealthy groom had no assets but an overdue garage bill.

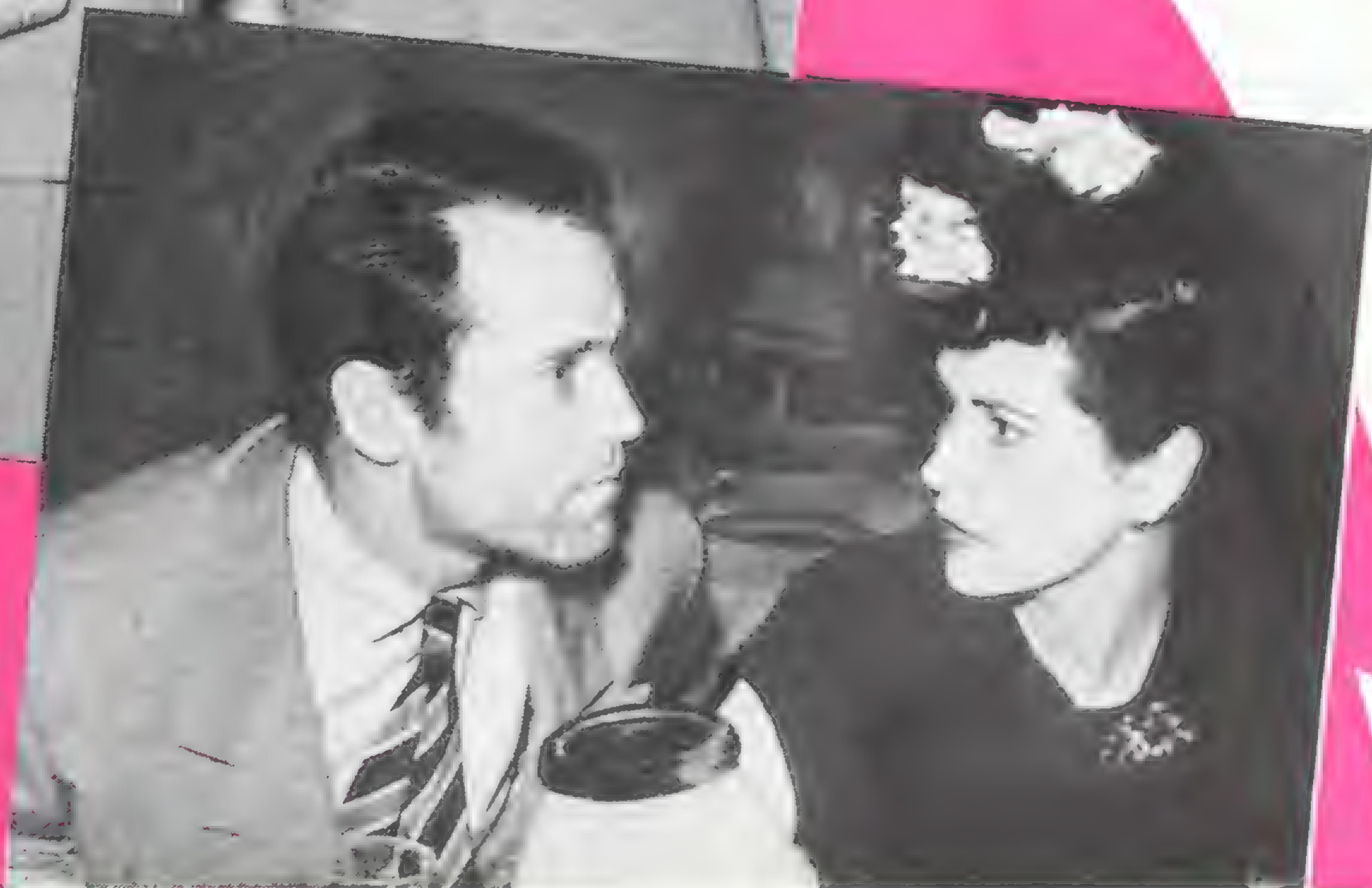
Wifey has taken on his support and isn't liking it. So watch the fireworks.

A few weeks ago Ava Rooney admitted to frequent quarrels with hubby Mickey but claimed they weren't serious.

Then, over Labor Day, it happened. Mickey announced he'd packed up and gone home to his mother's house. "I knew she (Ava) wanted a divorce and there was no chance for a reconciliation," Mickey said, not too happily.



Charity party found a gentleman bidding \$5 for a kiss from Anne Shirley. Said Sgt. Edwards, "Cheap skate! I'll give \$15!" He did; she did; Bob Hope wished he did. Right: Hank Fonda, bewhiskered for "Oxbow Incident," with Mrs. Fred MacMurray at the Mocambo



Our Chuckle of the Month: Red Skelton, who has made 200 personal appearances before soldiers, was approached the other day by a friend with something on his mind.

"Red, for heavens' sake," he said, "when are you ever going to take a vacation?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Red said. "I'm planning on taking my vacation next year in Tokyo. I'd thought I'd stay at the MacArthur Hotel on Doolittle Avenue, right across from Roosevelt Park. Sounds like I'd enjoy it there."

Incidentally, rumors of upsets between Red and his Edna are true, but when haven't those two scrapped? With their needing each other as badly as they do, we needn't be concerned over a definite break.

No Greater Friendship: "I wanted to be of service because my closest friend Jimmy Stewart was doing his bit." With these words Henry Fonda, without confiding to anyone, went down to a Los Angeles recruiting station and stood in line with the other boys enlisting as apprentice seamen. Behind him Fonda leaves his wife, the former Frances Brokaw, and his three children, Frances Brokaw, Jayne Seymour Fonda and Peter Fonda.

When a lieutenant spotted the tall gangling actor in the recruiting line, ready for the oath, he ran for his superior officer.

"This will be swell for morale," the superior grinned.

"Morale, the deuce!" Fonda grinned back. "Just give me service with the gun crew!"



Norma Shearer gets into print, marries Martin Arrouge. The wedding party, waiting at the church, attended by Otto Lang and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Norma's son, Irving Thalberg Jr., and small daughter Katherine Thalberg

Last-Minute Events: Norma Shearer, the cool, the calm, the practical, went into her marriage with the young ski instructor Marty Arrouge (pronounced Ah-rue-jay) with all the business acumen that has marked her career. Miss Shearer had her bridegroom legally waive all rights to community property and agree to place over the ring that marked her marriage to Irving Thalberg his own wedding band. Imagine wearing two marriage rings, if you please.

Little Katie Thalberg and Irving Jr. attended their mother, who, incidentally, was fifteen minutes late for her wedding. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Sr. flew West for the event. Greer Garson caught the bride's bouquet. . . .

Alexis Smith announced her engagement to actor Craig Stevens just before his entry into the Army. Hollywood wouldn't be surprised if the pair became man and wife very shortly. . . .

Friends were delighted to learn of the marriage of Fay Wray to writer Robert Riskin in New York. Miss Wray has been sadly missed from the

screen for some time. Mr. Riskin, now with the Office of War Information in Washington, worked in close collaboration with Director Frank Capra, writing some of his biggest hits. . . .

The report Spencer Tracy and his wife have definitely separated, with Spencer living in a Beverly Hills hotel, brought sadness to their many friends who hope it's only a temporary estrangement. The Charles Laughtons, on the other hand, who have parted and reunited several times seem determined to make it a permanent separation this time.

Farewell to a Grand Team: The legion of Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald fans may never see their favorite stars teamed again. Nelson has asked and received his release from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Jeanette has been on a picture to picture basis with the studio without a set contract for some time. At the present, Nelson is devoting his time to radio. Jeanette is making personal appearance tours at camps, hospitals and U. S. O. centers.



Good catch: Greer Garson, who's been seeing lots of Richard Ney, had her hands full with bride Norma's wedding bouquet at the reception which was held at Minna Wallis's immediately after the ceremony



LOOK AT ME NOW...

last week's "forgotten woman"!

"After weeks of being the 'forgotten woman' I was having the time of my life at the Watkins' party.

"I felt like shouting it to the world. I wanted it to be a slap in the face to those who had whispered behind my back.

"Not a man said 'Let's sit this one out' or 'Excuse me, I've got to make a telephone call.' I danced every dance—and there were plenty of 'cut-ins'.

"Moreover, midnight found me singing in close harmony with the most interesting boys at the party—some of the old friends who had politely dropped me and some new ones who were plenty attractive.

"It just goes to show that a girl can win back the favor she sometimes loses through her own carelessness. And had I been careless! Oh, my! Thank Heaven, I found out what my trouble* was and

did something about it.

"Perhaps in my experience there's a hint for you—and you—and you."

One of the worst handicaps anybody can have is halitosis (bad breath).* Once found guilty of it you may be under suspicion always.

How's Your Breath?

But why take chances? Isn't it just plain common sense to be on guard against this offense which detracts so much from your charm? Listerine Antiseptic may prove one of your best friends in this matter. This reliable antiseptic works two ways to purify and sweeten your breath.

1. It halts the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on oral surfaces; while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad

breath, say some authorities, are caused by such fermentation.

2. It overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

If you want to be at your best socially and in business, never, never omit the wholly delightful Listerine precaution. Use it night and morning and between times before social and business engagements. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

HONESTY

shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

PERC WESTMORE, Head Make-up
Artist at Warner Bros. studio



ANN, I'M TRYING TO TELL
EVERY GIRL IN AMERICA
WHAT WONDERS OUR
FOUNDATION CREAM
CAN DO FOR HER



ANN SHERIDAN, co-
starred in "GEORGE
WASHINGTON SLEPT
HERE", the Warner
Bros. hit.

WELL I CAN VOUCH FOR
THAT, PERC! AS YOU
KNOW I USE IT
CONSTANTLY... AND
IT'S WONDERFUL!



Westmore Foundation Cream... wonder-
working powder base in six skin-tinted
shades (there's blending face powder, too!)

- Developed by the famous Westmores.
- Creates a smooth, even, glowing tone.
- Helps conceal little complexion faults.

50¢

Regular size at drug stores everywhere. "Get-
acquainted" size at variety stores. (Add 10%
Fed. tax.)

House of **WESTMORE** Inc.
HOLLYWOOD

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Ermine and orchids
corner: Jane Withers
and A. C. Lyles Jr.



Blue serge and mink: Oleg Cassini and
wife Gene Tierney at "Tales Of Manhattan"

News From Hollywood's Second
Front: Lew Ayres, in the Medical
Corps, was stationed in Honolulu
when last heard from.

Corporal Gilbert Roland has made
wife Connie Bennett very happy by
being chosen for Officers' Training
School.

Lt. Jimmy Stewart is stationed at
the flying school at Albuquerque, New
Mexico, and one hears he won't be
Lieutenant very long. Everyone is
proud of Jimmy, who chose to come
up the hard way.

Lt. Freddy Brisson is stationed at
Santa Ana, Calif., about twenty-five
miles from Los Angeles. Rosalind
Russell has taken a small house there
to be near her husband.

Beautiful Brenda Joyce cooks, sews,
scrubs in her little house up north
near the town of Atascadero, Calif.,
just so husband Lt. Owen Ward can
have a home to come to twice a week.
Brenda is expecting a baby soon.

Weep Not, Fair Lady: She came
down from the high mountain location
at Sonora, pale, bewildered, hurt.
Zorina had been told after ten days'
shooting that she would not do in the
role of Maria in "For Whom The Bell
Tolls."

Her eyes were wide with pain and
disappointment the day she came back
to town and all Hollywood feels the
dancer-actress was needlessly hurt.
To begin with, Zorina never seemed
to Cal quite right for the role. Author
Ernest Hemingway repeatedly stated
he felt Ingrid Bergman the one star
suited for the role. Director Sam
Wood never fully approved Zorina's
tests but reluctantly agreed to the
studio's wishes in the matter.

Zorina herself made the sacrifice of
permitting her long hair, so contribu-
tive to the artistry of her dancing, to
be shorn close to her head for the
role. She is now preparing a new
dance routine under the guidance of



Glitter, glitter, little star: Carole Landis looks over a jewelry counter at Adrian's shop

her husband George Balanchine for a scene in "Star Spangled Rhythm." Most stars have suffered like heart-aches at some stage of their career and all of them have recovered. So weep not, fair lady. Tomorrow is still another—and most probably a better—day.

The Power and the Glory: On the same day two friends 3000 miles apart (see news of Henry Fonda on page 9) and unaware of the other's intentions walked into recruiting offices and enlisted in Uncle Sam's forces. Tyrone Power went down from his "Crash Dive" location in the East to Washington, D. C., and enlisted in the United States Marines without telling one member of his company. Previous plans in personalized Navy work had fallen through for the actor and the resultant publicity had been unpleasant.

At Camp Elliott in San Diego Power will undergo the rigorous Marine training. Annabelle, his wife, will remain in their Brentwood home.

An American Gentleman: We stopped on the "Once Upon A Honeymoon" set to garner a few bits of news.

Ginger Rogers took one look at us and immediately dashed for her dressing room.

Wondering if maybe we were the cause of the sudden exit, we sat down meekly to watch. Ginger's famous pal, Eddie Rubin, made another hurried exit. Then we were almost sure. "Ten to one, we're put out of here in another five minutes," we wagered with our accompanying publicist, who looked horror-struck at the very idea.

Then Cary Grant turned and saw

THE GREAT BROADWAY HIT PLAY
COMES UPROARIOUSLY TO THE SCREEN!

ROSALIND RUSSELL
BRIAN AHERNE · JANET BLAIR

MY SISTER EILEEN

GEORGE TOBIAS · ALLYN JOSLYN
Screen play by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov
Directed by **ALEXANDER HALL** · Produced by **MAX GORDON**
A COLUMBIA PICTURE



**COME
ON!
WHERE
IS IT?**

**I GOTTA DATE,
MOM**



...I have to have Noxzema for my Powder Base—it gives such a smooth, long-lasting foundation; as a night cream it helps smooth and soften my skin—helps heal externally-caused blemishes.



**I GOTTA SHAVE,
DON'T I?**

...I can't do without Noxzema. It helps soften my tough beard, gives me a swell, cool, comfortable shave; and my skin doesn't feel tender and sore afterward!

**I GOTTA HAVE
IT FOR BABY**



...I wish all mothers knew how grand Noxzema is for baby's tender skin when it is chafed or irritated by "diaper rash." It cools and soothes so quickly and helps promote healing!



**I OFTEN BURN
MY HANDS...
COOKING**

...and Noxzema's wonderful for those minor "kitchen" burns and for rough, chapped hands, too! Keep a jar in the kitchen, the bathroom, on your dressing table.

**Let this famous family
favorite help you, too!**

• Try Noxzema as above—and for the relief of many similar externally-caused skin troubles. Over 15 million jars are used every year!

IMPORTANT! While the supply lasts, you can get the big 75¢ jar of Noxzema for only 49¢ (plus tax)! Due to wartime limitations, this yearly offer may never be made again! Take advantage of it. Get Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter today!



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

They met on Broadway, were married in Hollywood: Diana Barrymore, John's daughter, rings wedding bells with stage actor Bramwell Fletcher. Rev. H. Paul Rome, who married Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton, officiated. The bride was attended by her mother, Mrs. Harrison Tweed. Sixty guests were at Diana's house. Below: "Old marrieds" of two years, Ma Martin and Dick Halliday, make a Mocambo night of



us. "Hello, stranger," he cried and came over to shake hands and to talk a bit of his great happiness and his satisfaction in becoming an American and his hopes of getting into the Army very soon; then he was summoned to the phone.

While he was gone it happened. Mr. McCarey, the director, wasn't so well, we were informed, and would we mind leaving the lot.

We grinned at the unhappy publicist.

"Well, maybe Mr. McCarey was ill," the studio worker began.

"Maybe," we agreed. "Maybe we're wrong about Ginger!"

(Cal says Ginger has changed. Ginger admits she has. Furthermore, she gives an answer to Cal and her Hollywood critics on page 54.)

Down Romance Lane: Glenn Ford is the most ardent beau Eleanor Powell has had since Merrill Pye.

"I love her very much," Richard Ney wrote to a friend from an Army camp concerning Greer Garson, "but I was most unhappy when I left Hollywood, for I felt my feelings for Greer made things very difficult."

Mr. Ney doesn't say how or what things were difficult.

Newsbits: Gene Autry is quite a figure in his new uniform. Understand Sergeant Autry will have his life story translated to the screen. Wonder who will play Gene—his rival Roy Rogers, perhaps?

Agent Sue Carol claims it was love that prompted that sale of her husband's contract to a rival agent for \$10,000. "Do you mean to tell me she

Old Alan Ladd for a mean little 10,000?" wide-eyed Gertie asked. Hollywood is touched at the tribute paid the late Carole Lombard by a special squadron of Navy air cadets who have named themselves "The Lombardiers." "The Lombardiers" were recruited from Carole's native Indiana. Charity events included the garden party for the California National Guard Hospital presented to the state by Marion Davies. The party, held in Marion's beautiful gardens brought out Sergeant Gene Autry in uniform, posing with two arms full of Rita Hayworth and Dorothy Lamour. Ava Gardner (Mrs. Mickey Rooney) in uniform made a pretty picture. Anne Shirley sold a kiss for fifteen hard-earned dollars to a visiting soldier. (See page 9.) Bob Hope, as auctioneer, kept the crowd in hysterics.

Last-Minute Round-Abouts: Adrian's fashion display was one of the highlights of the month. Mary Martin was specially chic. Barbara Hutton (Mrs. Gary Grant) bought most of the models after the display. Margaret Sullavan took the whole thing very seriously, while Carole Lombard bubbled over at the beautiful socks, jewels and shoes. Spectators raised eyebrows at the sight of Paulette Goddard dining with her husband Charles Chaplin at the Mayers. 'Tis whispered Charlie's new discovery, Joan Barry, flounced out of the studio and home to Mama when the news reached her ears. Coincidentally, when Paulette went back to her New York farm for a visit, she shipped her bantam car along as excess baggage. Three gallons of gas and Paulette says she can go to the moon in it.

Hedy Lamarr goes previewing with Jean Pierre Aumont. Know him? No? Well then, see p. 66



"I may as well Work Overtime —I never Have a Date!"



Susie: "...so run along, Terry. Keep your date with dark and handsome! I'd just as soon stay and work as sit at home alone!"

Terry: "Susie! What a dull night life for a pretty girl! If I told you what dims your glamor—you'd have scads of dates!"



Susie: "An underarm odor girl—ME! Why, I bathe every day."

Terry: "But why expect your morning bath to last all day! I play safe, with Mum!"



"Pretty clothes and hair-dos don't mean much if underarm odor steals the show! Resolved: Each day it's a bath for past perspiration—Mum to guard the future!"



MUM HAS the advantages popular girls want in a deodorant! *Speed!* Takes only 30 seconds. *Safety!* No risks to sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving; won't harm clothes. *Certainty!* Mum clinches bath freshness, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor for a whole day or evening. Guard your charm—get Mum at your druggist's today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentleness, safety, dependability—make Mum ideal for this important purpose, too.



Arthur Murray Dancers
Say "Active Women Need
These Action Girdles"

Real-Form
GIRDLES OF GRACE



Look fit, feel fit, with the perfect fit of
Raschel Knit Real-Form! A miracle of
comfort and control made with maxi-
mum Lastex permitted by W. P. B.
Won't roll or "hike up". Guaranteed
non-run. Illustrated: completely two
way stretch panty girdle (or girdle) ..
\$2.50. Other styles \$2.50 to \$5.00

*Send 10c in coin or stamps for Arthur Murray Dance Book
Real-Form Girdle Co., Dept. P, 358 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.



Speak FOR YOURSELF

Alan Ladd gets
just what he de-
serves from a
Cincinnati girl

\$10.00 PRIZE Good Luck, Gunner

WE can't help but beat Hitler—
when men like Clark Gable
are willing to give up fame
and fortune to "do or die."

Clark is my idea of a regular guy.
I came to that conclusion about ten
years ago when I saw him, at the
beginning of his career, on the Para-
mount lot making a picture called
"No Man Of Her Own" with Carole
Lombard. I was a U. S. C. student
then and I'll never forget the sincere
welcome I received from Clark. I was
a nobody, but he made me feel as if
he were personally interested in me.
He told me that it had always been
one of the regrets in his life that he
hadn't gone to college and said that
college students were as fascinating
to him as movie stars were to me.

I cherish his autograph and that of
Carole Lombard's because they stand
as symbols to me of my contact with
two fine personalities.

I believe Clark is going into the Army
with the same sincerity he shows in
everything else. Good luck, gunner!

RUTH E. EGGLESTON,
Denver, Colo.

\$5.00 PRIZE Everybody's Happy

LAST night on the screen, I saw an
"actor."

I saw a young man hold an audience
spellbound by making the character
he portrayed definitely real and
alive.

He is positively *not* the curly-haired
glamour boy with the so-called sex
appeal, but his glance holds more dy-
namite than a dozen Victor Matures.

He is not suave or debonair, but his
voice has more appeal than a whole
Charles Boyer script.

Besides all this, he can be dramatic
without being a fanatic—and that
makes a lot of people happy.

Briefly—last night I saw Alan Ladd!
ROSALYN WANG,
Cincinnati, O.

\$1.00 PRIZE Re Sour Apples

DO you suppose it would be possi-
ble that we might have an intelli-
gent and mature picture about West
Point or Annapolis? I have seen a
great many service pictures. The only
distinguishing feature is the title.

Sure, they drill beautifully at both
places, but marching scenes don't
make a picture. I think it would be
a pleasant novelty if the heroes didn't
always come in trios. I could get
along all right without the smart-
aleck chap who gets silenced, but by
something pretty heroic redeems him-
self in the eyes of his companions and
becomes an A-1 soldier (sailor). It's
been my experience that sour apples
remain sour apples.

Universal finale for all pictures—
graduation scene. And I see that in
the newsreels every year anyway.

They're doing great things at both
places. They deserve a great picture.
MARION GOODWIN,
Andover, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

\$1.00 PRIZE
The Main Idea

THIS is a bit of a boost for that wonderful actress, Marjorie Main, who I am certain merits the stardom that is about to be given her. Miss Main may not be a glamour girl or one of those shapely front-cover models we see too much of, but she has more appeal in feminine charm than all of the movie actresses I know. It would please me very much if Marjorie Main were cast with Frank Morgan in a comedy. This team would most certainly go over big with the public.

So, let's see more of Marjorie Main, my favorite screen actress.

PVT. JOSEPH KUDASZ,
Fort Jackson, S. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star"

OUR Little Theater Group can't know you personally, but we can't help but form opinions. These opinions are taken from the things we read about you and the pictures you make. Here are a few of the candid opinions that scored a unanimous vote from our entire group.

Olivia de Havilland must hardly be human, she is always the picture of perfection . . . Please give Cary Grant something becoming to do with his hands . . . Can't someone muss George Raft's hair, just once . . . We'd like to see Joan Fontaine do something quite rash, like kick her husband downstairs. . . .

Everyone loves a fat man, at least we all love Eddie Arnold . . . Bette Davis is good. That's her greatest fault, she is good to the point of being stuffy . . . Jim Stewart gets our vote for the best actor in the business . . . And we'd team him up with Lorraine Day. Now there's an actress. What can the (Continued on page 94)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

I bring you Four Aids to Beauty in One Single Jar!



My one 4-Purpose Face Cream, by itself, helps end all these 6 Skin Troubles

IMAGINE a face cream—one remarkable, scientific face cream—that does all these important things for your skin!

As though by the touch of a magic wand, it seems to cream away the cobwebs of tiny, tired lines around your eyes and mouth—little lines due to dryness. And it seems to help end the very condition that causes big pores—blackheads—oily skin—dry, flaky skin.

And here's the reason Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream can do all this! *It works with nature and helps nature.* This one cream, by itself, takes care of four essential needs of your skin! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream, it thoroughly but gently cleanses your skin—it softens your skin and relieves dryness—it helps nature refine the pores—it leaves a perfect base for powder and make-up, smooth but never sticky.

WHICH OF THESE 6 SKIN TROUBLES IS YOURS?

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Dry Skin | 4. Oily Skin |
| 2. Tiny Lines | 5. Blackheads |
| 3. Big Pores | 6. Flaky Skin |

Send for Generous Tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Be sure to mail the coupon *now*, before you forget!

Lady Esther 4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



LADY ESTHER,
134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (81)

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in _____)

"Follow Me"

(SUIVEZ MOI)



You lead the conga line at USO dances. You organize bond drives, scrap drives, charity drives. Your whole set follows your lead! Your perfume is, obviously, Varva's "Follow Me" ...the fragrance that beckons, leads, lasts!

Parfum, \$1 to 15. Eau de Toilette, \$1 to 4.50
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, \$1

Bath Powder, \$1
Bubble Foam, \$1



"Follow Me" by
VARVA

THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS



Peace-cigarette; peace, it's wonderful! Dotty Lamour, Bob Hope in "Road To Morocco"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ **APACHE TRAIL**—M-G-M: A whoop-la Western, with Indians and uprisings and maraudings. William Lundigan is a fearless stagecoach driver of the old West, who guards his cargo against his evil brother, Lloyd Nolan. Donna Reed, Spanish girl at the post, and Ann Ayars, charming widow, are rivals for Lundigan's love. (Oct.)

✓ **ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?**—Paramount: The marital woes of an average young couple, played by Betty Field and Ray Milland, add up to chuckly entertainment, what with the little jealousies, the fibbing, the fruity imagination of the wife and her interference with her husband's work. Charles Dingle, Patricia Morison, Eugene Pallette and Leif Erickson contribute to a pleasant evening. (Oct.)

BABY FACE MORGAN—Producers Releasing Corp.: Richard Cromwell unknowingly heads a gang of racketeers, although how he could have been so stupid is beyond us. Mary Carlisle is the sweet young thing who finally beats some sense into his head; Robert Armstrong is the bad man. (Oct.)

✓✓ **BAMBI**—Walt Disney-RKO: Disney's art at its greatest and best is attained in this stirring poem of beauty, and its message will touch both children and adults alike. Bambi is a little deer born in the forest, living unafraid amidst his friends and the elements until man, the villain, strikes terror into his heart and ruthlessly destroys his home. (Sept.)

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON—Paramount: Here's Dorothy Lamour back in her sarong again, playing the circus girl who's really an heiress. To help her prove her claim, the whole circus crew, including Richard Denning, Walter Abel, the scientist who discovered Dottie in the jungle, and Jack Haley, an unfunny press agent, go back to the jungle to search for the papers. (Oct.)

BLONDIE'S BLESSED EVENT—Columbia: Not quite up to their usual standard is this picture of the *Bumpsteeds* in which they become the parents of a baby daughter. Penny Singleton as *Blondie* arranges with her husband's boss to keep *Dagwood* (Arthur Lake) out of town until after the blessed event. (Aug.)

BROADWAY—Universal: George Raft plays himself in this remake of the stage play, a motion-picture star who returns to New York and relates his experiences as a night-club hoofer. As the flashback unfolds, such characters as Janet Blair, his sweetheart, gangster Broderick Crawford, and assorted entertainers, gangsters and chorus girls pass in review. (Aug.)

CALLING DR. GILLESPIE—M-G-M: Philip Dorn replaces Lew Ayres in the *Dr. Kildare* series

and scores a solid hit as the Holland-born doctor who hopes to become a psychoanalyst and does when a homicidal maniac roams the hospital seeking revenge on *Dr. Gillespie*, played as usual by Lionel Barrymore. Phil Brown is the young maniac and Donna Reed his sweetheart. (Oct.)

CLOSE CALL FOR ELLERY QUEEN, A—Columbia: William Gargan, as *Ellery Queen*, visits the lodge of Ralph Morgan and discovers that Morgan has two daughters, one of whom has been missing for years. Margaret Lindsay, Gargan's secretary, impersonates the missing daughter and then all the murders start. (Aug.)

✓ **CROSSROADS**—M-G-M: William Powell plays an amnesia victim in this dramatic story of a French diplomat who brings his blackmailer to trial only

SHADOW STAGE

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to be met with almost convincing proof that he was both criminal and murderer earlier in his life. Hedy Lamarr is Powell's wife, Felix Bressart the family friend, and Basil Rathbone, Claire Trevor, and Margaret Wycherly are also very good. (Sept.)

✓✓ **EAGLE SQUADRON**—Wanger-Universal: A stirring, thrilling tribute to our American boys who joined the R. A. F. Actual action shots of their squadron are incorporated into the story and lend a thrilling effect. Robert Stack does his best work as the American who joins the Squadron, and Leif Erikson, Eddie Albert, Diana Barrymore as the English miss in service, and John Loder comprise a good cast. (Sept.)

ESCAPE FROM HONG KONG—Universal: German and Japanese agents and American cowboys Leo Carrillo, Andy Devine and Don Terry mix it up in a free-for-all before the bombing of Hong Kong. They also get mixed up with Marjorie Lord. (Aug.)

FALCON TAKES OVER, THE—RKO-Radio: The popular screen sleuth, George Sanders, has his own talent for unearthing murderers, this time Ward Bond. Lynn Bari is the gal who catches the Sanders eye. It's well done. (Aug.)

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT—Columbia: The familiar plot of this story concerns Pat O'Brien, an aviator who causes a plane crash in which his co-pilot is killed, so he takes to wildcat flying in Dutch Guiana to support his son. The son, Glenn Ford, grows up to fall in love with Evelyn Keyes, daughter of the dead co-pilot, and heartache and disillusion result until O'Brien makes restitution. (Sept.)

✓ **FOOTLIGHT SERENADE**—20th Century-Fox: Victor Mature is an egotistical prize fighter who goes on the stage, ousts star Cobina Wright Jr. from her role, substitutes his own choice, Betty Grable, and then can't understand why Betty should prefer John Payne to him. Betty does several dance routines, Jane Wyman plays her girl friend and James Gleason is the producer. (Oct.)

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Edward Small-U.A.: Dated as the hobble skirt is this story of two argumentative old German-Americans who talk themselves and the audience half to death. Charlie Ruggles and Charles Winninger are the friendly enemies, James Craig is the son who is thought to be lost at sea, and Nancy Kelly is his girl. (Sept.)

✓✓ **GAY SISTERS, THE**—Warners: Different in theme and idea is this picture, but we think you'll enjoy it despite the underlying current of ugliness. Proud Barbara Stanwyck, covetous Geraldine Fitzgerald, and moody Nancy Coleman are sisters whose estate has been in litigation for twenty years, impoverishing but never beating them. George Brent is the man responsible for their legal difficulties. (Sept.)

HENRY AND DIZZY—Paramount: Jimmy Lydon, as *Henry Aldrich*, borrows a motorboat but wrecks it. The efforts of *Henry* and his pal *Dizzy* (Charles Smith) to earn enough money to replace the boat form the basis of the story. Mary Anderson is the pretty girl. Not up to standard. (Aug.)

✓ **HER CARDBOARD LOVER**—M-G-M: In his gay little number, Robert Taylor falls in love with Norma Shearer who has hired him to protect her against George Sanders. At times both Norma and Bob spread on the histrionics a little thick, but Sanders is, as usual, terrific. (Aug.)

HI, NEIGHBOR—Republic: Radio personalities such as Vera Vague, Don Wilson, Lillian Randolph and others cavort around in this weak little home-grown number, with Janet Beecher as sponsor of a school that becomes a lonely heart retreat in the summer. Jean Parker and John Archer are the inevitable twosome. (Oct.)

✓ **HOLIDAY INN**—Paramount: The blending of Fred Astaire's dancing and Bing Crosby's singing is all to the good and Irving Berlin's tunes make this a special treat. Bing leaves their act to run an inn open only on holidays. To the inn as a performer comes lovely Marjorie Reynolds and Fred tries to steal her away. Virginia Dale is also involved. (Oct.)

IN OLD CALIFORNIA—Republic: John Wayne comes out West from Boston to open up a much-needed drugstore, but villainous Albert Dekker, jealous over dance-hall queen Binnie Barnes' interest in Wayne, poisons the drugs and nearly succeeds in having John lynched. The sudden discovery of gold saves him, and the inevitable fight between the two almost wrecks the town. (Sept.)

✓ **INVISIBLE AGENT**—Frank Lloyd-Universal: Jon Hall, who inherits the secret of invisibility, offers his services to his country, flies over Germany, becomes invisible and gets embroiled in some very amusing and intriguing escapades. Ilona Massey is the girl spy; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre and J. Edward Bromberg are the Axis agents. You'll enjoy it. (Oct.)

✓ **IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH**—20th Century-Fox: An exciting baseball yarn, with Lloyd Nolan terrific as the manager of the club that once ousted him as a player on trumped-up charges. George Holmes as the rookie befriended by Nolan shows great promise and Carole Landis as the object of young Holmes' heart is very beautiful. (Oct.)

(Continued on page 106)



“And your Face IS SO SATIN-SMOOTH”



“EVERY NIGHT” Care for Dry Skin

Cleanse expertly with Jergens Face Cream. Remove the cream. Then apply a light, all-over film of this new cream and leave on all night. Admire your fresh, smooth, younger-looking skin next morning.

Unnecessary to let Pathetic Dry
Skin Wrinkles come too soon

TAKES no time to have complete smooth-skin care every day—if you use the new Jergens Face Cream!

This is a clever new face cream—made by the same skin-scientists who make that lovely Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Face Cream—

- (1) cleanses swiftly, exquisitely
- (2) helps soften your skin
- (3) makes a silken powder foundation
- (4) acts as a Night Cream, so helpful against worrisome dry skin.

A “One-Jar” Beauty Treatment! You'll love your fresh, younger look when you use Jergens Face Cream every day.



ALL-PURPOSE...FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

JERGENS FACE CREAM

FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

Love Line-Up



Love, the real thing: Evelyn Ankers and Richard Denning, two youngsters with their hearts in single time, get the Hollywood date spotlight just because they look so happy together at the Mocambo

Love for the sake of a Beverly Tropics headline: Kay Williams, blonde model from New York, came to Hollywood, started going places with George Montgomery. Admitted the lady quite openly that the "romance" was for publicity sake



Friendship, fatal-attraction department: Two Latins who love to dance and love to laugh, get together to have a good time at "Mrs. Miniver"—Carmen Miranda and Cesar Romero

Friendship, young-set sample: Alan Gordon and Linda Darnell make a pretty face-front at the movies





**"I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT
ONE OF THE MOST ENTER-
TAINING AND EXCITING MOTION
PICTURES I HAVE EVER SEEN"**

— Walter Winchell

"20th Century-Fox has really reached into the heavens for this one. They scooped up all the stars and put them on the same screen . . . Yes, the greatest collection of stars ever assembled in the same motion picture: CHARLES BOYER, RITA HAYWORTH, GINGER ROGERS, HENRY FONDA, CHARLES LAUGHTON, EDWARD G. ROBINSON, PAUL ROBESON, ETHEL WATERS, 'ROCHESTER', THOMAS MITCHELL, EUGENE PALLETTE, CESAR ROMERO, GAIL PATRICK, ROLAND YOUNG, ELSA LANCHESTER, GEORGE SANDERS, JAMES GLEASON, J. CARROL NAISH, THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR and a score of other film favorites.

"To match the brilliance of these stars, the finest writers in Hollywood fashioned the story. It takes you from a tenement to a penthouse . . . from Park Avenue to Hell's Kitchen . . . a story blending drama, comedy, music, romance and stirring action into a big-time show.

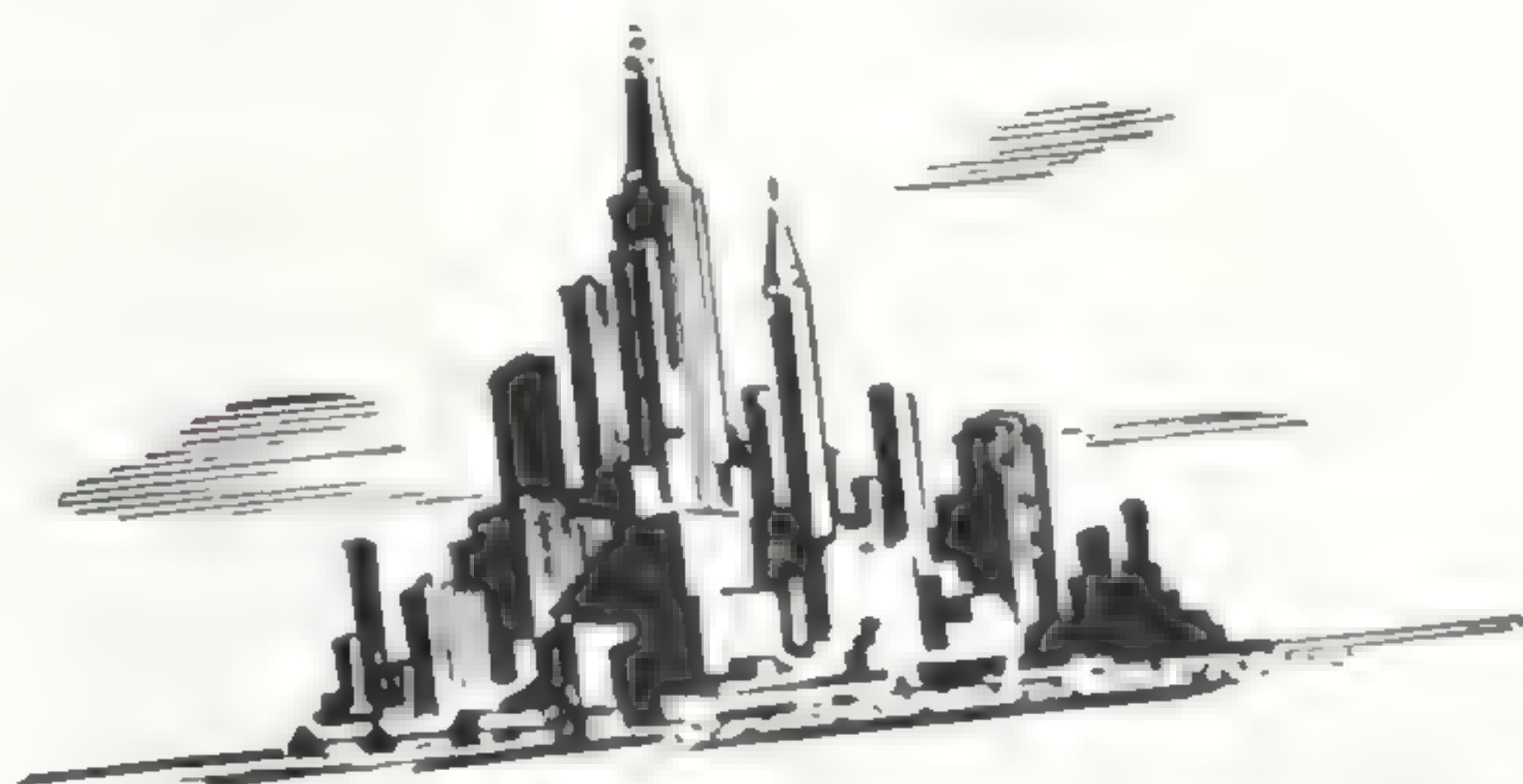
"Orchids to these great stars for their brilliant performances and orchids to 20th Century-Fox for bringing to the screen . . .

TALES OF MANHATTAN

"Your reporter tells you now over his by-line . . .

"It's as thrilling as New York's skyline"

Produced by
BORIS MORROS and S. P. EAGLE



Directed by
JULIEN DUVIVIER

Written and Adapted for the Screen by: Ben Hecht, Ferenc Molnar, Donald Ogden Stewart, Samuel Hoffenstein, Alan Campbell, Ladislav Fodor, L. Vадnai, L. Gorog, Lamar Trotti, Henry Blankfort.

**BUY A
WAR BOND
AS A SALUTE
TO YOUR
HEROES!**

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

100% American Beauty



Should I stop buying metal lipstick cases?



Does the valuable alcohol in cologne now make that taboo?

You're Uncle Sam's sweetheart if you have Dottie Lamour's answers to these!

1. The Government needs metal; shouldn't I stop buying metal compacts and lipstick cases?

No! As long as metal compacts and lipstick cases are in the stores, the metal in them was not needed by Uncle Sam. Once made up, the Government does not want to reclaim the material and make the manufacturers carry this loss. So you'll really help business by buying what's on sale.

2. Colognes contain valuable alcohol; shouldn't they be taken off the market?

Colognes, as well as other cosmetics, wouldn't be for sale if the Government didn't approve. The U. S. hasn't stopped the sale of alcohol, they've just cut down on it. So go ahead and buy your bottled beauty.

3. What about hand lotions? I thought they contained that all-important glycerine.

They do—but in a very small Government-approved amount. Moreover, chemists have worked out finer emulsions of vegetable oils that are of even more benefit to the skin than glycerine. Now you can buy—and use—

BY GLORIA MACK

just as much hand lotion as is necessary for proper returns on the hand-holding market.

4. Wouldn't it be better if I made the sacrifice supreme of giving up all cosmetics and saving my money instead?

Lady, lady—remember that ten percent Federal tax you're paying so cheerfully every time you buy cosmetics. That helps Uncle Sam ten times more than hoarding of your pennies—and a pretty face is the just reward of every weary warrior.

5. There's a fat-saving campaign on, yet I go ahead and buy creams and lipsticks that contain fatty products. Is that right?

One hundred percent right for any American Beauty! Most of the fats in cosmetics are not the kind the Government needs. In cases where they are, chemists have worked out substitutions that leave your skin—and your conscience—clear.

6. Just what should be my

cosmetic code during wartime?

Here's an answer from the sweetheart of the Army and the Navy—and the Treasury. Dorothy Lamour who looks beautiful in "Road To Morocco" and pays off beautifully in her amazing War Bond-selling tours, those fabulous tours during which, to prevent stuffy formality, Dottie had her name embroidered for easy identification on her dresses.

"Women have a big job now," says Dottie. "There are thousands of jobs women have to take over from men. But we've got to keep on being attractive women, too. There mustn't be any grimness about our attitude."

"I know—I meet the boys in camp all over the country. Don't let any girl think she's being patriotic by skinning her hair back, leaving off make-up and gritting her teeth as she gets to work. This is the time, a never before, to pay attention to detail in your appearance.

"Remember, regulations in make-up apply long before cosmetics appear in the stores, so you're supposed to buy what you find there and use it the best way you know how. Keep as pretty as you can for that man of yours; he needs your prettiness now!"

For that well-groomed look men admire SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO MANAGE!



Darling of the Campus! New, well-groomed version of the college casual hair-do with only a slight wave breaking its gleaming smoothness. That smart scarf tucked inside her sweater says "Bundles for America".

**Thrilling results with wonderful improved
Special Drene Shampoo containing hair conditioner!
Leaves hair lovelier . . . far easier to arrange!**

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to look its loveliest, you really ought to use the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! For Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it to leave hair silkier and smoother and far easier to arrange neatly—right after shampooing! If you haven't used Drene lately, you'll be amazed at the thrilling difference that added hair conditioner now makes.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!
Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you

shampoo with Special Drene. For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, use Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop!
*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble*



**This film illustrates how
all soaps and soap shampoos
dull lustre of hair!**



All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bath-tub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Drene does not combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!



**Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added**

"I was that close to **JOAN BENNETT!**"



"And, my dear, she has the love-li-est complexion! You never saw anything like it! All peaches and cream! And what do you think..."



"She takes an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL every single day. Uh-huh! With Lux Toilet Soap. Smooths the nice, gentle lather into her skin and..."

"Rinses with warm water—then with cool. My dear, it's simply marvelous! All dust and dirt and stale cosmetics are gone quick as a wink and your skin feels so wonderfully *fresh*—

"Pat to dry. That's all! It's the grandest way to help your skin stay soft and smooth. I guess that's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

"It lathers in any kind of water—hard, cold—or what have you. And one cake lasts so long—it saves money. You ought to try it!"

**9 out of 10
Screen Stars
use it—**



*It's PURE
It's MILD
It has ACTIVE lather*



Speaking of Heroes—



THERE isn't a movie-goer among us who didn't respond with quick emotion when Clark Gable enlisted as a private in the Air Corps of the United States Army, or who failed to feel a sense of elation reading the news less than three weeks later that Tyrone Power had been sworn in as private in the Marine Corps and that Henry Fonda, without advance word, had enlisted in the Navy.

These men gave up adulation, riches and fame to become soldier, marine and sailor without rating. This did not make them heroes, but it did something else. It gave us all inspiration in the knowledge that they had voluntarily exchanged pleasant jobs at large weekly salaries for humble, dangerous work in the ranks.

Yet there are those in Hollywood who say that neither Gable, nor Power nor Fonda should have enlisted. Those who say this speak from honest conviction and a sincere desire to prevent any harm to the motion-picture industry and its tremendous morale value during war. They say simply that without its stars Hollywood cannot continue to produce great movies such as "Mrs. Miniver." It has been asked before on this page: Should stars be given deferment, forced to accept deferment so that they can continue their movie-making? It is no longer an academic discussion. Stars are leaving every week. Should they be left free to seek their place in the uniformed ranks?

I think so. Those countries who already have tasted the bitter tears of total war have taken their movie and stage heroes into the armed forces. English and Russian stars serve in the front lines, sharing the deadly peril of hurling back the Nazis and, as another part of their duty to their nation, return on leave to appear in films. Clark Gable, on leave from active service, can play the part of air corps fighter with honesty and realism.

Tyrone Power on furlough can be cast as marine and both he and audiences will know that his interpretation of the part does not come only from a knowledge of how to apply grease paint.

There is no gauge with which to measure the depth of a man's inner conflict, but it was obvious to those near Clark Gable this past spring and summer that he was a man torn by emotions. With the attack on Pearl Harbor he was ready for immediate enlistment. Only tremendous pressure forced him to wait. After Carole Lombard's death, he stayed on to finish a film that was already begun. But with the last possible retake finished he took the step he had decided he must, and that day the weeks of quick, bitter temper and aching restlessness disappeared.

I HAVE been told that the morning he was to be sworn in, he was so impatient he forgot to eat breakfast until halfway to the induction center. Stopping at a counter for coffee, he caught his coat and jerked a button off. He felt he couldn't be sworn in that way. Hurriedly he searched the neighborhood for a clothing shop and found one a block away run by a wrinkled, irascible proprietress. When he asked if she would sew on the button for him, she refused indignantly. They sold suits in her store, they did not repair them. He pleaded with her, saying he was about to be sworn into service and that he couldn't appear with an unbuttoned coat. It was then the lady looked up in her anger and recognized him. Instantly she was out on the sidewalk spreading the news. An excited crowd gathered and solemnly watched as the button was sewed back into place.

Public instinct in a democracy of free people is sure, the only true force for right. The public has welcomed Clark Gable, soldier; Tyrone Power, marine; Henry Fonda, gob—just as the public will welcome these citizen heroes when the time comes for them to return from their war roles and assume their peacetime roles once more.

Fred Sammis

Thankfully Yours

Hedda Happer



Peek-a-boo, Veronica Lake. Hedda's happy—two ways—about you

WITH the turkey gobbler just around the corner, it's high time for this gabbler to get started. It's our season for thanksgiving, and by heck, I'll give thanks for something if it uses up all my adjectives—'cause don't think we haven't an awful lot to be thankful for this year—we have.

First of all I give thanks daily for my sense of humor, which remains unimpaired after lo these many years in this wacky village—and without which I could never write this!

Those soldiers and sailors were mighty thankful to Metro for putting Hedy Lamarr into a "Lurong" (see page 44) judging by their carryings on at the preview. She's a tasty-looking dish and that black make-up made her eyes shine like the Aurora Borealis and her teeth look like pearls from Paradise—and that's where they'd all like to take her.

Joan Crawford's thankful she met up with a guy like Phil Terry and that he fell in love with her. Joan tells me he's the first man in her life who ever offered his shoulder to her. In her other marriages her shoulder had to do the work for both. Now, when she's upset over some nasty crack taken at her, Phil says, "What does it matter, honey? It's just Hollywood letting off steam. If they

Orson Welles gets a "thanks be" for something—and it's not what you're thinking



Hollywood be praised for Irene Dunne—and then some, says H.H.



A beloved "gabbler" views the Hollywood scene and finds some happy and spicy events to celebrate in true Thanksgiving fashion



weren't poking fun at us they'd be taking it out of some other poor guys' hides—so let's be thankful it's us—'cause we can take it!"

Norma Shearer's thankful she found a man like Martin Arrouge, who not only taught her to ski, but also to be happy again, which she hasn't always been since Irving's death.

We are all plenty thankful that those men who got themselves commissions early in the war and thought they'd occupy desk chairs in Washington for the duration have been sent into active duty. At Thanksgiving, the rest of you enjoy stuffed turkey with the trimmin's, but it looked like the Hollywood turkeys were stuffed shirts, with the trimming in the form of gold braid, all on the outside—so we're thankful for our men like Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable and others. They began at the bottom and worked up, just as they did with their careers. And we're thankful for men like Directors John Ford and Willie Wyler who, instead of opening recruiting offices in their studios when the call came, went directly into active service and let the other guy take care of his own conscience.

We're thankful, too, that now so many of our men have joined the colors, our women will finally get a chance to act and not the way they did in (Continued on page 73)

A fall windfall caused the praise-be grins of Ronnie Reagan and his wife Jane Wyman



David Selznick's singing paeans for Ingrid Bergman



Certain people thought they'd be thankful about Nelson Eddy, but they're pretty overcome instead



THE

Romance Hollywood

THEY are the most striking couple in Hollywood these days, Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature, or at least they were until Vic went into the Coast Guard. You would have expected Hollywood to have gone for their dating, for Rita is distinctly Hollywood's current favorite daughter and Vic, though he is definitely not its favorite son, is at least its most fearfully conspicuous.

Yet, when it was known that Vic was actually in service, dizzily sentimental Hollywood gave forth a sigh of relief. In a joyous voice it shouted, "The Coast Guard may have saved Hayworth!"

There is always one romance in Hollywood that blankets all the others in interest. A thoroughly nice girl like Ruth Hussey can marry a thoroughly nice young agent like Bob Longenecker

(you'll find the romantic details of that on page 68) and the union is so right that nobody gives it a second thought. A madcap like Lana Turner can elope with a Stephen Crane and receive no more than a passing grin, everybody expecting Lana to turn up in the divorce court any day thereafter.

But a romance like the Hayworth-Mature combination has all those elements that make for color and excitement, that make for conversation, as once did the romance of Norma Shearer and George Raft, as briefly did the romance of Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery.

The night of the premiere of "Tales Of Manhattan" in which Rita stars, Vic got leave from the Coast Guard to attend. Rita was wearing a big ring that night. She insisted it isn't an engagement ring, though she admitted

Vic gave it to her. It's a flashy ring, its center stone a semiprecious peridot, which is cool, light green in color, surrounded by diamonds and rubies.

But more important than the ring sparkling in the premiere lights was the radiance Rita wore that night. It is like that now, whenever she is with Vic. There is a light in her lovely eyes that heretofore have always been a little sad and almost frightened. Now, with her arm through his, she is a most beguiling sight, this girl of the exquisite figure and provocative face and the gentle soul.

All this works into the kind of setup that Hollywood usually dotes upon, yet this time the town has never wanted the Mature-Hayworth romance to develop into love and marriage.

The reasons that it is opposed to

You'd think the Hayworth-Mature duet would have everything Hollywood loves. But Hollywood taboos it—and not for the usual reason

BY

RUTH WATERBURY

Doesn't Like

Rita's becoming the third Mrs. Victor Mature are not fear of box-office losses, not interstudio rivalries, or any of the usual hoodoos.

THE story that is generally told is that Rita and Vic were introduced on the first day's shooting of "My Gal Sal," that they took one look at each other and boom went their hearts in double time. That yarn is merely just so much publicity for the picture. Actually Rita and Vic had encountered one another on the Twentieth lot when she was making "Blood And Sand" and at night clubs several times before that, but it is true that it wasn't until "My Gal Sal" that they became really acquainted.

Rita was free then for the first time in her overly protected life. Before Rita married (Continued on page 75)



When Vic recently joined the Coast Guard, sentimental Hollywood gave a sigh of relief—



"I won't deny

Joan Fontaine speaks exciting and surprising words on the subject of her marriage to Brian Aherne

CERTAIN homes pack an emotional wallop. They make you realize that life can be made into a thing of beauty and joy. They may be humble cottages or mansions in Beverly Hills; it's the quality and relationship of the people in them that counts.

Such a home is Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne's. It's attractive enough architecturally—white, simple, serene, on a quiet, palm-lined street. Yet what distinguishes it is the pervading air of grace, dignity and of things loved. As soon as the door opens, a little poodle springs forward with friendly barks. In the living room are the wedding portrait of Joan and Brian on the piano, well-worn books and the latest magazines, the bowls of fresh-cut flowers, a large dream-colored painting of a young girl on the wall.

Here, indeed, one says, a girl has built the castle of her dreams.

But this was a less pleasant mission than to fall bemused under the spell of a room. For there had been all too persistent rumors that the castle of Joan Fontaine's dreams was crumbling, that the marriage she and her husband so obviously had cherished was breaking up.

The object of this visit was to ask Joan, in so many words, the truth of these stories.

Joan and Brian were busy digging in their garden. A swimming pool which they built last year flashed in

the sun like a sheet of blue flame. Birds sang in the trees. It was more a girl in her middle teens than an Academy Award winner who looked up and waved; a girl in red shorts, wearing pigtails caught with red ribbons. Her face, with its elfin beauty, was tanned and a little ridiculous with a luxuriant crop of new freckles.

"We returned from our camping trip to Oregon yesterday," she called cheerily, "and found that our Victory Garden needs some work."

Brian also looked as though he had absorbed a lot of sunshine. For a while the conversation was on the new novel Joan had been reading on war, and Joan's newest movie, "The Constant Nymph." Then Brian excused himself and went into the house.

Promptly Joan launched into an account of their vacation. "We decided to have a last vacation together for the duration," she said. "Both of us are devotees of the gentle art of fly-fishing. We camped out, slept in sleeping bags on the bank of a river. We did all our cooking and Brian tells me I'm still the best cook that ever hit Beverly Hills. We had fresh cream and churned butter from the farm next door, crisp vegetables grown right there. For breakfast we had lovely trout. At night we lay under the stars and a low-hanging full moon and fell asleep listening to the music of the crickets, which to

me is like the music of the earth's dreams. It was wonderful. We did much the same thing during our honeymoon trip three years ago, but now we couldn't help having a guilty conscience about it and asked ourselves time and again: What right do we have to enjoy all this when thousands are dying, the world is burning?

"Brian has received his first draft questionnaire. He has a flock of dependents whom he has been supporting for years, but he, too, may have to go. He can instruct fliers, but other than that I don't know what he can do except act. We have bought ambulances, Brian has built several air-raid shelters in England and he, Olivia and I have each adopted a British war orphan. But when others are giving their lives or suffering all kinds of privations these aren't even worth mentioning. I hope before the year is over the Government will draft every one of us in the industry, men and women, to make propaganda pictures—good ones.

"Take me. I am all right in a play, but otherwise I suffer terribly from stage fright. Much as I'd like to, I can't get up and make speeches. Recently I spoke before a women's club in Glendale for British War Relief. I thought I was doing quite well, when I heard a murmur in the audience. It grew louder and louder. I was mortified. I wondered what was wrong with me. As I looked down, I saw that (Continued on page 32)

the rumors —

BY
LEON
SURMELIAN



WARNING TO JOAN AND BRIAN

Matilda Trotter, who has forecast many of Hollywood's most dramatic events months before they occurred, reads in the stars danger ahead for the Brian Aherne

It isn't always enough to be in love. You, Joan Fontaine, have seen Photoplay-Movie Mirror's reporter and have told him how priceless is your marriage to Brian Aherne; you have said that the rumors about your breakup don't deserve the dignity of denying them.

I am glad because as I study your horoscopes before me I see that the stars chart a stormy course for your marriage this fall. I am writing now to tell you that you will need self-control and trust if you would have your marriage breast the waves of trouble from your planets.

Because there have been whispers about discord between you, it is important for you to know that there are external influences working against you. Perhaps another time these rumors would not disturb you, but now any aspect of your lives might be the match that would light a flame of unhappiness to threaten you. You will be under dynamic influences all through October and November when you should guard against poor judgment, false accusations, nervousness. Your house of prestige is threatened and you must be on watch against unsympathetic publicity. Take no one into your confidence, be more

discreet than you have ever been. In your horoscope, Uranus is unfriendly to Neptune at birth. You both always will be in danger of sorrow from scandal. In lesser degree, a second period of danger exists from March 9 to April 18 of next year.

To you, Joan, I want to suggest:

Put your marriage before your career always; control any quickness of your temper, confine your acting to the studio; disguise whatever imperious streak you have; laugh at your own expense often.

To you, Brian, I want to say:

Watch out for dark moods; praise your wife whenever she deserves praise; watch your temper and control any inclination to be sarcastic; be more discreet than you ever thought possible; stress the affable side of your temperament and camouflage what may seem to others to be your haughty side.

To both of you, I say: You can beat your stars. The captain of a ship who sails the seven seas without a chart is asking for disaster, but if he sails with knowledge, skill and courage, he can go through the worst storms and find port in safety.



Back yard of a Beverly Hills house on a quiet, palm-lined street—the swimming pool. Near by is the Victory Garden, sown, weeded and watched over by gardeners Joan and Brian

my knees were shaking so that my skirt flapped! I'd like to sing and dance if I could—that would be more entertaining—but I can't. So I hope I'll be drafted to make pictures for the Government."

IT was time to explain the real and urgent reason for this visit. Joan smiled her crooked little smile when the frank question was asked.

"Friends have been calling me long-distance from New York and Philadelphia and asking me this same question. Is it true we're breaking up? Others phone me and say in a sweet, diplomatic way, 'Do let me know your new address when you move.' It's funny."

She sat back in the gaily striped hammock. "They are so silly I wouldn't care to deny them. If I came out and said, 'No, 'tain't true,' people would think there must be something to these rumors after all.

"But in your case, how did these rumors start?" we asked.

"How do I know? I suppose because I spent a few weeks in my little cottage at Pebble Beach with the British consul and his wife, who are close friends of ours, and Brian couldn't be with us every day because he was making a picture at the time. He came as often as he could. The same thing happened a year ago. Doctors advised me to take an ocean voyage for my health. I went to Tahiti—and the gossips concluded that Brian and I had quarreled. I was entranced by Tahiti—by the swaying palm trees, the coral reefs, the beaches of jet-black sand, the sunsets, the moonlight nights, the native girls with the grace of wild animals, wearing hibiscus flowers in their hair. But I could hardly wait to get back. I think it's a very good thing for married

people to take a little vacation alone now and then. It makes them appreciate each other more and brings them closer together.

"I'm lost without Brian. I can't sit down and read, I can't concentrate, I feel something is wrong when I realize Brian isn't with me.

"I don't mean Brian and I never have any differences. We argue sometimes, but I'm always glad to give in, even though he's so stubborn—and I love him for it," she laughed.

MRS. AHERNE sipped her tea, sitting on the edge of the hammock, dangling her legs, little-girl fashion. She smiled again, as if remembering something funny.

"Before these rumors of our separation we were supposed to be expecting a baby. One writer calls me up every three or four months and asks me if I'm going to have a baby. I was shocked the first time!" She became serious and added dreamily, "It would be pretty nice to have a baby. I hope he would have Brian's nose, Brian's eyes and Olivia's mouth."

"And your what?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . he'll have my love, anyhow."

Suddenly her attention was diverted to a hummingbird fluttering over her head, its wings catching the late afternoon sun.

"Right now," she said earnestly, as if reminded by the contrast, "planes are crashing, ships sinking, men burning in tanks, women and children dying of hunger. Now is the time for each and every one of us to live according to the rules of the new world we are fighting to make when the war is over. But how can we hope to have this new world of peace and harmony when we refuse to allow our neighbors

peace and harmony?

"We are helping our enemies when we criticize somebody in a destructive way. The home is the foundation of our civilization. Malicious gossip has wrecked many a home, especially in Hollywood. I am not opposed to a certain amount of publicity, even of our private lives, for as actors we are in a sense public property.

"What I object to is malicious gossip and destructive criticism. Brian and I won't ever let such gossip and criticism penetrate our lives. And the time I think has come to put a stop to all these rumors, all these whispering campaigns that destroy homes and create internal strife."

As we left Miss Fontaine and crossed the living room again, we glanced once more at the picture of that young girl on the wall.

"This is the house of my dreams," she seemed to say.

THE END

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

Paulette Goddard: Appearing in Paramount's "Forest Rangers" page 33

Mickey Rooney: Appearing in M-G-M's "A Yank At Eton" page 36

Ann Sheridan: Appearing in Warners' "George Washington Slept Here" page 37

Brenda Marshall: Appearing in Warners' "You Can't Escape Forever" page 40

Humphrey Bogart: Appearing in Warners' "Casablanca" page 40

Robert Young: Appearing in M-G-M's "Cairo" page 41

Betty Jane Rhodes: Appearing in Paramount's "Priorities On Parade" page 41

Hedy Lamarr: Appearing in M-G-M's "White Cargo" page 44

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Russell Goodard

THE TEN MOST ATTRACTIVE

A first-fiddle columnist puts in a favorite-male order that will delight all females

No. 1 hasn't any dimples, but so far as D.K.'s concerned he represents love in bloom in a furnished room

"A fine shoulder to cry on, plenty of home-and-fireplace appeal, a rough tweed sleeve"—that's No. 2

Your mother would approve of No. 3; you'd skip night clubs with him and sit on the front porch instead

"Any woman gets electricity of the vertebrae just listening to his voice." i.e., No. 4

"The best male clothes horse in the movies," says critic Kilgallen of tall, dark and handsome No. 5

OF course one girl's dream prince is another girl's Karloff, and a fascinating fellow in December can prove a droop by May; but as a close student of the cinema cavalier both at toil and at ease I have concluded that there are ten Hollywood heroes who top all the others in sheer masculine grace and glamour—and I even think I know why.

So if you will pardon me while I retire behind my bullet-proof screen, I shall name them.

One, Humphrey Bogart. It took years for the screen to discover that Bogie had more sex appeal than any other actor in Hollywood, probably because producers are men and men can't quite understand why a girl would swoon over Bogie when the world is so full of boys with scalloped profiles. Bogie hasn't got dimples, but he doesn't need them; he has the appeal of a good detective story on a rainy night or beer and sandwiches in the kitchen.

He has a wonderful quality of contempt that comes through even in his love scenes; and no matter how many gunmen he plays, he can read and write and maybe you would be safe to bet that he has done more of both than most of the boys who toy with grease paint.

But he's not walking around in platinum armor; he represents love in bloom in a furnished room with fire escapes, and the only kind of music you'd make with him is the kind you hear in night clubs, very late, when the apache team comes out and the guy starts wiping up the floor with the girl.

But he's fascinating.

Two, Walter Pidgeon. I can probably come out from behind my armor-plated vest while I toss his name into the ring, because any girl would like to be stranded in a penthouse with Pidgeon. Strength is what he's got; a fine shoulder to cry on, plenty of home-and-fireplace appeal, a rough tweed sleeve, and a gentleness that is devastating in anyone over six feet two. When all this is combined with a gleam in the right eye, you've got something. (You've got Walter.)

He's the attentive kind, the sort who would remember wedding an-

MEN IN HOLLYWOOD...

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

niversaries with violets, always notice your new hat, and buy you champagne at ten in the morning if you were on a lark together.

Of course he's the kind you could trust with your best friend, too—but you couldn't trust her with him!

Three, Ronald Reagan. He's the clear-eyed, clean-thinking young American in uniform. You can see a montage of American Background when you look at him—debating teams, football, ski parties, summer jobs in a gas station, junior proms, fraternity pin on his best girl's sweater, home for Christmas, home for Easter. Your mother would approve of him. Your dad would talk politics with him while you dressed.

Ronald's the kind who'd send candy and roses—not orchids and diamonds. He's the type to go window-shopping with, looking for furniture for an ideal suburban home.


He'd be wasted in night clubs and noisy places; it would be more fun to go halfies with him on a chocolate soda and afterwards sit on the front porch swing in the summer dark and talk about his ambitions and your own.

Four, Leslie Howard. Any woman with half the customary quota of vitamins gets electricity of the vertebrae just listening to his voice, and when you add the wise, rather tired twinkle in his eyes and his beautiful assurance, the total is terrific.

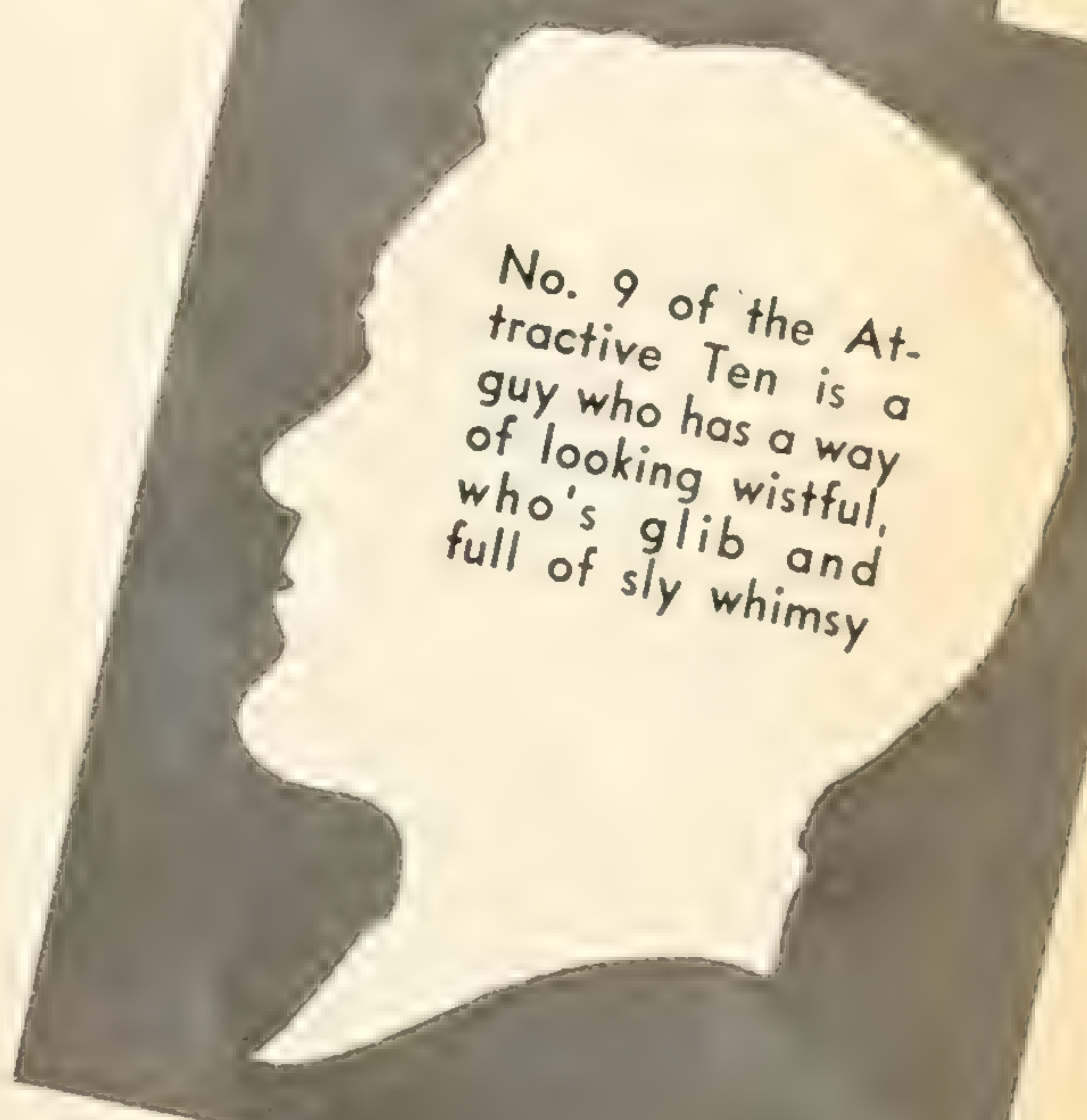
He has intriguing circles under his orbs and is capable of turning on a special glance that would make Broadway Rose think herself Helen of Troy.

Leslie is cleverer than most cinema heroes because he is versatile in approach and his appeal is successful with an unending variety of types. He could make a dull woman feel clever and I am sure he has caused many a clever woman to pull in her horns. He could make the oldest woman in the world want to waltz and he could make a schoolgirl feel like a vamp on a black satin sofa.

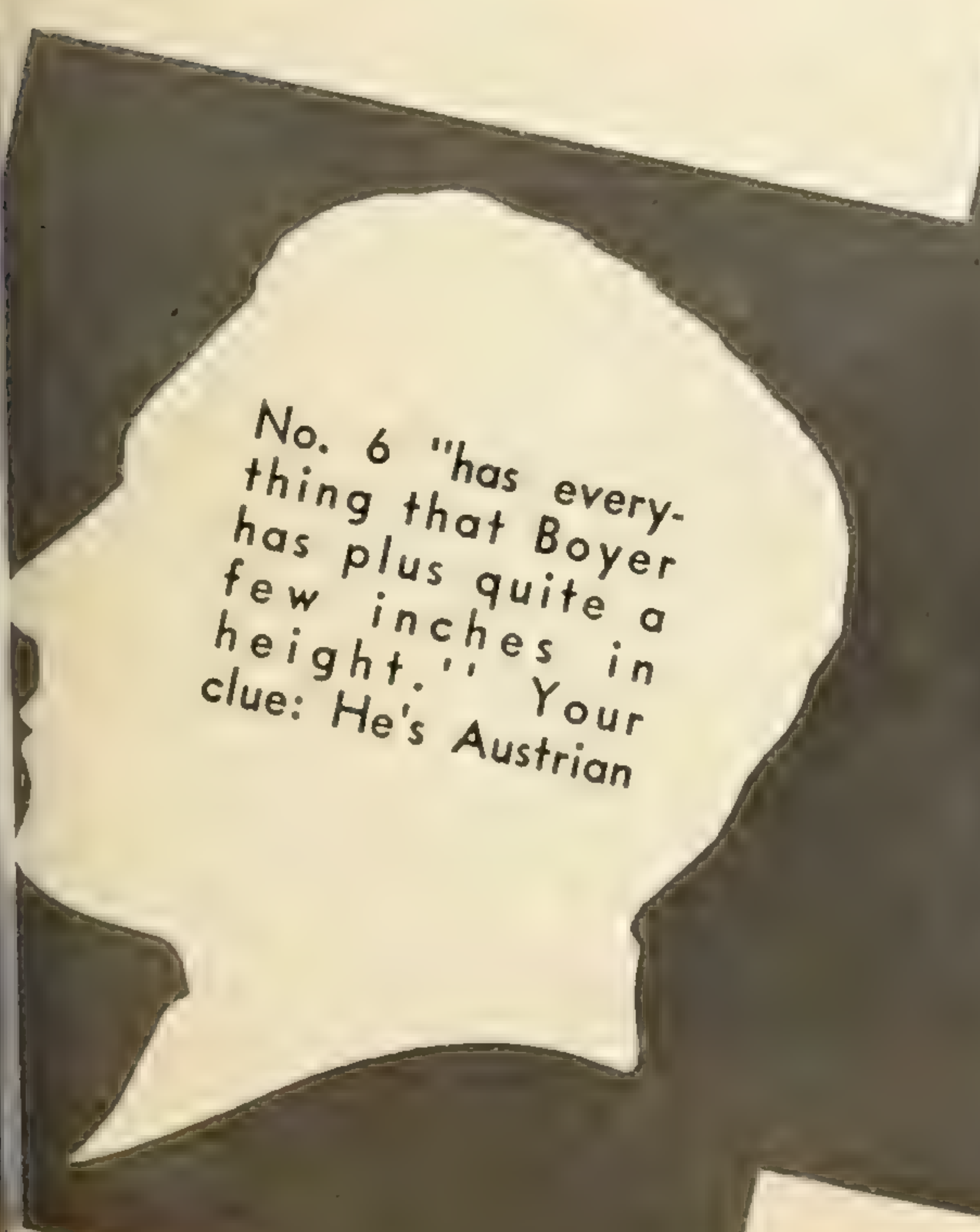
Howard is very subtle dynamite. You don't (Continued on page 108)



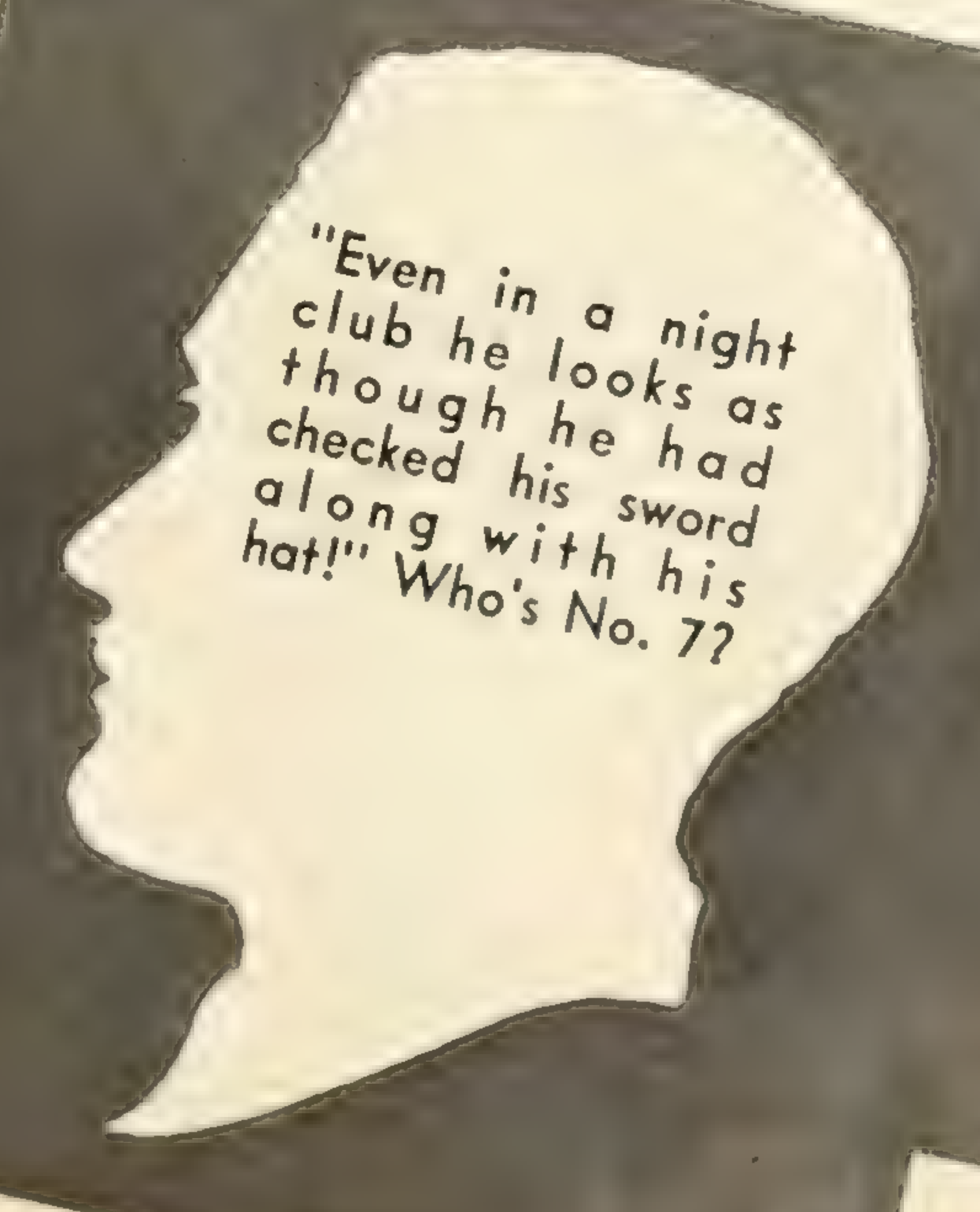
The "most male male" Miss Kilgallen—and a lot of other girls—has ever met. Just one guess on No. 10!



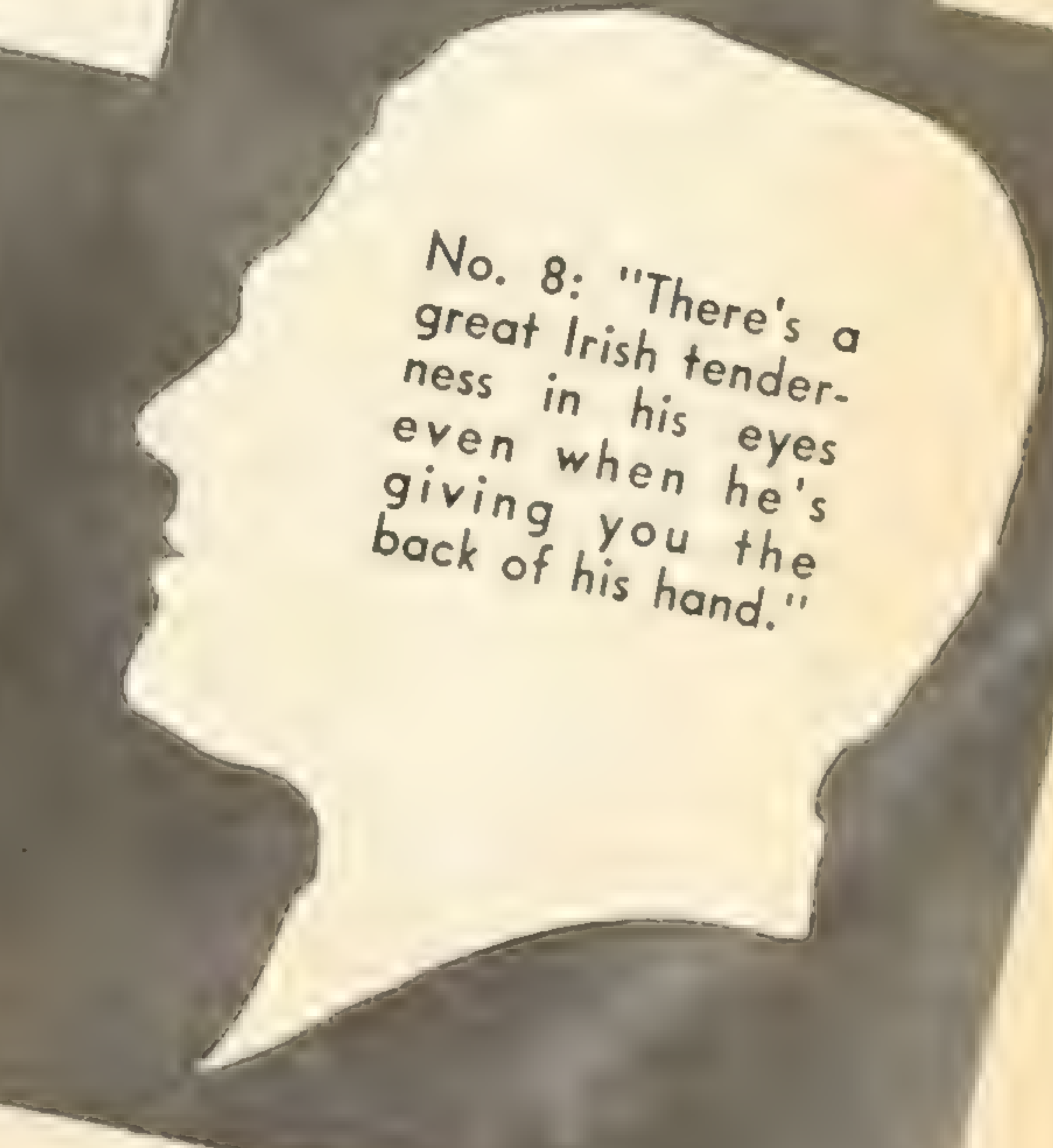
No. 9 of the Attractive Ten is a guy who has a way of looking wistful, who's glib and full of sly whimsy



No. 6 "has everything that Boyer has plus quite a few inches in height." Your clue: He's Austrian



"Even in a night club he looks as though he had checked his sword along with his hat!" Who's No. 7?



No. 8: "There's a great Irish tenderness in his eyes even when he's giving you the back of his hand."



Ann Sheridan



"Gee, isn't it beautiful!" say Judy and Dave about their living room



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF *Judy Garland Rose*

AUTOMOBILES, due to war priorities, may be limited in mileage and speed, but the Gar-Rose railroad is still running on schedule around an exclusive Brentwood estate. Of course, it doesn't get its passengers anywhere in particular but it goes like sixty behind the playhouse, past the living-room windows, out to the edge of the cliff and back again.

Occasionally, people in cars will glance upward and see a procession of heads moving like fury at the edge of the cliff and then suddenly and mysteriously disappearing around a turn. Visitors to Hollywood will stand and stare open-mouthed at this phenomenon until someone explains, "That? Oh, they're riding on the

miniature train that belongs to Dave Rose and Judy Garland. It runs around their estate. You ought to see the thing go."

When Judy and Dave set out on their search for a home, they considered first a place for the train. Sometimes the house was ideal, but the grounds were too small for the Honeymoon Express. Real-estate agents, quick to adjust themselves to Hollywood's demands, began telephoning, "I have a wonderful place I want you to see. The grounds would be swell for the train."

The house that Judy and Dave finally found, they bought for its comfort, beauty and for the grounds, large enough for the Express to take the bends at forty miles an hour. After

a year and a half of marriage, theirs is the story of most any pair of modern and successful young Americans, each with his own career, meeting the everyday little problems happily, facing the big ones of a war-racked world bravely. For the time is now drawing close when Dave will be joining the Army.

Hollywood hasn't always been content to let Judy and Dave go their quiet way. Rumors of their separation have continued to crop up, like mushrooms after a heavy summer rain—or like whispers after a quarrel.

Judy says, "I won't give life or dignity to any such reports by denying them," and goes back to practicing her scales. Her music teacher is exacting. She must know her lessons



Judy and Dave's miniature railway, the Honeymoon Express, revolves around their Brentwood dream house, a home that a big problem may force them to give up in the near future

This is about two young people who love chocolate ice cream, and music, and each other—in a way that will best answer those rumors you've heard about them

or get her fingers thoroughly kissed between chords. Her teacher, of course, being her musician husband who is teaching his wife to read by note.

This is the culmination of an entire life for Judy which does not encompass so many years but is filled with the drama of a girl who fought her way from Grand Rapids, Minnesota, and a family name of Gumm to Hollywood, its fame and its sudden riches. It is not likely that she would let anything but catastrophe itself rob her of the man she says she loves most in all the world and the endearing relationship of marriage which she so treasures.

The private life of Judy Garland Rose is sweet, simple and filled with

BY SALLY REID

the things that are nearest to her heart. Judy and Dave bought most of the furnishings with the house.

The living room, dining room and Judy's bedroom and dressing room were bought just as they stood. Room was found for their own favorite pieces of furniture in the den, the music room and Dave's bedroom. It's the first time Dave has had a music room of his own and its steel filing cabinets and record cases are his special delights. It was Judy's idea to have a huge bright red music cleft painted on the jet black linoleum that covers the floor and sets off the grass paper that covers the walls.

In this room Dave does his studying and arranging for his four weekly radio shows.

It's in the comfortable den with Judy's favorite chairs and couches the two do most of their living. Together they'll go to the living-room door and look in at its beauty, its rich blue carpets, its occasional chairs of silver and crimson, and say: "Gee isn't it beautiful?" But the only time they've ever really used the room was when they gave their first and only big party for some twenty people.

That was a time! The very day before the party, the maid walked out and left Judy flat. Almost any experienced housewife knows the awful feeling of panic such an event can produce. (Continued on page 91)



Brenda Marshall



Betty Jane Rhodes



Robert Young



Don't be a doormat!

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

AFTER Rosalind Russell had spent four years in Hollywood, playing the same brittle, uninspired and uninspiring roles in pictures, she began to get her dander up. Time after time rumors of a meaty part came her way—a part just screaming, she thought, for the Russell touch. Not only was she not invited to make a test for any of these enticing roles, but her polite, tentative offers were given an equally polite brush-off.

One day she decided that the *Time* Had Come To Find Out Why. There was a part in a picture then being cast at her home studio. Roz had her hair done, put on her most fetching frock, did a really artistic job with a lipstick—and proceeded to beard the producer in his bleached-mahogany-and-chromium office.

She mentioned the role and then asked bluntly, "Why not me? I want to know! And I want to know now!"

There was a little of the old hem-and-haw and then the producer, an honest gentleman with his heart hung on straight, told her. "You're not the romantic type. That's what it boils down to," he admitted. "Now, this woman has to have warmth and crackle. . . ."

Rosalind burst into heated conversation, the gist of which was, "How dare you say I'm not a 'romantic type?' What right have you to deny me warmth and—and even crackle, whatever that is? You've never let me try! I've thought I was learning my job all this time, patiently and conscientiously, and that my chance would come. Now you tell me I'm not to have that chance. Don't you think I'm ready? Or do you think I'm just going to go on being a doormat forever?"

History doesn't record whether or not the producer, faced with this lovely fury, hid under something. But it does record that Roz got her test, won the role and proved herself; and that things have been different for her ever since.

And Rosalind says, and says it earnestly, that every career girl must learn that she mustn't be a doormat all her life. It's important to get along with people. But that isn't enough. You must learn to assert yourself. You must learn when to do it—and how. Ah, there is the catch. That when—and that how. Let's consider.

MARY MARTIN was amiable. Gee, she was amiable! You probably know all about how Mary came to Hollywood, sang at the Trocadero, hunted and hunted for the job she knew must be waiting for her in pictures, made use of all those introductions.

What you don't know, because she hasn't told it before, is how she went out one night and walked along Hollywood Boulevard, telling herself that being nice didn't pay. She would, she said childishly, teach herself to say "Phooey!" to Hollywood Boulevard—and Hollywood. "I'm ready," she kept telling herself. "And I'll show 'em they can't snub me!"

So she went to New York "to show 'em" and the musical show she had thought to appear in folded without opening and presently she was walking along fabled Broadway—late one night—muttering, "I'm ready! And I'll show 'em. . . ." She had studied ballet and had worked her tonsils out in voice lessons. But all she could get was a job replacing June Knight in a strip-tease number in "Leave It To

Me." And here is where something important happened.

"If I can't do what I planned to do—what I want to do—then I'll do what there is to do," she told herself ferociously. "And I'll do it so much better than anyone else could do it that I'll count for something anyhow!"

You know what happened. It's been written and written. Mary did what there was to do and did it so well that all the things she had hoped for came pouring in on her. She says now, "If you can't get a chance to show what you can do in the line you've chosen, then for goodness' sake, grab a chance to do something else—if you can do it well. You may have to fight even for your chance to do *that*!"

"Because there comes a time when you must fight—even if you aren't fighting for what you would choose to fight for! If that sounds crazy—just think it over for a minute. It isn't crazy, at all! Sometimes it's the *time* that counts."

OF course, the right time is important. But how you think about yourself is important, too. Olivia de Havilland told of a secretary she knew. "She was good at her job," Olivia related. "She had ideas. But she was too timid to mention them to anyone in her office. She just took orders. One night at a party she found herself expounding, being positively dramatic, about theories she had for improving her own organization. She was amazed to find people listening to her with respect. But she felt pretty silly when someone asked, 'Well, what does your boss say about all this?' Of course she'd never mentioned it to him! But the attention people paid her that night, (Continued on page 98)

"How dare you say I'm not the romantic type!" stormed Rosalind Russell to a startled producer

"You can't be a sophomore all your life," said Miss de Havilland, as she went into action

It's handy for other people's shoes but it won't get you anywhere, say these stars who learned to make spunk pay

"Why not assert oneself—in a lady-like way," pondered Lana Turner to herself. That's how the rumpus started



"I'll show 'em they can't snub me!" Mary Martin, from the bottom rung of the ladder, shook a determined finger at Hollywood

Гедьхамар



Hedy wouldn't tell
on Question No. 6
so had to sketch
her own idea of
a glamour girl

by H.H.

The versa-tile La-
marr pays off
with a rhymed
self-portrait
for refusing to
answer Query 23

To write it all in this strange tongue
gives me the milks truly
my thoughts are better left unsung
they turn out so surely
this feeble effort—then I hope
you'll not too harshly judge
with rhyming, I'll not try to cope
I'll go make chocolate fudge

Hedy Lamarr

Hedy wouldn't "sing" on
Question 40: was ordered
to set her name to music

PLAY

Truth or Consequences

with HEDY LAMARR

A Game Girl tells some colorful truths. But our penalties for evasion left her red-faced, too!

Game Conductor KAY PROCTOR

1. (Q) Do you think of yourself as a *femme fatale*?

(A) Heavens, no! Not even when I read my publicity. I'm probably less conscious of my face than anyone I know.

2. (Q) What happened to George Montgomery?

(A) I think that can be answered in one word—Hollywood.

3. (Q) How do you think you would earn a living if you were not an actress?

(A) I wouldn't. I'd be a darned good housewife and let my husband earn the living for both of us.

4. (Q) Do you remember your first kiss?

(A) What girl doesn't? I was not quite sixteen and it was in the Vienna woods. His name was Hans and he was the director of a chain of shoe factories. My girl friend and myself both imagined ourselves in love with him and I had met him in the woods to warn him not to hurt her.

5. (Q) What is your definition of glamour and its value to a woman?

(A) I think glamour is a mixture

of grace, sophistication and culture. Value? Fifty-fifty.

6. (Q) How many real glamour girls are there in Hollywood?

(Hedy took the consequences. Draw us a picture of your conception of a glamour girl.)

7. (Q) Do you always know how much money you have in the bank?

(A) Frankly, no, and I don't care. Maybe I ought to marry a bookkeeper.

8. (Q) Without peeking, what is the license number of your car?

(A) I haven't the faintest idea. I know it has red leather seats and H. L. on the door. That's enough for me to identify it.

9. (Q) What was the greatest luxury you ever owned?

(A) The dinner service of gold which I had when I was first married in Vienna. I felt like Cinderella, eating off gold plates.

10. (Q) How many pairs of silk stockings do you usually have at one time?

(A) Never more than six pair and all of the same color. But I usually wear bobby sox or go barelegged.

11. (Q) Why do you wear slacks so often?

(A) I like to sit on the floor.

12. (Q) What was the greatest personal sacrifice you ever had to make?

(A) I never have made a "sacrifice." By that I mean nothing I have done or given has seemed a sacrifice to me because I always have wanted to do it or give it.

13. (Q) What was the most exciting moment of your life?

(A) The putsch in Vienna when Dolfuss was killed. I was driving into the city and did not know whom I would find in control when I arrived.

14. (Q) Do you like to see women wear military uniforms?

(Hedy took the consequences. Give us a picture you had "killed.")

15. (Q) What was your happiest and unhappiest moment since coming to Hollywood?

(A) My happiest was when I received the final adoption papers on my son James. The unhappiest, the depressing periods last year when everything seemed to go wrong in my private life and I lost all confidence



Hedy balked at Question 14; had to come across with this picture she once refused to have published



No. 32 was too embarrassing for Lamarr; the consequences—an unpublished baby picture from her past

ago, but they built a house there.

19. (Q) What punishment have you never forgotten?

(A) The spanking my father gave me when I cut bangs. He liked a "classical brow."

20. (Q) Which is the blackout room in your home and how is it fixed?

(A) The den. It is fixed with heavy wooden shutters. The simplest answer, however, is to turn off the lights and just wait for "All clear."

21. (Q) What do you wear in bed?

(A) I prefer a nightgown rather than pajamas. Sometimes on chilly nights I wear a light wool bedjacket over it.

22. (Q) Do you kick off your shoes in a theater?

(A) Yes—and have the usual trouble retrieving them, alas!

23. (Q) Did your career interfere seriously with your marriage?

(Hedy took the consequences. Give us a self-portrait in rhyme.)

24. (Q) How did you and Ann Sothorn become such close friends?

(A) I thought Ann was a jitterbug and she thought I was a glamour girl. We were so amazed to discover how wrong we both were we became pals at once.

25. (Q) Are your closest friends men or women?

(A) Women. Among them are Ann; Olive Blakney, who plays *Mrs. Aldrich* in the movies; and Frances Dawson.

26. (Q) If you accidentally acquired a black eye, would you bluff it out or go into retirement?

(A) If I got it in a fight which I won, I'd brag about it! Otherwise I'd go on as usual and tell the truth to anyone who asked.

27. (Q) Have you ever had a row with a neighbor?

(A) I've never had a neighbor.

28. (Q) What do you think is your best quality?

(A) I'd say it is that I face things, however unpleasant. I also think I see myself in my true colors and

don't ever close my eyes to my faults.

29. (Q) What is your worst fault?

(A) By all odds, it is my impatience. Impatience with everything!

30. (Q) Do you go to fortunetellers?

(A) I'm a sucker for them! In fact, I'm a sucker for any form of the so-called supernatural, except in a religious sense.

31. (Q) Do you save sentimental souvenirs?

(A) No, because I refuse to live in the past. I don't even keep a scrapbook.

32. (Q) With whom would you like a date in Hollywood?

(Hedy took the consequences. Give us an unpublished picture from your past.)

33. (Q) What is your idea of a perfect date?

(A) I must eat! A movie and a hot dog at a drive-in stand. Honest!

34. (Q) What was the most successful party you ever gave?

(A) Tea for two.

35. (Q) What was the strangest coincidence in your life?

(A) My meeting with George Montgomery. We both got stuck on a torn-up street—and the street was named Monte Mar.

36. (Q) What can you do best with your hands?

(A) Eat! Seriously, though, I can sew, knit, embroider, fix gadgets, carve, paint, sculpt and dress hair, but my friends seem impressed with my doorstops covered with needlepoint. I carve them from heavy wood, weight them and then make the needlepoint to fit.

37. (Q) What quality do you admire most in a man?

(A) Honesty.

38. (Q) Whom do you think is the handsomest man in Hollywood?

(A) Bob Taylor. And he's one of the nicest, too.

39. (Q) What self-improvement have you effected?

(A) Punctuality. For years I was lazy and late.

40. (Q) How much money should a man be prepared to spend on an average date?

(Hedy took the consequences. Set your name to music.)

41. (Q) Have you ever lived within a budget?

(A) I've never had to—which is lucky for me. However, I must say there are few things I covet and it honestly doesn't bother me whether I own things or not. It would bother me if I couldn't do the things I want to for others; I get my greatest happiness from that.

42. (Q) Have you ever felt Joan Bennett was a rival?

(A) Not in the least. I am flattered that she chose to copy me.

(Continued on page 77)

HOLT & SONS

It's a growing concern, with young Tim at the head—and these two undercover silent partners

BY CYRIL VANDOUR



Below: The boss of Holt & Sons, three-year-old Lance, his mother, the former Mae Ashcraft, and famous-father Tim



"Good, now we'll have at least one actor in the family!" said Jack when young Tim was signed



THE RKO commissary was crowded with stars, cowboy actors, gaffers, prop men, script girls, office boys, publicity writers. It was a farewell party for Tim Holt, who was leaving for active service as a cadet in the Army Air Corps. The hall was decorated with bunting, flags, slogans. There were speeches, songs and the inevitable gags. But beneath all that hilarity there was solemnity, too, and a deep, driving purpose.

The proudest man at the party was Tim's father, Jack Holt. He didn't make a speech, but his eyes shone. This was an unforgettable climax in

the most heart-warming case of father-and-son relationship in Hollywood.

Like his father, Tim is reticent about his personal life and hides his emotions. But now, on the eve of their separation, he spoke of how he feels about his dad.

"We've been so close," he said, his voice a little husky. "Dad has been both father and mother to me. Until I married I lived with Dad in his ranch house near the Uplifters Club in Santa Monica."

He smoked silently for a few moments. "Dad was my childhood hero and I've always wanted to be like him. I think he is a great man and

a great actor. He has always played clean parts, he has always stood for what's right, both on and off the screen. So few people really know him. Though he has lived in Hollywood, he has never been a part of it. You never see him at parties and premieres, he never goes to night clubs. I guess he has lived pretty much like a lone wolf."

Tim grinned reminiscently. "When I was first put under contract by Walter Wanger, Dad said, 'Good, now we'll have at least one actor in the family.' And he has been in the business for only thirty years! He never encouraged (Continued on page 89)

A "let's give thanks" item
Sonja Henie comes skating
back to the screen in Twen-
tieth Century-Fox's "Iceland"



What all ladies like to know
Glenn Ford does his roman-
tic best in his new Colum-
bia film "The Desperadoes"



Gentleman of courage



Today, George Murphy, a top-notch American dancer. At sixteen, left, a husky football hero. In between—long years of fighting a physical handicap

"Love performed the miracle,"
says George Murphy. We think the
gentleman did it himself

BY VIVIAN COSBY

THE high-school football game was in the final quarter of the biggest game of the season. The score was tied. Sixteen-year-old George Murphy had the ball. He sprinted down the field, sidestepping and dodging his way. He was in the clear; then suddenly from the rear a big tackler brought him down. Most of the opposing team piled on. When the pile was finally unscrambled, George lay very still. The coach threw some water in his face. After a few minutes, the lad opened his eyes, shook his head and slowly got to his feet. He limped a little, but in spite of that he insisted on staying in the game, a display of pluck for which he paid heavily. The next day one of his legs was swollen to four times its natural size.

He was rushed to the hospital, where for weeks he lay in bed. His days were spent in submitting to varied painful treatments which the doctor hoped against hope might check the infection. The nights were spent battling the torturing question, "Will I ever get well?" In his mind he would replay the football game during which he was injured. He wondered if he would ever be able to play football again and the fear that he might not was almost unbearable.

His fear was justified. The doctor's treatments failed.

One morning the doctor told George he would have to lose his leg. The

boy stared at the man unbelievably for a few moments, then turned his face to the wall. Gradually he began to realize the full import of the doctor's words, cruel words that shattered the dream of his life—to follow in the footsteps of his father, Mike Murphy. For Mike was a famous athletic coach, first at Yale, then at the University of Pennsylvania, and he was credited with the development of many top-notch athletes. Hardly a career a cripple could expect to follow . . . A cripple . . . the word kept pounding and pounding in George's brain. Then some inner strength gave him the determination not to accept the doctor's decision.

The next day, a little fearfully, he informed the doctor that he was not going to have the operation. The doctor gently explained why George's decision was impractical, but the boy refused to change his mind. The doctor's eyes showed plainly the futility of the situation.

Undaunted, George started fighting. This took real courage. It is easy to be brave under the spur of emotion, but to go on fighting day after day, week after week—that spells another and greater sort of courage.

George's faith and indomitable spirit won. A few years later he was again playing football, this time for Yale.

Life, however, had still another blow in store for George. During a vacation, he was working as a laborer

in a coal mine. At quitting time one day, he was coming up the shaft when one of the coal cars broke loose above him. There was a "trip" which was supposed to keep the cars from rolling, but it did not catch until the car was practically on him. Then it proceeded to dump tons of coal in his lap.

This meant another stay in the hospital. For the accident caused George's old leg injury to flare up and once more he was forced to go through weeks of suffering and inactivity. In the face of this second setback, George could see little sense in putting up a battle. What was the use in winning a fight only to get knocked down again?

For weeks he was in this frame of mind. Then one night while he was lying awake wondering what life was all about, a bit of philosophy came to him. Life was sort of a game—and sometimes it piled a lot of troubles on you to see how much you could take and to develop your stamina. In the long run you were bound to win if you had faith and the will to win.



IN the days that followed, the doctors and nurses were amazed to see their formerly listless patient start doing strenuous exercises to strengthen his injured leg muscles. Fate just couldn't get this courageous gentleman down. Again his persistence won. Soon he was walking without even a slight limp. George (Continued on page 77)

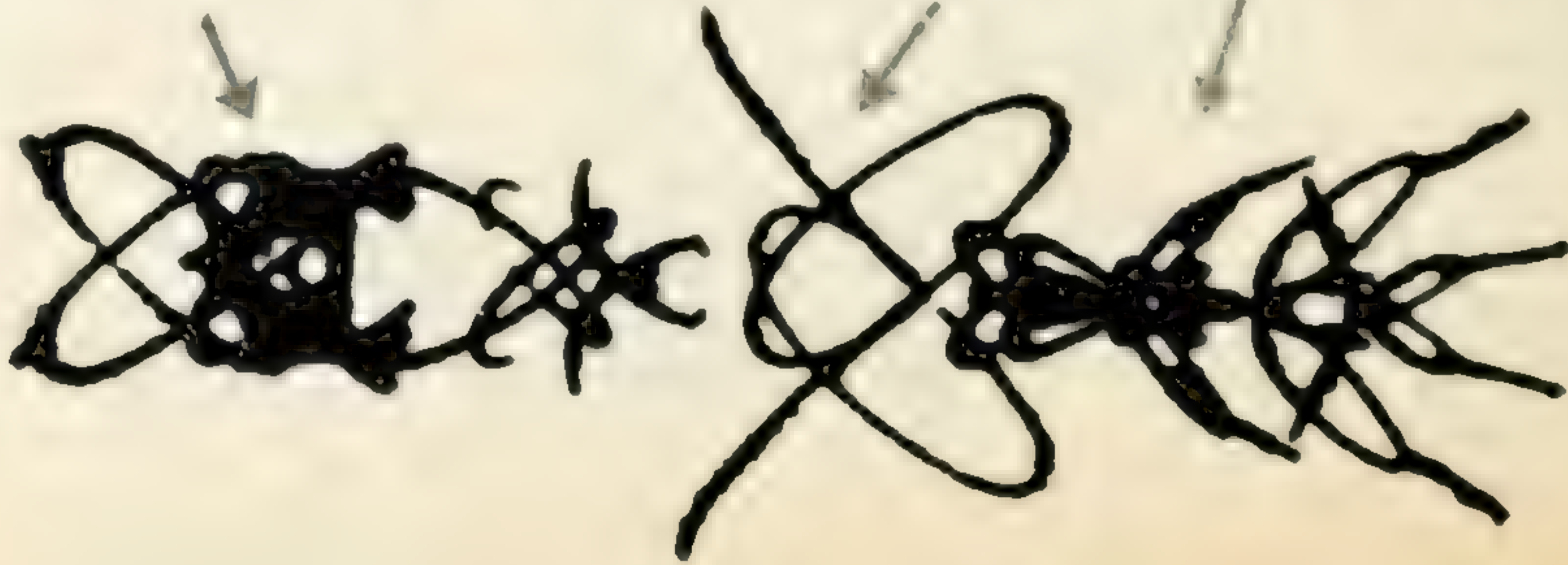
George met a lady named Julie, she asked him to dance—and the miracle happened. Below, with Julie, now his wife; right, with the author





Clark Gable

IN June of 1941 I was given this blottograph of Clark Gable. My first reaction was that the two small monk-like figures hovering over the arrowhead foreboded tragedy. At the time, this idea seemed fantastic. With the crash of Carole Lombard's plane in January, 1942, those two monk-like figures began to make sense. As for the future, it seems that Clark Gable, always one of the best, will become even a greater person for having gone through this tragedy. Near the center of Clark's blottograph is a perfect heart —in few names have I seen it more clearly—indicating that he has known real and genuine love, which memory alone should be worth more than success. The figure that looks like a man on a horse  may suggest that Clark should devote more interest after the war to horse-breeding, in which he would find a certain back-to-earth satisfaction never quite realized in the emotional world of action

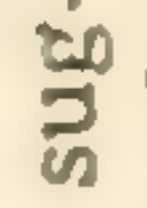
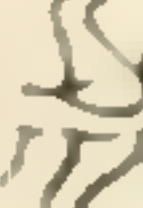


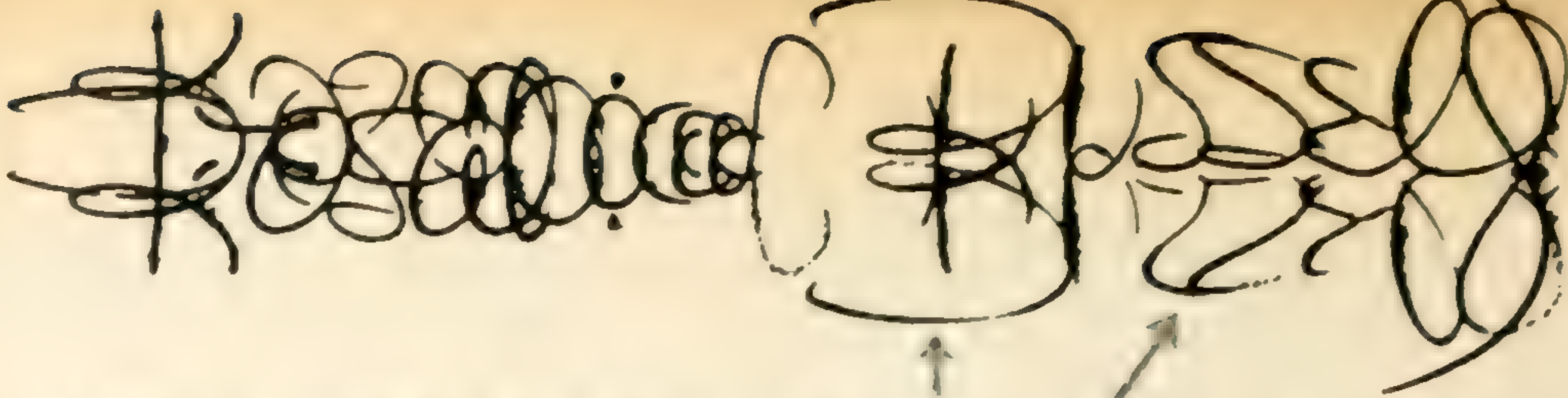
blot your name!

All you need is a pen, paper and ink to read your own future! A new trick—Blottographs—offered exclusively to you, with five Hollywoodites as glamorous guinea pigs



Rosalind Russell

OF all the blottographs I have seen, dazzling Rosalind Russell's is the most fantastic, the most paradoxical. It shows a person who could accomplish anything sincerely attempted. The symmetry of the pattern indicates faultless taste. The many curves and interwoven circles show a personality exciting in its contradictions. No one will ever know this girl completely. This is the writing of an intellectual whose independence of spirit is evident in the bold forceful strokes. She will always be surrounded by wealth, sophistication and glamour, yet there is nothing affected about her. A grotesque face resembling an ape  suggests gossip or scandal, but directly following this are two birds that look like doves  which foretell a pleasant outcome of the situation. Roz will always attract interesting men, but romantic disappointments are evident. She is inclined to cloak her deeper feelings in laughter, and wit and great romance seldom go together. I believe her future would amaze Roz herself if she could but see ahead, for her greatest success is yet to come, as seen in the many small circles



BY VIRGINIA CLOUD

THE blottograph is a first cousin of the autograph. It is the sophisticated member of the autograph family and by far the most decorative one. To make a blottograph write your name in ink near the crease of a piece of paper, then fold the paper to blur the ink into a design. Turn the paper to the right so that the imprint of the first letter of the name is at the top of the sheet. Then read down.

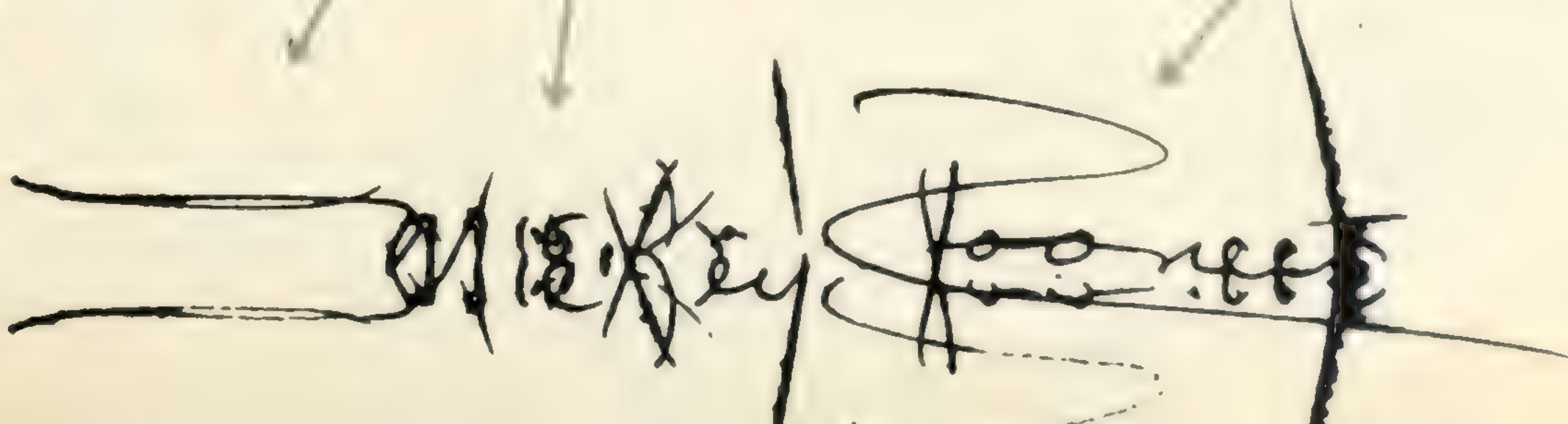
To the reading of characteristics as revealed in handwriting the blottograph adds a note of prophecy. There was once a belief that the effect produced by the name when thus written could be interpreted to represent one's life—the three names representing the first, middle and last parts of one's life.

The superstition was first introduced to me by an old colored nurse who would entertain us as children with fantastic interpretations of our "ghosts" as she called them. All the imagination of her race and great age was brought to play in the reading of these signatures. Much of that I have remembered and to it have added my observations gathered from graphological reading of hundreds of signatures during the past years. Through a study of Chinese symbolism and teacup-reading symbols, I have come to recognize certain "signs." Many weird things may be seen in these designs—faces, stars, hearts, butterflies, birds, flowers, trees, and every kind of animal.



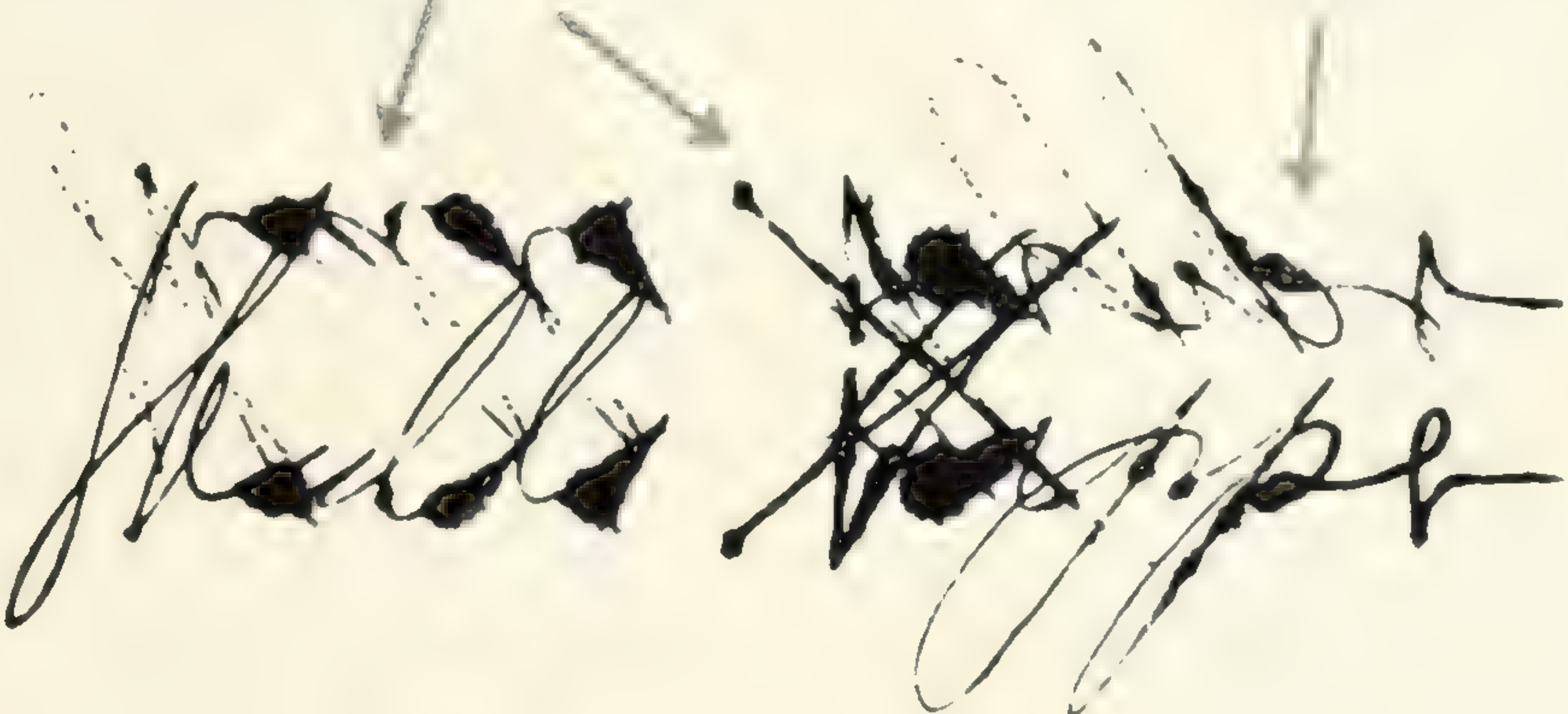
Mickey
Rooney

EFFERVESCENT, go-getter Mickey Rooney writes with a vim and vigor characteristic of alert, yet sensitive thinking. There are a keen sense of rhythm and an often unguessed need for reassurance here. The underscored "R" shows romantic depth. At the very beginning there is something that resembles a lyre *lyre* then a crown over a small face *crown* showing early success from entertainment associated with music. As we know, musical pictures, plus "Andy Hardy," provided his first big break. Also, his own musical compositions are regarded very highly. Several heart interests are indicated, yet none appears to bring full realization, of Mickey's dreams. I say this in all fairness to Ava and to Mickey; for his is a temperament loomed to misunderstanding romantically—because he is extremely intelligent and the intelligent rarely are romantically satisfied. The figure resembling a movement in conducting *conducting* suggests that he will become an orchestra conductor. I believe this will bring him more satisfaction than acting. His late years will be even more colorful than his youth, for there is no letdown in this pattern.



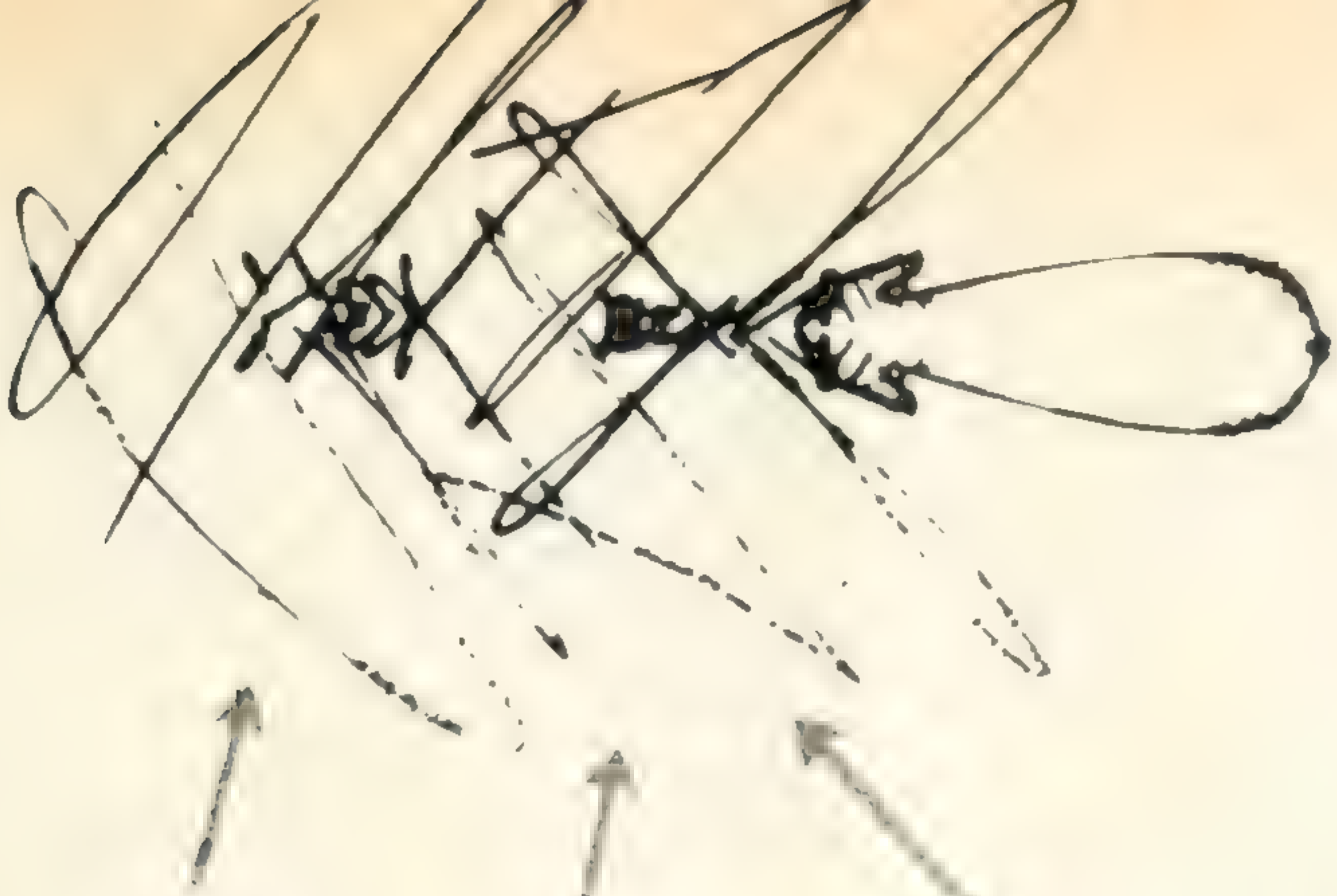
Hedda
Hopper

HEDDA HOPPER'S is the writing of an exceptionally brilliant woman, her sharpness of wit being indicated by the two crossed pins dominating her blottograph design. *Sharp* as a pin," that's Hedda. The romances she has inspired have been legion, for again and again there appear these incomplete hearts *hearts* but I'll wager her wit and humor have played havoc with her romantic life. I say this because people who have a keen sense of the ridiculous are seldom successful in romantic matters. I suspect her early life was colorful but not too happy. Then matters became very complicated followed by a period of tribulation, doubt and uncertainty, then by success, indicated by small circles *circles* which has not yet reached its height. In this design I feel the force of an individual with the will to fight with all she has for those things in which she believes. Her handwriting shows honesty, courage and shrewd perception.



Robert
Taylor

ROBERT TAYLOR'S signature, combining very large and rather small letters, shows reserve and shyness, yet great ambition and pride. The squares in this design *squares* symbolize peace and comfort and his willingness to undergo criticism to maintain them. Throughout this pattern is the suggestion of flight—wings and propellers *propellers*. If he is not an excellent aviator then his greatest success will come through films centered on flying. His contribution to World War II, I understand, is to be in aeronautics and it would not surprise me, after the war, to hear of his giving up acting for flying. For while he is a fine actor, he is not the typical actor. Therefore, I think he will be much happier if he concentrates his later ambition on less ephemeral things than acting. Two small hearts *hearts* early in his life were important, but not dominant. Later on, romance plays a secondary role in his interest. For our romantic-looking Bob has a depth of character unsuspected by many of his would-be critics.



For those of you who want to analyze your own signatures, turn to page 80 for a list of the meanings of some of the signs which appear most frequently

"Why I've changed"

Ginger Rogers, facing the charges

Hollywood has made against her, gives William

F. French an answer for her critics



"Rogers is losing her glamour!" said censors, watching freckles appear from behind once-perfect make-up



Gone is the girl that once was—the old Ginger with the smile and the quick word for everyone. In her place—a reserved Ginger who makes herself practically inaccessible on a walled-in estate (right) on a mountaintop

"Of course I've changed. Who hasn't?"

That's how Ginger Rogers answered the charge that she isn't the same any more.

For some time Hollywood has echoed with stories of how different the happy redhead who once had laughed and danced her way to stardom has become.

Limelighted by success, she is a ready target for criticism. The press accuse her of being high-hat and unco-operative. Extras say she no longer mixes with the hoi polloi and is getting exclusive. Hollywood citizens see her nose get shiny, her freckles come out from behind her once-perfect make-up and wonder at the sudden lack of glamour.

Those who had known her as a youngster with an ambition to play the tragic role of *Joan of Arc* and the spunk to get a better part in "Gold Diggers Of 1933" by singing "We're In The Money Now" in pig Latin bemoan the loss of such a sense of humor. It seems a shame to them that a girl with the ingenuity to appear at her studio as a famous English star and make a test that fooled her own producer into trying to sign her for the part of *Queen Elizabeth* should let her importance overwhelm her. Where is the girl, they ask, who once disguised herself in a black wig, a French accent and a vacation tan and applied for a job in her own picture, so successfully that Bill Seiter, her director, failed to recognize her and Oscar Levant, equally taken in, sat at the piano and played French songs for her to sing?

Gone is the girl with the smile and

quick word for everyone; in her place, a person of unknown quantity. How and to what extent has this Academy Award winner really changed? And why?

"Because," says Ginger, "I was trying to accomplish something and you can't accomplish things without changing. That's the first rule of progress, isn't it? If we develop or better ourselves we change. And if we don't better ourselves we also change—for the worse. Nature doesn't permit anything to remain unchanged. Not even the desert or the mountains. And the business of living makes as great a change in us mentally and temperamentally as it does physically.

THAT doesn't mean we must abandon our natural personalities or drop our best qualities. Nor that as a movie star I can't have the same feelings, ambitions and principles that I had when I was dancing one-night stands in small-time vaudeville. Because, to a great extent, I have. And I still love many of the things I loved then.

"But it does mean we must change in many respects, all of us. How much, depends on what we do and learn. And what life does to us. If Jennie Jones back on the farm or Mary Smith in the bargain basement did what I have done and had experiences such as I have had, they would change as much as I have. They couldn't help it.

"We just can't do things without having them leave their mark on us; whether it's falling in love, studying law or going in for long-distance swimming. (Continued on page 72)







Bewildered Knight

The life story of John Payne,
a man fighting to find himself

He found his lady fair, Anne Shirley. But she couldn't win this tournament against life for him. He's closer to the prize now

BY HOWARD SHARPE

WHEN John Payne came to New York for the first time, in 1933, he sat from nine in the morning until two p.m. on a bench in Grand Central because his cousin, Tim Cassidy, who was supposed to have met him, did not—and John was afraid of getting lost in the great Outside. At last, however, he found a cab driver who took him to a hotel, in the lobby of which he ran into a singing teacher from his home town, one Walter Niven, who in turn took him to a speak-easy. It was the first speak-easy John had ever entered, and the three Manhattans he drank to make up for the lunch he had missed were the first liquor he had ever tasted.

Thus, when sometime after dark the two friends emerged onto Broadway, at 52nd, the Great White Way appeared as a more than usually dazzling spectacle to John, since he was seeing two of it. Clutching a near-by pedestrian for support, he waved in the general direction of Times Square and shouted, "See that? Some day I'm gonna run that street! . . ."

Two years later he went to the same beverage house as a sentimental pilgrimage and had a double brandy. He needed it. He had just broken his ankle in a wrestling match, for which he had been paid twenty-five dollars, all the money he had in the world. With tonight's accident, it obviously was unlikely that he would make any more for weeks. He would have to move tomorrow from the college dormitory at Columbia University, where he had spent these last two years in the school for journalism.

"Well," he said, raising his glass, "to the untimely end of Alexei Petroff, the Savage of the Steppes, sometimes known as Tiger Jack Payne."

"What?" said the bartender, mildly amazed. As well he might be, for there was little about the powerfully built young man before him or the strange words he spoke to indicate the far road he had traveled. Not to the naked eye was it apparent that here was a lad who had been born to a million dollars, before the depres-

In the days when Anne Shirley was "Hollywood's youngest bride" and her marriage to John Payne was the happy talk of filmtown



sion swept it away; who was once heir to a fort near Roanoke, Virginia, which his father bought and turned into a luxurious residence. Who, indeed, would know that "Tiger Jack Payne" was the shy, thoughtful introvert in a family of three sons; a boy who wanted to be a flyer but failing his math exams had turned to journalism at Columbia University where he had had to finance himself with odd jobs at wrestling and still odder jobs singing in Minsky's burlesque show.

THE new abode turned out to be under the Third Avenue "El." It was bearable at all because he could share it with another fellow, just as broke and with as few prospects, but possessed of a sense of humor. It was this roommate who, one evening, said casually, "With that ankle, Payne, all you're good for is a sitting job. You ought to put on a starched cap and hire out as a nursemaid for people's babies."

"Thanks," John said. He meant it

He put an ad in the Times the next day: "Reliable college student, will watch children evenings. Low rates. Calm disposition." It was astonishing how many New York parents were waiting for just such an opportunity to get a night off.

He was seldom bored during these evenings, however, because when he chose he had an assistant who, free of charge, helped him heat a baby's formula or simply kept him company. This was a girl named Sybil, a recent graduate of a musical comedy chorus and before that of Columbia, where he had met her. Being between jobs, Sybil willingly assisted John in his vigils.

"It's almost more than I can do," she said once, wistfully, as she collected the scattered toys of the child they had just put to bed, "to keep from playing house I catch myself pretending. . . ."

"Yeah," he said. Later that evening, when they were free and eating spaghetti in a little Village cafe, he picked up the conversation again. "You ought to be looking about you,



Payne played a marine in "To The Shores Of Tripoli," was so impressed with the Corps he may soon wear the Marine uniform himself

baby. At the rate I'm going, you'll be stuck with a washout and no prospects for the future. With your looks and without me, you could be counting your diamond bracelets."

"I'm a sucker," she admitted cheerfully. "I'm fool enough to think you're going all the places there are. Leave mama," she added, patting his hand, "to her foolish dreams."

When he got home that evening there was a wire from an agent, whom he had met at a party several months before and who, he recalled, had spent most of the evening staring at him with thoughtful eyes. The telegram was terse enough. It said: "Do you want a job? Call me."

He found the number in the directory and called it.

"It's a stint with the Shubert show. On the road. Forty a week," the voice answered.

"Look," he panted, "I'll see you tomorrow. Don't give it to anyone else."

AFTER that the pattern of his life changed as quickly and as completely as a radio program on the hour, when the dreary, trouble-laden soap show fades out with a moment's dirge of organ music and is followed by Cab Calloway. He called Sybil the next day, making a date for dinner at the 57th Street Automat; and when he found her, waiting at a table near the door, he dumped a handful of white camellias in her arms and led her out of the Automat, up two blocks to Central Park South and into the sidewalk cafe of the St. Moritz.

"Champagne cocktails," John said to the waiter, recklessly. He took Sybil's hand in both of his. "It's a

job," he told her, grinning all over his face. "With the Shuberts in Detroit."

He thought she was just a moment late with her congratulations, that her face had twisted suspiciously before it lighted up for him. "What did I tell you?" she said then. "Isn't it what I said would happen? With those shoulders, and your talent. . . ."

THE letter was from the boy who had shared the Third Avenue room with him and although it bore an airmail stamp John didn't get it until his third delirious day in Detroit.

"... it seems Sybil got just a trifle high the night you left. She went out with the Powells. They ended up at some hotel and Sybil turned just as they reached the elevators and started running. She hit the revolving doors like a bat—somehow or other the glass in one of the panes broke . . ."

He tried not to remember this too often during the weeks that followed. The plastic surgeon at the hospital had told him, over the long-distance phone, that she'd be all right; that there wasn't anything to worry about except the one long cut, near her eyebrow, on the left side. And that with a little luck, although he couldn't make any promises. . . .

For the first time since his father's attorneys had told him the truth about the estate, John had an income. He had a wonderful time. Remembering the period now, it seems to him the best of all those years: the afternoons spent lazily reading or wandering around a new city; the rehearsals, noisy and confused and nervous; the satisfactory moments on stage, when

he knew that by a inflection or an impromptu gesture he had brightened his bit or stolen a scene; the after-theater nights, spent mostly with one or another of the girls in the show. These were a sort of girl Roanoke had never seen: shapely and tireless, with awake gay eyes and sulky, too-red mouths and an endless store of patter to which he could listen or not, according to his mood.

Then one autumn evening, having stopped at the railway station lunchroom for dinner, he heard the juke box playing "I Love Life." The mechanism stuck and played "I Love Life" four times, until the manager came and shut it off. For some reason, this impressed John as a significant coincidence. That was the tune Roy Campbell, John's voice coach during his Columbia University days, had chosen for his new pupil's "piece" and with it Payne had got his first radio job as the South Singer. Furthermore, come to think of it, the pianist in the little spaghetti joint had been playing "I Love Life" as John had walked out of the place, the night he found the agent's wire.

He had had little truck with the usual actor's stick of superstitions—but this was different. He was sick, at last, of the road.


He paid his check, rang the director of the show from a pay telephone booth and said he wanted to quit. "All right," the director said. And, "No, I don't care about notice. Good luck."

Somewhat deflated, but still sure of his hunch, he called the airport. Detroit to New York: thirty-seven dollars. It was somehow the perfect sum. With the \$3 that were left he and Sybil could breakfast at Rumpelmeyer's, with creamed chicken on little waffles and pots of coffee, and talk, and make their plans. With the strains of his tune still ringing in his ears, he caught the plane to New York that night.

It seemed he was in the nick of time. "There's the Bea Lillie show," his agent said. "They need a boy who can sing a little. It may be you're the boy."

And he was.

HIS new personality, the new John Payne, was almost finished now. The season with "At Home Abroad" put on the finishing touches. He bought his first tails, that winter, and his first opera hat, which did magic when he touched the hidden spring in it and which he wore not once to the opera, but endlessly to the Rainbow Room, El Morocco, the Stork and sometimes in the early morning to black-and-tan ballrooms in Harlem. He took an apartment overlooking the Park (if you leaned far enough out of the bathroom (Continued on page 83))




A new winter wonder-worker is this smooth black dress worn by Rita Hayworth of Columbia's "You Were Never Lovelier." It features the new peg-top drape and a high-style belt of black cord with a rich black fringe tassel. Rita's hat is a vivid fuschia, darker tipped at the feather edges. If you're wondering how the smart peg-top style would look on you, just turn to page 63



A Paris Fashion Shoe for furlough fun. Black suede platform sandal with tank heel

Tip-to-Toelines



This go-everywhere winner of magpie blue wool worn by Rita Hayworth would give an autumn girl ideas. It has a modified peg-top drape; the neck is trimmed with a single twist of self material and two rows of the twist accent the shoulder broadness. The self belt has a clever gold trim



A Paris Fashion Shoe for your tailored life: "Boomps Toe" Spec of military tan calf. Also in antique red or black calf, black or brown suede. With high or midway heel

Right: A warm tan stripe accenting the waist and a narrower stripe of sand make this chocolate brown hand-knit dress something to look at on Rita Hayworth—or anyone else. The high round neck gets a bit of effective high-lighting by a broad gold necklace that matches Rita's bracelet. A pert little draped hat is knit to match, finishes things off nicely with a stiff brown veil.

Below: Go sporty; look smart in an all-wool Linton tweed jacket striped in blue, brown, beige and white with reverse stripe flaps on deep pockets. The skirt is blue; a gold clip accents the lapel



A Paris Fashion Shoe with a smart casual look. Lo-heeler of military tan calf with flap bow, moccasin toe. Also in pine green or cherry red calf, or in black suede

Miss Hayworth's dresses and hats from exclusive I. Magnin and Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

All Miss Hayworth's shoes are Paris Fashion Shoes available at leading stores from coast to coast

Star-Smart Fashions

AT BUDGET PRICES



Take a soft red gabardine dress with a wide gold-star-studded belt, peg pockets and fly front, sling over your shoulders a Timmie Tuft coat, the campus rage, so soft, so smart, so warm, and you have an outfit that's something to look at. Mimi's coat is white woolly fabric with gay red binding on collar and front

The dress, a New York Creation, \$8.95 at McCreery's; the coat, a Judy Nell model, \$24.98 at Bloomingdale's

Coat also in brown with beige trim; beige with red; white with green. Dress also in military blue, patriot green or military tan

All hats displayed on these pages on sale at leading N. Y. department stores at \$1.98

The clothes featured on these pages are on sale at the New York stores specified. For instructions as to how you can purchase them easily, turn to page 110



Corduroy comer—this red Juke coat that goes smartly over slacks, over your fall wools, over your tweeds to make a special outfit. The lines trim your waistline into nothing; the large patch pockets and a little slit up the back make it a fall style-setter

Coat, \$5.59 at Macy's; slacks, \$6.50 at Stern's

Coat in red, brown, kelly green; finely tailored slacks, all-wool flannel, in gray, brown or navy

You can dress as smartly as a star! Mimi Clancy, Photoplay-Movie Mirror reader who's studying music in N. Y., shows you how by posing in six penny-saving prize winners



Mimi loved the dress Rita Hayworth wears on p. 59; she wears a N. Y. adaptation here—complete with pegtop, tassel belt

Dress, \$13.95 at Estelle Dress Shop
In black, brown or purple crepe



A classic that goes everywhere is Mimi's soft yellow rabbit's hair wool suit with a dirndl skirt, a cardigan jacket bound in matching grosgrain ribbon at the front and three-quarter sleeves. Wear it under a fall coat, through the winter as a bright-note holiday dress

Skirt, \$4.95; Jacket, \$6.95, sold together or separately at Lord and Taylor's

In aqua or yellow



Setting an autumn pace: tri-toned outfits. This one—a rose shirt, dark purple skirt, dark green belt. With it, the popular zip 'n' snap natural coat: Snap the lining out for fall; snap it in again for a winter coat

Dress, \$12.98 at Stern's; coat (in fleece or tweed) \$23.98 at Bloomingdale's

Dress: Also in gold shirt, brown skirt, dark green belt combination; or tan shirt, dark green skirt with tan belt

Two-gun salute for this military-minded blue gabardine that shows up to show off Mimi with a jacket trimmed by military metal buttons and trench pockets. The skirt is gored and has a front inverted pleat. Wear it with open or closed neck

A New York Creation, \$8.95 at Mc-Creery's

Also in red, military tan and patriot green

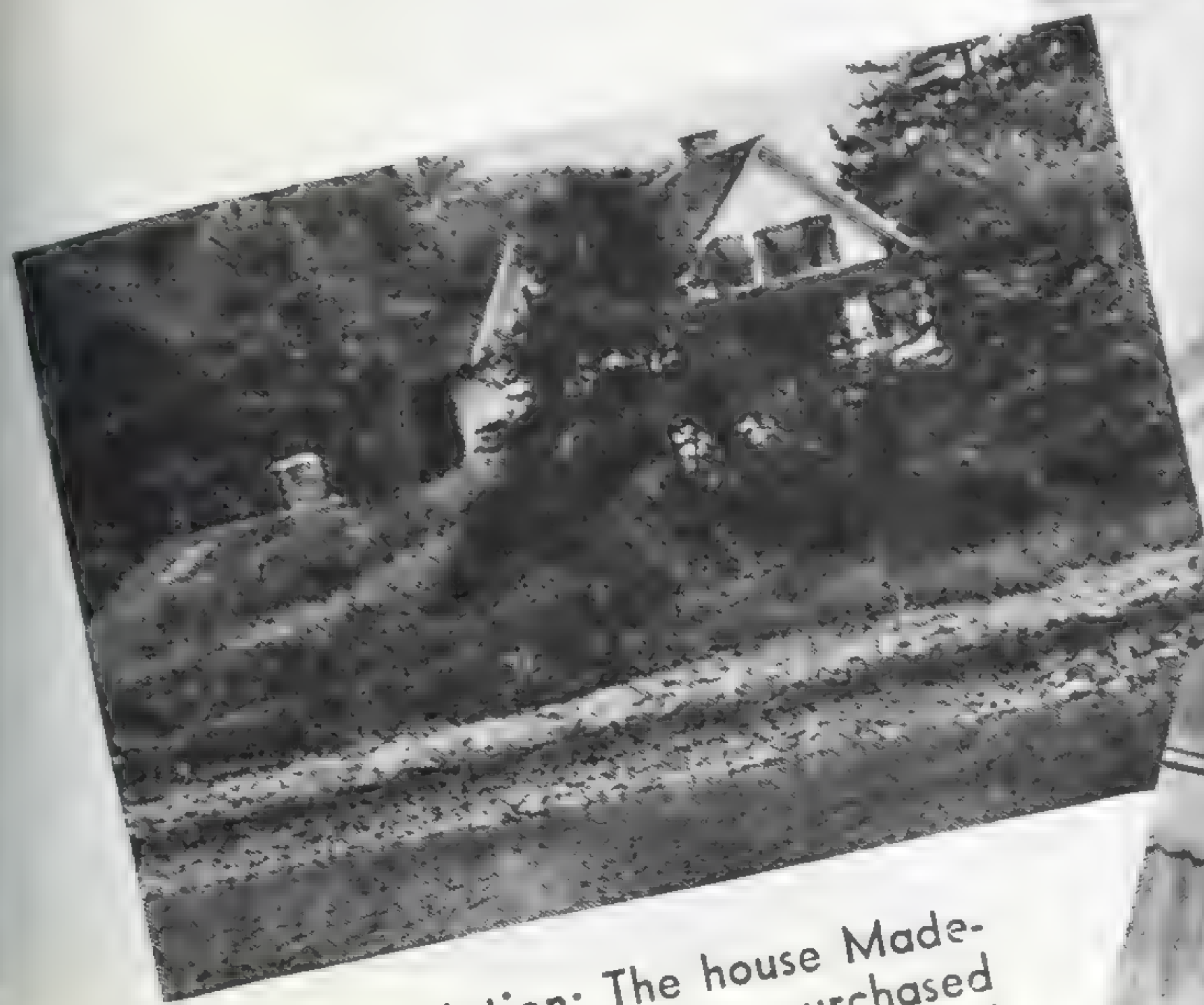


Dress rehearsal: Gene Tierney,
black-haired, green-eyed box-
office bait of Fox's "China Girl"



Love in exile

A scoop exposé of the secret marriage and hidden honeymoon of Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden



Family foundation: The house Madeleine and Stirling have purchased at Darien, Conn., on the Sound



Honeymoon hideaway: The low rambling home near Greenwich, Conn., which newspaper men sought frantically to find

BY JOHN BURTON

YOU know now that Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden are married because Stirling officially said so in the presence of the startled press at Nassau in the Bahamas, thus ending the twisting trail of conjecture that had followed these two since their romance first caught the fancy of the public.

But the full story of this jealously guarded love match only now can be told in all its romantic detail—the love story of a bright star who was drawn out of the Hollywood heavens and put down in a secluded New England cottage where she waits for the man she loves to return from the sea.

This love story began to reach a climax the day Madeleine Carroll had finished "My Favorite Blonde"—finished it with the help of a doctor and a nurse in constant attendance on the set. For the past year and a half, life

had been piling one emotional crisis after another on her slender shoulders.

There was her clipper flight to Europe just as France was going through the final agony of defeat, with Madeleine searching frantically for her aviator fiance in the streaming hordes of refugees from the French front; then her return to this country after the futile journey because she had given her word to appear in time for the filming of "Virginia." There, on location in the soft rolling hills of Virginia where France seemed so very far away, she came to know Stirling Hayden.

Scarcely had she returned to Hollywood, when word came that Lieutenant Richard de la Roziere was alive and on his way to see her. The town buzzed with excited questions. Would the English girl marry the dashing French aviator to whom she

had been engaged or would the tall young American with the power of driving seas about him win her heart? Then, just before the time of Roziere's arrival, all thought of romance was driven from Madeleine's mind, for word came through the censorship that her much-loved sister had been killed in an air raid over England. Overwhelmed by grief, Madeleine was unable to face the present with its implications and Roziere, his permit to stay in the United States expiring, left for Canada where he joined the RAF Ferry Command and began the hazardous job of flying bombers across the North Atlantic.

Madeleine remained in Hollywood to make another picture, "Bahama Passage." Stirling Hayden was its male lead. The company went to the Bahamas on (Continued on page 87)

Illustrating the zany whirligig of Hollywood romance was the Gabin-Dietrich episode in which Marlene used the long-distance phone plenty—and with potent results. Below: Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball's first dates were duty dates, turned into something that left one biggie burned. Lower right: Bruce Cabot, one of the famous "big three," with Ann Cochran



THE *Truth* about

Did you know Hollywood girls send the boys flowers? No, you didn't.

THE truth about the stars' dates is that there is not a single one of them that wouldn't drive Emily Post wacky.

Hollywood Boy meets Hollywood Girl in the darndest places, sometimes in bed (for movie love scenes, we hasten to add), sometimes in one another's arms (also for movie love scenes), more frequently in the publicity department of the studio to which they are mutually under contract, quite often by the accepted and usual method of being introduced to one another by mutual friends.

Blind dates are impossible in Hollywood, in the sense of not knowing what you may be going to run into,

since everybody in Hollywood knows how everybody else looks, or can most easily learn.

The technique of the glamour girls in meeting their desired escorts must make their grandmothers dizzy in their graves. They telephone them violently. They send them flowers. Yes, you heard me, the girls send the boys flowers. There is the classic story of one glamour girl who wanted very much to know a certain star. She was taken to his studio by a mutual friend, introduced on the set to the star. She was very polite and formal until just as she was leaving. Then as she shook hands in farewell, she slipped a cigarette lighter in the star's hand. He picked it up and no-

ticed it had a slip of paper inside. On the paper was a telephone number.

P.S. The star still didn't call.

The girls are great hands for sending presents. You can't entirely blame them, particularly when it becomes a case of a more important girl star and a still unknown but always handsome young actor. Many Hollywood tailor has been given many a blank check, good to Mr. Newcomer's credit, for any number of suits, said check nicely endorsed by some prominent beauty. The girls are very aware that it practically wrecks a young contract player's account to take them out to such place as they should be seen at (it's a cautious man who can swing dinner for



Outsiders labeled the marriage of Alan Curtis and Ilona Massey "ideal." Hollywood uses it as a shocking lesson for young hopefuls. Below: Craig Stevens and Alexis Smith dated for the sale of sweet publicity, now are selling something for Cupid. Lower left: Around town they're grinning at Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell dates

Stars' Dates

You'll find out a lot more astonishing things from this eyeopener

By "Fearless"

two at the Mocambo inside \$20) so they try to balance the budget in this manner.

Of course, they get exploited. There are around town quite a few unscrupulous business people who see to it that the rich girls meet the poor boys. There is one sports instructor who is really a lonely heart's bureau. He may get to a star's house by way of teaching her to swim or to improve her golf stroke, but he always stays long enough to tell her of Johnny Climbing-Ahead, who would so like to meet her, in fact Johnny has a crush on her and sees all her pictures, and may he bring Johnny by someday to meet her. The girls are lonely and every one of them is wild for

flattery, so Johnny is brought, the instructor is in right with both sides and everything is swell until the big quarrel comes, or the night flight to Las Vegas.

Another introduction center is almost any Hollywood restaurant. Any successful restaurateur in Hollywood must, of necessity, know everybody, past, present, and most particularly future. The lady who wishes to be met, or the gentlemen who wishes to meet, has only to appear often enough, and the polite hurdles are soon overcome. There is, in fact, one small Beverly Hills spot that practically

survives on this trade. It's really a cocktail spot, rather than an eating place, though they sell some food there. Its manager, however, is a charm boy. He meets everybody and at introductions he's really de luxe. As the lights are low at his establishment, as the booths are very small but sheltered, acquaintance soon flourishes.

It is simpler with the boys who want to meet the girls. Often they merely telephone the girl, saying who they are, how much they admire the girl, her beauty, her art (this latter is a foolproof approach), how sad it is that they know no one in common, but could they meet, and how's for Tuesday (Continued on page 79)

DESTINATION—

Happiness!

This is a love story, the very odd love story of Ruth Hussey and Bob Longenecker



Bob took one look at this picture of Ruth (left), wrote something on it, then started out to make that amazing sentence come true

BY DORA ALBERT

SHEETS of rain poured down against the adobe mission in Pala, California, where Ruth Hussey and Robert Longenecker, the radio executive, were to be married.

But in spite of the rain, Ruth Hussey's face was radiantly happy. "I'm rather glad it rained," she laughed. "See how cool it is? Why, we probably would have roasted to death otherwise."

Now ordinarily Ruth Hussey isn't a poisonously sweet "Glad Girl" or a professional Pollyanna. It was just that she was so happy on this particular Sunday that nothing could disturb her.

She herself had raced to the Mission at eleven o'clock that very morning with a group of her closest friends, so that she might have a hand in decorating the church where she was to be married.

They had carried the tall candelabra with them and the white candles, the white gladiolas, the baskets of asterines and the white asters which they had banked in ferns. Ruth herself had placed the gladiolas and the

asters just where she wanted them.

And now she stood beside Bob at the altar lit by seven tall white candles and as Father Julian pronounced the solemn words of the marriage ceremony, her eyes were like stars.

How beautiful Ruth looked, Bob was thinking. It wasn't just the Irene blue gabardine suit with the pale pink blouse (see page 86); it wasn't just the large blue felt hat with the soft grosgrain ribbon; it was something else that made Ruth look out of the world. Bob, gazing at her, was glad that they hadn't waited, despite the fact that he would be in the Army a few days after the wedding and that the time they would have together for the duration of the war might be all too brief.

Though Bob and Ruth had known for weeks that they wanted to marry each other, Hollywood was nevertheless thoroughly startled at the news. For the papers, during the months before Ruth was married, had carried announcements about her supposed romance with Lincoln Fogarty, a childhood sweetheart whom she had

met while she was at Pembroke College. Lincoln was a senior at Brown University and captain of the football team—and Ruth probably did have college crush on Lincoln.

Years later, they met again, when Ruth, a successful movie star, had gone back East to attend the President's Birthday Ball. They renewed their friendship—and the Hollywood columnists called it love. Definite announcements were made that they planned to be married.

MEANWHILE, fate stepped in and pulled some very funny trick. Over at Myron Selznick's thriving agency, they were very proud of one of their young men, Robert Longenecker, who handled their radio clients with a tact and gallantry that led a great many stars to fall all over themselves trying to get Myron Selznick's agency to manage their radio programs. It didn't hurt Bob a bit in their estimation that he was handsome and tall, with blond hair and level blue eyes, with a clean, manly look about (Continued on page 85)



MARTHA AND FIANCÉ on campus of Clemson College, S. C., last spring before Niles became an Aviation Cadet, and she went into training for her mobile laboratory work. She's just as sweet and feminine looking now in her crisp lab uniform, so flattering to her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.



GUARDING HEALTH OF BOYS AT ARMY CAMPS while her fiancé flies for Uncle Sam . . . Martha is at Fort McPherson now in the Field Laboratory of the Fourth Service Command.



MARTHA'S RING is unusually beautiful—a 2-carat diamond in a simple platinum band.

She's *ENGAGED!*

MARTHA GAFFNEY'S engagement to Henry Niles Nelson, Jr., unites two fine Southern families. She is great, great, great grand-daughter of the eminent statesman, John C. Calhoun.

MARTHA'S HEART is with her aviator fiancé—but her skilled hands and highly trained mind are given to her important war job with the Fourth Service Command's mobile laboratory.

"We work like mad," she told us. "We do blood and disease tests regularly, of course—and test just about everything in sight as well—water, milk, ice cream—anything that might contain harmful bacteria and cause illness among the boys at the camps."

Martha has a particularly lovely complexion—creamy smooth and white. She

says: "My lab work makes me a stickler for cleanliness. That's why I'm so fond of Pond's Cold Cream. It *cleanses* so thoroughly—and leaves my skin feeling *soft and dewy*."

Use Pond's Martha's way, *you'll* love it, too. First—pat Pond's Cold Cream on your face and throat—gently, quickly. Tissue it off well. See how it softens and releases dirt and old make-up. "Rinse" now with a *second* lovely Pond's creaming. Tissue off.

Do this *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even *more* for your money. Popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



She's *Lovely!* She uses *Pond's!*

The Bette Davis Prize Letter Contest



Bette Davis is happy (Mr. Hitler isn't!) to let you see these two letters that came to her

This is my letter

My dear Bette Davis:—

Washington, D. C.
July 25, 1942

Your stories in August Photoplay Magazine are indeed soul-warming. I have a treasured one of my own which I am happy and proud to pass on to you. This story is only half mine; the other half—the far better half—belongs to its little hero, Tommy,—or was it Dickie,—or Harry?

Life in our Nation's Capital, the hectic war days, goes on at a fast pace. Vital, important things are constantly happening about us and we are hardly aware of them. But every now and then, something—perhaps some very little thing—happens to heighten our patriotic glow to the realization that we are all in this "fight" together!

A couple of weeks ago I dropped into one of Washington's many self-service markets. I soon had the few items I needed and looked about to see which service line was the shortest. I decided upon one and found myself directly behind a little boy. I carried no merchandise or packages, but as we moved along, I noticed he tugged and pulled at a huge carton, easing it along into position as he advanced to the pay-counter. The carton was bulging with empty bottles of all sizes and descriptions. I smiled and wondered where in the world that little fellow could have picked them all up. He must, indeed, have been out on an intensified them all up. He was only about seven or eight, but sturdy and self-reliant, and completely engrossed in his particular business at hand. His manner was determined and rather-off fact; he looked neither to right nor left, but kept his eyes and his attention right on his bottles. Soon it was his turn and the clerk came around to help him lift the heavy carton to the counter. "Well, what have we here, son?" he asked good humoredly. "Just bottles," the lad volunteered, while the clerk set to sorting them into little groups, counting as he listed them up. Finally he placed the last bottle, counting as he listed them up. But little Tommy—or was it Dickie—or Harry?—shifted his weight from one foot to the other, dug his fists hard into his pockets and let out an incredulous "Gee whiz!—only forty-eight cents?—for all those bottles?" He seemed terribly disappointed. The clerk pointed out that those bottles there were not even theirs,—and that the one here were worth only one cent each,—taking a total of 43¢. "Aww gee," the little boy countered,—"can't you even make it 50¢?" "No, sorry boy, I can't," the clerk explained tolerantly, "I must account for every bottle we take back".

I stood by very much interested in watching this little incident unfold. Quite impulsively I reached into my change purse and slid two bright pennies over to the lad. It didn't occur to me then that that may have been the wrong thing to do,—that it

In the August issue of PHOTOPLAY MOVIE MIRROR, Bette Davis wrote a story, a story of the big things the little people of America were doing during these days of supreme tests of sacrifice. Then she asked you readers a question, "Do you know stories like these? If you do," she said "write and tell me about them." The editors and I will choose the best letter; the writer will be awarded a \$25 War Bond. The letter that won the Bond is at the left; the runner-up below both with Miss Davis's comment.

couldn't we print this too?
Mammy's is right!

504 Highland Avenue
Albany, Georgia
July 11, 1942

Miss Bette Davis
c/o Photoplay-Movie Mirror
7751 Sunset Boulevard
Hollywood, California

Dear Miss Davis:

The home-spun quality of patriotism that thrives in the heart of our good Southern negroes is indeed inspiring.

A deeply religious old Mammy puts it this way:

"Yas sah! I's givin' Onkle Sam one-tenth! To do it, I havin' to borrow de tenth dat I's been givin' to de Lawd ever' Sunday. But frum what I hears, de Lawd is in near as deep right now as Onkle Sam is, an' we's gotta pitch in an' help!"

"De Good Book says, 'De Lawd helps dem what helps derselves', an' so, we's all gotta keep buyin' Stamp pastin' 'em in our lil' books. I b'lieves if we jes' doin' dis we can knock dat man Hitler down an' STAMP slam to death!"

This appealing old soul earns a very small sum each week, but she has learned one great lesson of life; a lesson with worth while message at any time, but a truly heartening message in these days of war-tragedy, "De Lawd helps dem what helps derselves".

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. William E. Pickard

might have encouraged extra pennies' worth of indulgence in sweets or such. I only knew I would ever be an incurable 'push-over' for small boys with serious faces, and I felt strongly that any little chap who went to all the trouble and expended the time and energy it entailed, to collect so many empty bottles and then cart them to the store, as this little boy had done, was certainly deserving of what he expected.

And was my faith in the boy's efforts rewarded by the dramatic climax that was to come to light! The little fellow looked up at me grinning from ear to ear. I saw that his eyes were sparkling blue, that shaded brown freckles were playing tag across the bridge of his celestial nose, and that he had a nice small-boy Irish face. "Gee, thanks, lady". His quick little fingers then slid the pennies along towards the clerk and you could have knocked both him and me down with a feather when the lad said,—"Alright, give me two of those 25¢ WAR STAMPS!"

As he carefully bedded his stamps down in a grubby little case, he turned to me again and said,—"Thanks again for 'he two pennies'". "How are your stamps coming along, son", I just had to ask, feeling all the time like I could hug him hard. "Aww swell, I'll have my first book soon—-I hope"—this last he added with another infectious grin. Then we both laughed and we both felt very happy. "Good-bye."

Yes, he was a darling,—that little Tommy—or was it Dickie—or Harry? And won't he get a great big thrill when he holds in his own hands his very own first War Bond,—his precious little, hard-earned "big contribution" to the war effort?

Sincerely,

Marie Teresa Glase

Rita Hayworth

CO-STARRING IN "YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"
A Columbia Picture



Color Harmony Face Powder!

- 1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3...it clings perfectly — really stays on



Blondes, brunettes, brownettes, redheads.. you can add loveliness to your looks with your Color Harmony shade of this famous powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood*.

The very first time you make up with this remarkable face powder you'll note how the Color Harmony shade created for you accents all the beauty of your type. You'll note that your skin looks more youthful, more attractive. You'll marvel how satin-smooth your make-up appears...and how this powder clings perfectly and really stays on. Try your Color Harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* face powder today...make a new beauty discovery. One dollar.

Max Factor * Hollywood



★ **COMPLETE** your make-up in Color Harmony with Max Factor Hollywood Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick.

Why I've Changed

(Continued from page 54) That is the principle on which Hollywood operates when it puts girls through courses of training for motion-picture work. Many people take voice culture, dramatic expression, all sorts of specialized study for the sole purpose of changing or improving themselves. Frankly, I've never done that because preparing for the pictures and the parts I am to play has taken care of it for me.

"It isn't indifference to what people think that stops me from protesting when I hear remarks about my 'being different,' but the realization that a change may have occurred without my being conscious of it.

"Even the element of time enters into it. Have you ever noticed the difference in the attitude of the lad who suddenly has so much to do he races from one thing to another? Before he got that new job he was easygoing, friendly and always had time to stop for a little chat. But now—there's barely time to say hello before he's on his way again.

"And how about the girl who is cramming for her finals at college? You'd think she hardly knew you, with her thoughts a mile away when you tell her about the new boy friend.

RUSHING from one picture to another, trying to develop characterizations and learn parts while I'm talking story with a director, having fittings and taking tests have all made me give a pretty good imitation of a girl wrapped up in her own affairs. I don't want to give that impression and there are times when I'd like to toss aside the script I'm studying or 'ditch' a rehearsal and join a group of extras having a high time in the corner.

"But that's one of the ways I've changed: Because there isn't time, I don't do it. And neither would any one of those girls having so much fun in the corner, if she were in my place."

When a dancer and bit player who knew the happy-go-lucky Ginger of ten years ago heard of this remark, she said: "It's just ducky to have fame and success 'develop' you, but if I had the sense of humor that kid sported when we were working in 'Gold Diggers' or during her first pictures with Astaire, I wouldn't trade it for a hundred Oscars."

When Ginger heard what the girl had said, she observed, "Neither would I. Losing your sense of humor isn't developing; it's shrivelling. One thing I'll never lose is my love of a good laugh. Because laughing isn't only the world's best medicine; it's the most democratic thing to do. If you can laugh, you can take it."

When Ginger was told that a girl who had worked with her when she played small parts said she didn't have time to be friendly any more, Ginger replied: "Oh, but I have. Tell her to come over some morning before I have my hair done and we'll have some laughs."

That would be about six-thirty A. M.—and the girl hasn't shown up yet.

BEING about the most-in-demand actress in Hollywood, Ginger Rogers has been operating under high pressure, with only a few days off between pictures. Fox had to postpone the shooting of the Ginger Rogers sequence in "Tales Of Manhattan" to allow her Christmas week off after "Roxie Hart" which she spent in resting up on her ranch in Oregon. One week after finishing "Tales Of Manhattan" she started "The Major And The Minor" at Paramount. Ten days after her last shot in that picture she went before the camera at RKO for "Once Upon A Honeymoon." She'll have two weeks between this and "Lady In The Dark" at Paramount.

"When 'Lady In The Dark' is finished," Ginger said, "I will come back to RKO to do a picture I have long wanted to make, 'The Gibson Girl.' Interpreting

Gibson's famous American girl has been a dream of mine and now I'm going to get my wish."

Because of her willingness to take any role that challenges her and because she never lets down her fellow workers, those who are not her critics call her "The Champ." They tell the story of how not long ago two writers came to her and asked if she would let them tell her a story. She did and heard the plot of the picture, "The Major And The Minor."

Would she play it? She would.

Would she let one of the writers, Billy Wilder, direct her in it? Wilder had never directed a picture and he needed a break. Ginger remembered the times when she needed someone to have a little confidence in her. It wasn't sure-fire dancing part. She would have to play the part of a little girl and go without hose and wear flat-heeled shoes—just when she felt that a nice dose of glamour would improve her die.

For the first time in years she was nervous during the opening days of shooting. Not for herself, her friends say, but for Billy. She tried hard to put him at ease to help him, but still leave the authority with him. The current success of the picture is incidental. What is important, say her friends, is that she gave a helping hand to a man when he needed a lift.

GINGER accepted a lot of responsibility in playing "The Major And The Minor" away from her own studio under those conditions. But responsibility is one of the things that come with success.

"Responsibility," observed Ginger, "has probably changed me more than anything else. Believe me, it can do it. For example; suppose you are out of a job have an old battered car and no bank account. If you park that car on the street are you going to lie awake worrying about somebody's stealing it or running into it and suing you? Hardly. But suppose it were a new car, that you had a responsible position and owned property: Do you think you'd be quite so carefree regarding it?

"Circumstances also make us change our viewpoints and our habits," Ginger resumed thoughtfully. "Everybody wants some degree of privacy.

"There was a time when I could have privacy on a Coney Island beach, on a public tennis court or on the corner of Vine and Hollywood Boulevard. Later, to have that same privacy and to do just the things we formerly did, I had to build a private tennis court. Not because I wanted to be different, but because I wanted to be the same."

On that fleeting and ephemeral thing known as the heart, romance or what you will, the lady who defends change had this to say:

"I don't believe normal development causes a girl to outgrow her natural romantic tendencies or her desire for a husband, a home and children. It certainly hasn't in my case.

"But experience teaches us not to wear our hearts on our sleeves and not to be as girlishly enthusiastic about romance as we were at sweet sixteen, or," and she smiled knowingly, "quite as confiding. Even though we feel as deeply, we aren't likely to be as anxious to tell the world about it. At least," and she paused significantly "I'm not."

And that's one subject, says Ginger, on which she won't change.

The End.



The "changed" Ginger Rogers goes partying at The Players cafe; her party dinner partner is Major Anatol Litvak, brass-buttoned biggie

Thankfully Yours

(Continued from page 27) "The Women," either. You're going to be seeing more pictures like Amelia Earhart's life in "Stand By To Die," "Nurse Kenny" and "The Woman's Volunteer Army." Not so long ago our girls took a back seat while such charmers as Marlene Dietrich not only had one leading man to a picture but a whole flock of them trailing after her, nibbling at her heels.

I'm thankful for the amusement Veronica Lake's afforded with her peek-a-boo bob and that she had the courage to tell her studio to go sit on a tack if they didn't like the way she talked about her husband and her baby. It may not sound very glamorous for her to admit that she prefers them to all the careers in the world—but she told the truth and got away with it.

I'm thankful, too, for women like Irene Dunne, who's even-tempered and whose name never finds its way into gossip columns (in fact, she's rotten copy) but whose fans grow more loyal with the years. It's rather a sad commentary on things today that the people who achieve the most attention are those who've failed in their duty, both to themselves, their fellow beings and their country—and I wonder sometimes why more people in this town don't try to follow Irene's example. I'm also thankful that she's said good-bye to those screw-ball comedies like "Lady In A Jam," just as she did to the first picture they ever put her in, "Leathernecks." If that wasn't a stinker, I never saw one.

Jane Wyman's thankful that husband Lieutenant Ronnie Reagan's back in Hollywood and what a laugh she got out of reading her own story, which she wrote when she was a lonely war widow weeks before he was transferred. By the time it got into print, she was a-sittin' beside him holding his hand and he'd been working at her same studio for weeks and both of them happy together, back in their Valley home with their baby.

The country at large is thankful for Dottie Lamour and the good she did on her Bond-selling tour and tour of the camps. To make sure that all formality had gone with the wind and that she'd be recognized, Dottie had her name embroidered (see page 22) on the outside of all her dresses.

Hollywood doesn't quite know whether to be thankful or not for Melvyn Douglas. It was, when he entered the OCD and gave up pictures for the duration. But Melvyn is the kind of guy who can't stay at any one thing indefinitely. Like all the rest of us he needs a change and when the war job got boring, he rushed right back 'neath the wings of the Hollywood eagle, which drops those golden coins, leaving his wife, Helen Gahagan, in Washington to keep a finger on the political pulse.

We're all grateful that Alice Faye and Phil Harris had that baby. It was nip and tuck as to whether the child would arrive before the proud father talked himself and his public to death about it!

Olivia de Havilland's grateful that the John Hustons have separated, which should remove the last obstacle in the way of her romance. And everybody's thankful that Cary Grant finally got his Barbara Hutton. Incidentally, Barbara will be a happy girl if she has a baby, cause few people know how crazy she is about children. That goes for Roz Russell, too. She tells me she hopes to have a dozen. Well, they couldn't be



*I'm
a Busy
Woman*

I have a family to raise and a home to keep ship-shape.

I'm learning First Aid and training for Ambulance Duty. And I've got a part-time job that makes our budget a better fit.

It's exciting and completely satisfying . . . but it takes a bit of doing.

I've had to learn new ways—and quicker ways—to get through the endless household tasks that use up so much time and energy.

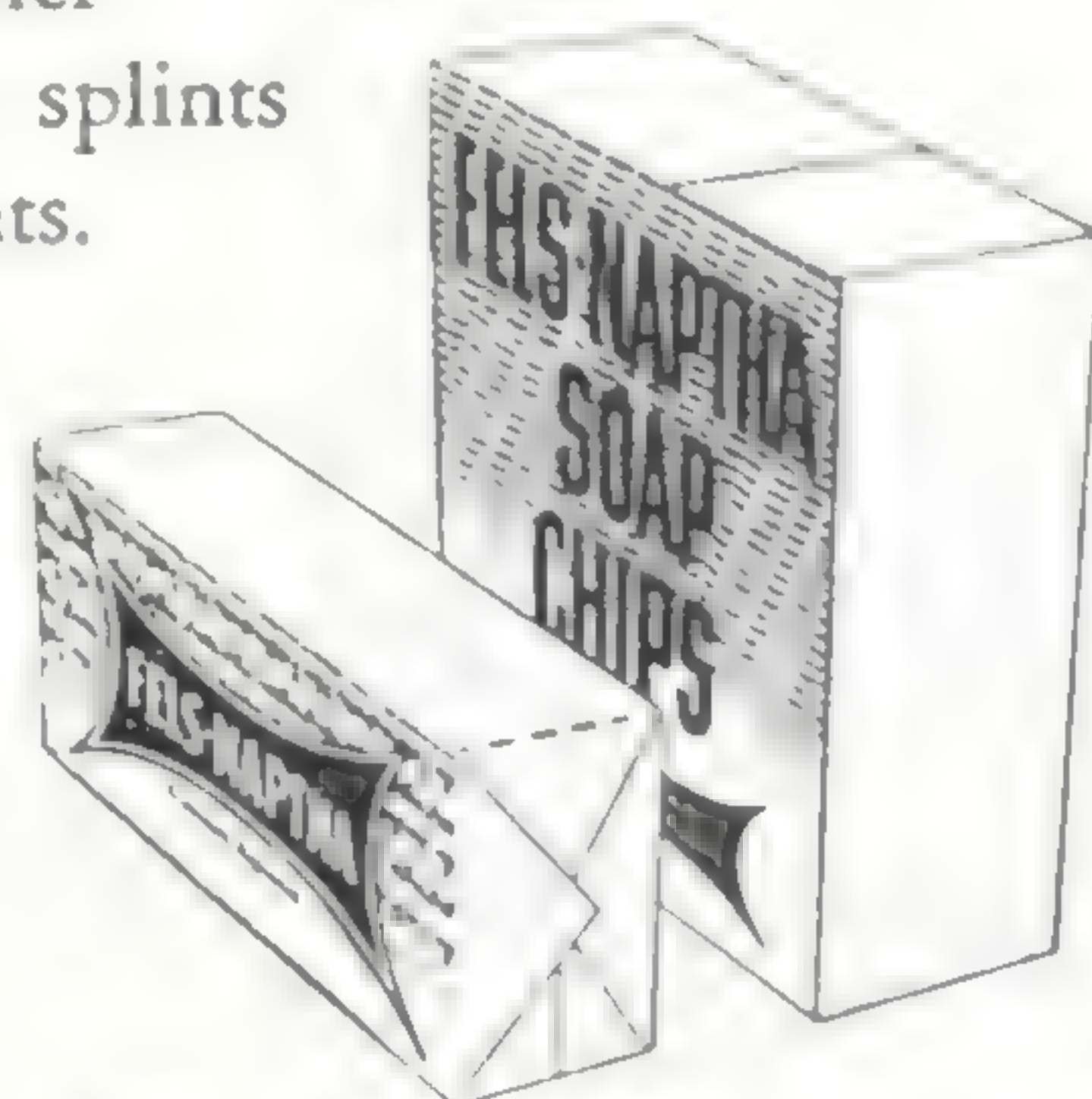
For instance, I've just installed the Fels-Naptha Soap System.

I use this wonder soap to clean bric-a-brac, to brighten silver and flatware—and for all sorts of time-killing cleaning chores that keep a conscientious wife 'tied down.'

My precious silk and Nylon stockings last longer under the Fels-Naptha Soap System—and they're easier to do. I wouldn't trust my baby's things with any other soap. As for the family wash—

I've just whisked through that and I'm off to another round of traction splints and pressure points.

**Yes, I'm a busy woman
and thanks to Fels-Naptha Soap—
I love it!**



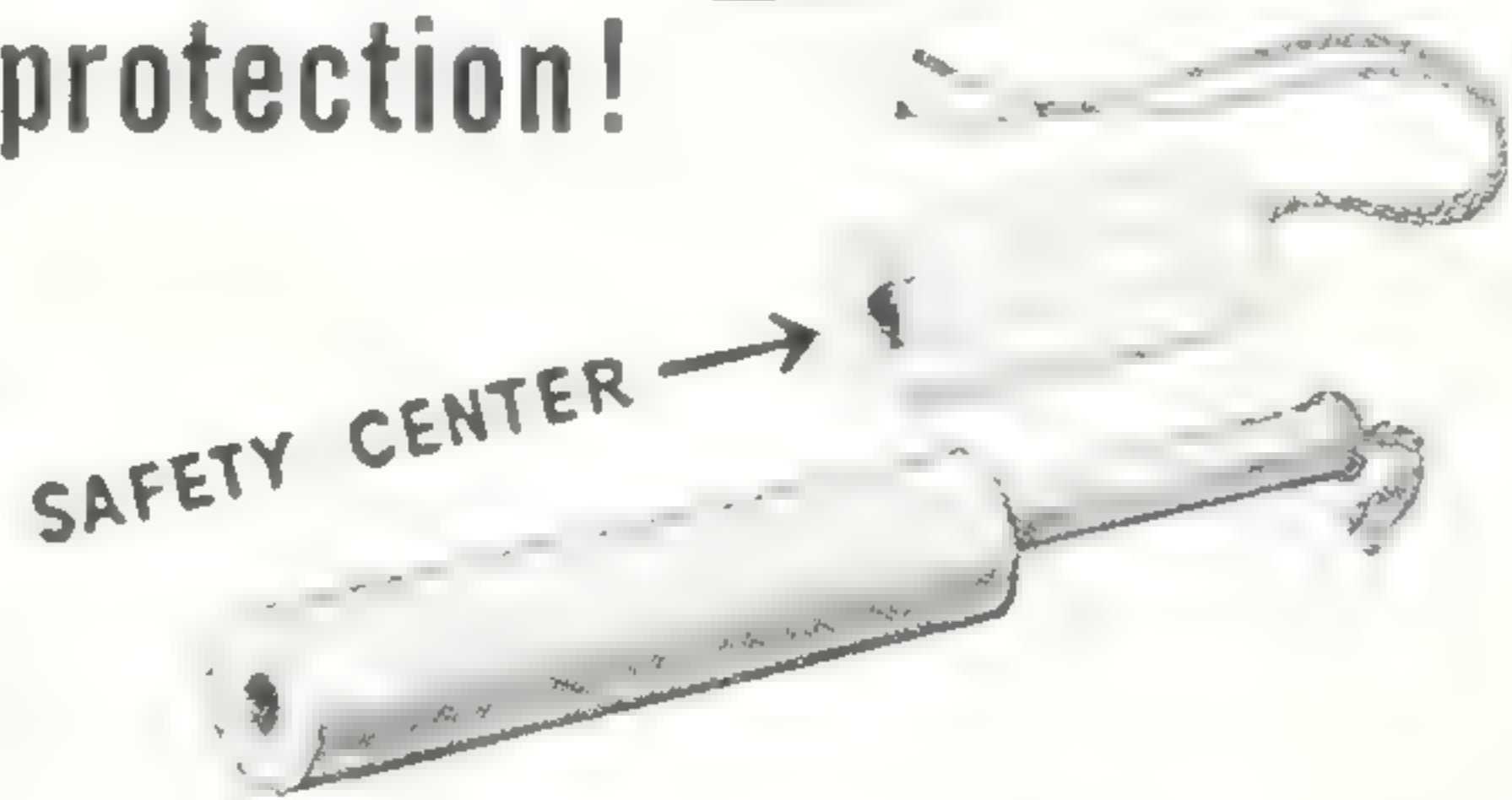
Golden bar or Golden chips—FELS-NAPHTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

This tampon was really your idea!



Women have *always* longed for the kind of freedom internal protection makes possible today. That's why tampons were first made. But it was because modern-minded women like you wanted a *better* tampon—that Meds were made. Yes, *this* tampon was *your* idea because...

You wanted real protection!



That means *quick, sure* absorption! So Meds designed an exclusive "safety center" feature—to make absorption *fast* and *sure*! Meds—made of finest, pure cotton—hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

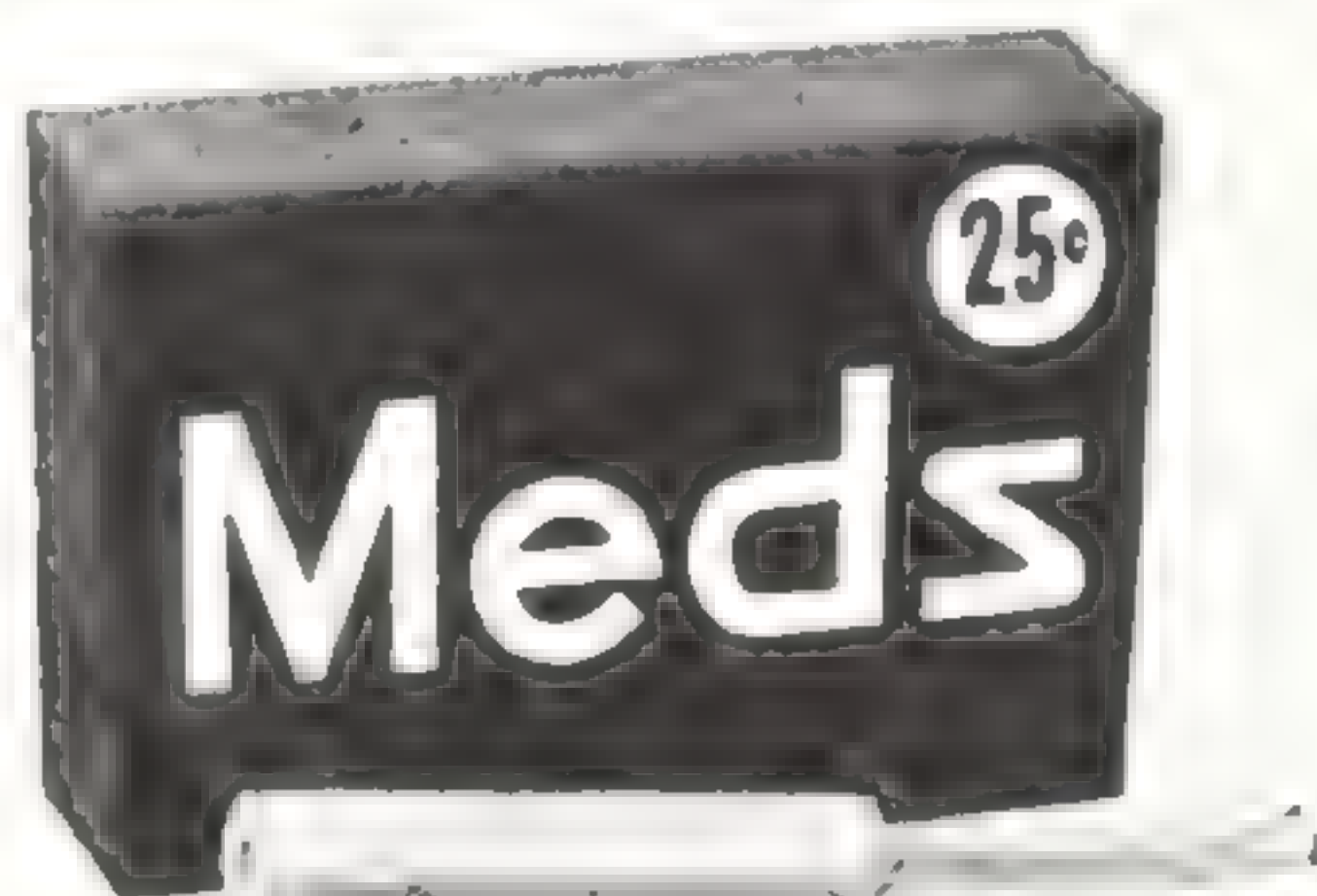
...combined with comfort!

Meds were scientifically designed—by a woman's doctor. So comfortable, you hardly know you're wearing them. Meds eliminate bulges, pins, odor, chafing. Each Meds comes in an individual applicator—so sanitary, so easy to use!

...at no extra cost!

Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators! So, try Meds—the tampon designed for *you*!

BOX OF 10 — 25¢ • BOX OF 50 — 98¢



The Modess Tampon

mothered by a nicer girl.

Metro expected to be thankful when Nelson Eddy was no longer under contract to them, because all of his recent pictures with Jeanette MacDonald have created headaches that nearly ended in spontaneous combustion, but now the studio's busting out in a rash on account of the avalanche of irate fan mail that's all but smothered 'em.

We were thankful to get our glamour girl, Paulette Goddard, safe home from Washington and, so far as I know, there haven't been any kicks from the nation's capital, either.

DAVID SELZNICK'S thankful that Ingrid Bergman got the part of *Maria* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." He'll be more thankful still if he can get her the Academy Award for her performance, as he did for Joan Fontaine last year and for Vivien Leigh two years before. And don't think he won't make every effort to bring this about. It will be no mean achievement if he does so, because to take three girls practically from obscurity and make them into Award winners takes some doing. There's a lot more to it than just idle dreams. It takes judgment, vision, faith, not to mention a little charity and plenty of good hard work.

I'm thankful that Orson Welles has been entirely vindicated in his South American trip. Our town thought they'd have a field day over him. So did RKO, which couldn't wait for him to get down there and were even more anxious to get him back. Before that happened they announced to all, except Orson, that they wouldn't be responsible for his debts and would have nothing more to do with him. But the country at large is thankful that he did such a good job for Latin-American relations. You may not like Orson—lots of people don't—but when it comes to that good old banana oil known as "diplomacy," he's got everyone I've ever met up with, outside of our President, licked.

Mrs. Colin Kelly's thankful that Holly-

wood's the place where she got a job—not in a studio, mind you, but in a defense industry as a secretary at fifty dollars a week. But it's given her a home where she can live happily with her son and brother. Hollywood doesn't even know she's here and if they did they wouldn't care—that is, the side of Hollywood that I'm not thankful for!

Patricia Collinge and Ruth Gordon, two of our finest New York stage actresses, are happy that they again got a nod from Hollywood and played parts that may have their names up again for an Academy Award.

I'm thankful that we've finally opened the Motion Picture Relief Fund's new home and for people like Jean Hersholt, the Jimmy Gleasons, the Ralph Morgans and all those others who worked tirelessly and without pay to make that dream come true; and for citizens like Kay Kyser, Bob Hope, Jimmy Cagney and Bing Crosby, who've given so generously of their time and energy.

Paramount's thankful they got Ilka Chase off the lot before the arrival of her ex-husband, Louis Calhern, 'cause what she wrote about him in her book was anything but flattering and Louis is aiming to let her have both barrels next time he sees her. Then, too, Ilka became a copycat and got herself a toy French poodle, as near like the one Claudette Colbert has as two peas in a pod. Well, there wasn't enough room on the set for the two rivals, so Claudette kept hers at home while Ilka's had the run of the place.

And now I come to my real thanksgiving, one that is shared, I know, by all who read these lines. I'm thankful that God has given me the privilege to live in a free country, among men and women whose lives are not shadowed by the twin nightmares of want and fear. I thank God, in these dark and troubled days, for the good fortune to live in America and for the right to call myself—an American!

The End.

Our December Cover Girl



Greer Garson

who has made Mrs. Miniver the most famous woman in the world today is revealed in one of Joseph Henry Steele's word portraits, as human as loving, as intimate as a cozy little tete-a-tete

in the December issue

The Romance Hollywood Doesn't Like

(Continued from page 29) Ed Judson at the age of sixteen she had gone out just once with exactly one boy. Until the time of her marriage, her life was all work. There were rehearsals and dance routines, in the company of her father, Eduardo Cansino, who was her dancing partner. There was her work before the cameras in the studios. Even her meeting with Ed Judson wasn't romantic. He introduced himself to her by telephone. Then he came to meet her in the company of her parents. When he proposed to her that they should elope, telling her that he saw in her the possibilities of stardom, she was entranced. Her married life was practically a duplicate of her girlhood, all work, only on a higher plane of success.

Rita and Ed stayed wed five years and during that interval he lived up scrupulously to the letter of their contract. He gave Rita the benefit of his worldly knowledge and sophistication. He saw to it that she was perfectly gowned, perfectly presented to the public. He taught her poise and the tricks of charm and he saw her rise to stardom. Under his tutelage she grew up from little, scared girlhood to vivid, glamorous womanhood. She and Judson were husband and wife, manager and star, business partners. But romantically it all added up to a relationship as exciting as a slice of bread without butter to a girl all youth, fire and loveliness who almost daily for five years had worked in scenes in which she made the gestures and received the caresses of love.

It is characteristic of Rita, of her shyness, her sweetness and her inner longing that her favorite photograph of herself during all these years was one in a bridal dress. Even when she separated from Judson last summer, she carried that picture with her to her new "bachelor girl" apartment. It really was a lovely picture and if you didn't happen to remember that Rita had flown to Las Vegas to be married and had worn slacks for the trip, you were completely deceived by it. For while Rita looked the enchanting bride in it, the truth was that the photograph had been made to illustrate an advertisement for silverware.

SHE was a visibly wretched young thing last fall when her marriage was finally over. I shall always remember one whole day I spent with her at that time. She wanted to be co-operative. She tried to talk, but the tears would well up in her eyes and her voice would shake while she leaned back against the satin couch in her living room and looked too weary even for emotion. She had come through her toughest and most successful year that had started with "The Strawberry Blonde" and "Blood And Sand" and had ended with her Fred Astaire co-starring picture and she had not only lost her husband but had not had one day of vacation. Even on that day, the wolves were calling her. Her telephone, which was supposed to have a super-doooper private number, rang incessantly. All the standard callers at such a time were on that wire, Howard Hughes, Errol Flynn and the rest of them, and to all of them Miss Mayworth was out.

So she went into "My Gal Sal" and met Mature, the perfect setup for a gent whose heart is always ruled by his headlines.

Vic at that time had gone with everybody he could, and the ones he couldn't go with, he advertised for. He had dated

Are you in Love?

Ann Rutherford and George Montgomery featured in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Orchestra Wife." Want such soft romantic hands?



Have alluringly soft, young looking hands —
Ann Rutherford
(Captivating Hollywood Star)



Ann Rutherford's Adorable Hands. Ann protects the confiding softness of her hands by using Jergens Lotion. "The simplest, loveliest hand care," she says.

THE ROMANTIC stars in Hollywood cultivate this "dream girl" softness in their hands. They use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1!

You protect the rose-leaf smoothness of your hands with Jergens; this lotion helps prevent common-looking rough, chapped hands.

Of course! It's like professional care for your hands. Many wise doctors aid hard-used skin to divine softness with 2 special ingredients, which are both in Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to \$1.00 a bottle. Notice—Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling. Give your hands "Hollywood's Hand Care;" use Jergens Lotion.



Jergens Lotion

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

YOUR HANDS *Are Lovely*



Naturally!

Nature gave you soft, smooth hands and skin—the baby's skin you envy. If they become harsh, discolored, unlovely, it's not nature's fault—it's your own for not giving them the care they deserve.

Chamberlain's Lotion is an ideal aid to keeping your hands and skin soft, smooth, lovely—the very way nature intended they should be.

Chamberlain's is clear, golden—a lotion which dries with convenient quickness. Buy Chamberlain's Lotion today! Use it. You'll welcome the aid it gives you in keeping hands and skin as nature meant them to be.

WINTER PROTECTION
Women the country over acclaim Chamberlain's Lotion the ideal aid in the prevention of chapped, roughened hands and skin due to wintry weather.

Buy it at all
Toilet Goods Counters

YOUR HANDS
Are Always Out In Front



Chamberlain's *Lotion*

Betty Grable, Carole Landis, Liz (Millions) Whitney, Lana Turner, and he had tried to date Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer. He told two individual columnists about his yearning to meet these ladies. One printed the fact about Vic's longing for Crawford, another obliged with his yearning for Shearer. Neither responded. When all the talk about "The Life Of Valentino" sprang up and Vic thought he would like to play that role, he discovered Pola Negri was in town and he even dated Pola. What's more, he saw to it that these datings were immediately known to the greatest number of people. His best chums were an editor and a press agent and they served him well. Even he admits that few people could have been as smart as he was about his marriage to Martha Kemp, the ex-New York debutante, widow of Hal Kemp, the orchestra leader.

It was in New York, while Vic was playing with Gertrude Lawrence in "Lady In The Dark," that he met Martha and proposed to her. She accepted and they set the date at a certain Fifth Avenue church, all of which facts were duly recorded in the papers. The urbane manager of New York's favorite night club, the Stork, even agreed to be best man, which was another publicity natural. All that space would have contented most men, even have embarrassed them, but not Vic. He wanted more. So he thought of a dilly. He thought of standing Martha up.

"If I were married that day, it was just another wedding," he proudly announced. "But if I stood her up, I got that story. And then if I married her another day, it was still another story." So that was how life's supreme moment was eventually solemnized for Mr. Mature. Unfortunately, it also came out in the papers that Vic had been married once before and this was the only time he didn't like news about himself getting printed, because that first time he hadn't been smart enough to marry any-

one important.

So then Vic came West, thundered into Twentieth Century-Fox and, taking a leaf from the Errol Flynn-Lili Damita technique, began that "Are they going to divorce or are they not" routine. Martha and her baby came West. The Matures parted and reconciled, reconciled and parted. And right then, Rita Hayworth, newly free, the nicest girl in town and the best publicity catch, walked on the set of "My Gal Sal."

You get it, don't you? You understand why everyone in Hollywood who loves Rita—and everyone who has ever met her does love her—hoped Rita wouldn't take Vic seriously, that she wouldn't get hurt? At the studio the news of her freedom from marriage made her already heavy fan mail pile up five times as high. With the release of "My Gal Sal" and now "Tales Of Manhattan" there is no denying her authentic stardom. And meantime, Martha Mature did actually start divorce proceedings and Vic, always in front of interviewers, was forever calling a mysterious "Miss Agnes" and then letting it slip out that "Miss Agnes's" name was Rita, or taking Rita to such hideaways as the Brown Derby and the Navy Relief Ball.

Of course, it is possible that Vic has been utterly sincere, but Hollywood doesn't like to think that this might be the case. Even though Rita has certainly been happy, Hollywood quickly points out the fact that there is in Rita a great ambition and that she knows she is more important at the box office as a single woman. So Hollywood hopes that she may hold back from matrimony. Rita has had one misfortune in love. In the year that must elapse before she could marry Vic, she may discover a man truly chivalrous, intelligent and worthy who would adore marrying her. To Hollywood the man should not be Vic Mature.

Just like any other small town, it wants its darling daughters—and Rita is its darling—to make ideal marriages.

THE END

Look at this!



Vic Mature gets into Coast Guard uniform; the light of his life, Rita Hayworth, follows suit, joins forces with the N.A.A. in Hollywood war work

Play Truth Or Consequences

(Continued from page 46)

43. (Q) How serious are your dates with John Howard?

(A) We are *very* good friends—but I never will marry him, if that is what you mean.

44. (Q) Is your hair naturally black?

(A) Yes.

45. (Q) What picture are you sorry you made?

(A) I wasn't very happy about "I Take This Woman," but we all make a few mistakes.

46. (Q) What was the most and least you ever paid for a hat?

(A) I never wear hats, but I think it was \$50 for a model in Paris and \$.50 for a beanie in Hollywood.

47. (Q) What was your most embarrassing boner while learning English?

(A) I only can give you a hint. It had to do with my thinking there was a feminine form of the word adult.

48. (Q) What are you doing for national defense?

(A) I am buying War Bonds, doing Red Cross work and appearing on radio programs.

The End.

Gentleman of Courage

(Continued from page 51) had again found that courage pays.

We asked him how he had happened to pick dancing as a career. George lays the whole choice to the old slogan, "Love performs miracles." Several years ago, he fell in love with a girl named Julie. She danced beautifully and had aspirations to become a professional. George didn't take her ambitions seriously till one day she told him she had a job with a show that was going on the road. He pleaded and offered to do most anything to keep her in town. Finally Julie told him if he would become her dancing partner she wouldn't go away.

"Dancing!" exclaimed George. "With my injured leg it was the last thing in the world I had ever thought of doing. I had been forced to give up the idea of being an athlete—now Julie wanted me to dance. The idea was impossible. With all the eloquence the Irish are supposed to have, I tried to get her to change her mind, but it was no use. But when the time drew near for Julie to go with the show I realized I just couldn't take a chance on losing her—so, as I said before, love performs miracles.

"During the first rehearsals I was ready to cry uncle many times. And to make matters more complicated, I was working in a Wall Street office in the daytime and practicing strenuous dance routines at night.

"I think the belief that our first engagement would be a flop," continued George, "and that then Julie would lose interest in the dance team idea, was the only thing that kept me going. But I was wrong about the flopping. Our first engagement in a Chinese restaurant was a big success. To my surprise, we received an offer from one of the better night clubs. But in spite of this, I still held on to my job on Wall Street. You see, I thought our success was only a flash in the pan.

Can twins be divorced?



The Davis Twins, United Air Lines Stewardesses, tell how Pepsodent Tooth Powder came between them.



"We're typical twins, Athalie and I. Look alike, dress alike, share the same problems of mistaken identity. We've always been together on everything...except once. That was the time I 'divorced' my twin...for test purposes only. I switched to Pepsodent Tooth Powder. Athalie went right on using another well-known brand."



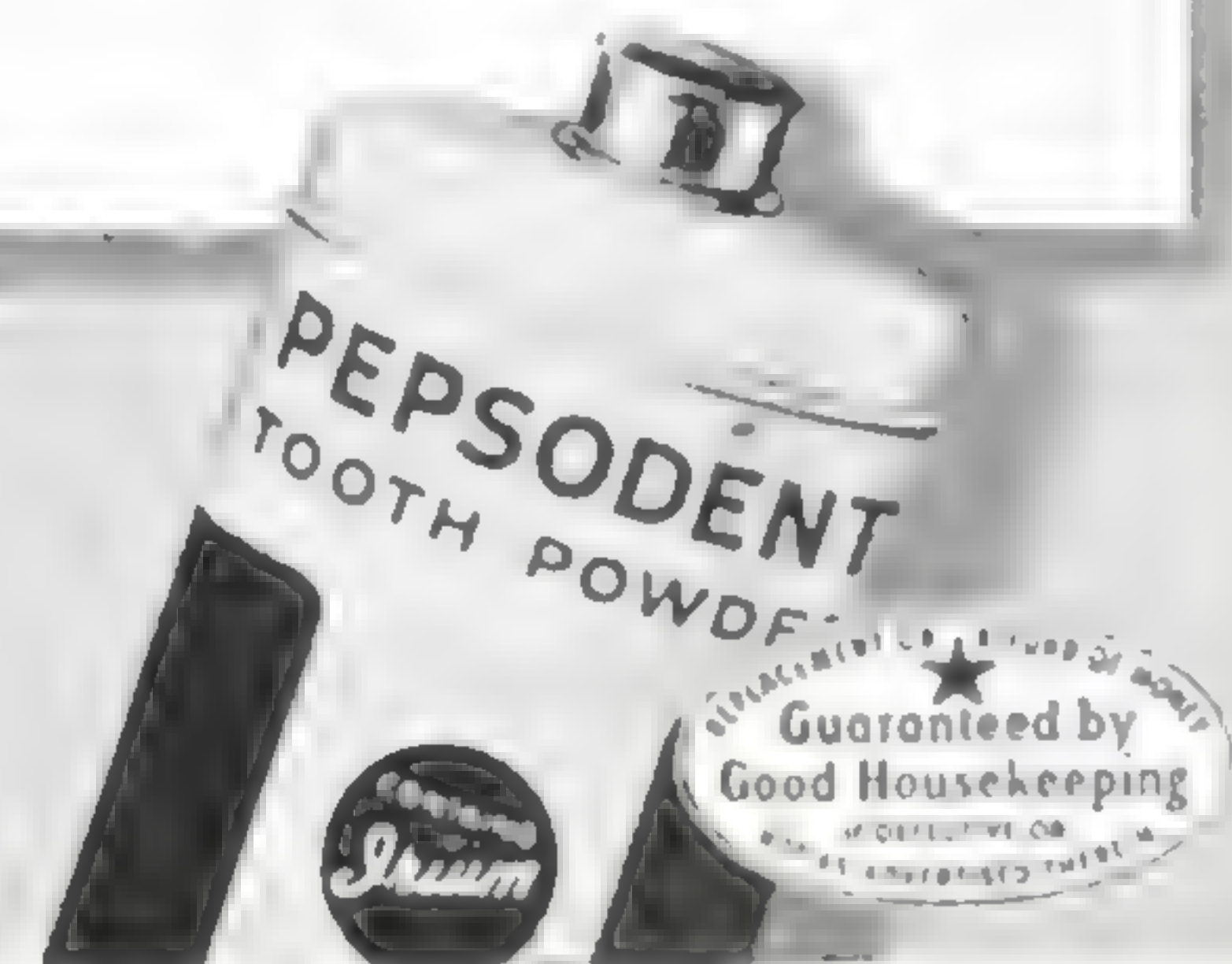
"Even when we dressed alike, people began to know us apart. My teeth became *twice as bright* as my twin's... thanks to Pepsodent! It was easy to tell who was who... but not for long. Athalie had enough of our trial separation. So she switched to Pepsodent, too. And is she glad! Nothing but Pepsodent for us from now on."

Davis twins confirm laboratory proof that Pepsodent Powder makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT



For the safety of your smile...
use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE ON TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

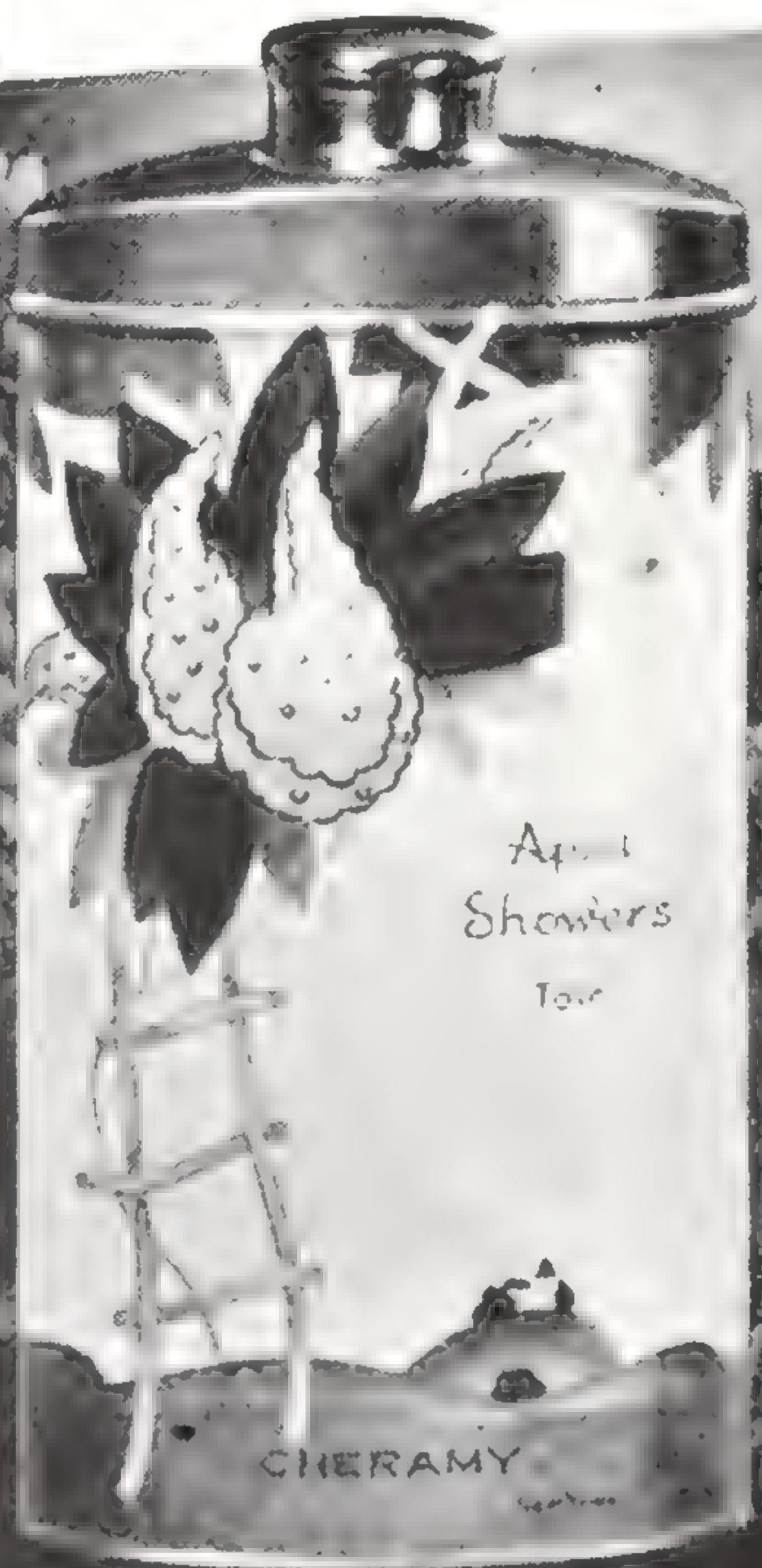




THE ALLURE THAT MEN REMEMBER...

is hidden in the perfume of April Showers Talc! This is the fragrance that appeals to men...lingering on you after your bath...all through the precious hours of a date...like a magic veil! Let April Showers perfume whisper its allure, tonight...to the man you love. *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

April Showers Talc



CHERAMY perfumer
Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

"One night the thing I had always feared happened. Julie and I came gliding onto the night-club floor. I took her in my arms and started to whirl her about and—over her shoulder I looked straight into the eyes of my Wall Street boss.

"Needless to say, the next day I had to make a decision. Either dancing or my Wall Street job. I decided to stick to dancing.

"Julie and I were married and, with the optimism of youth, we determined to be an outstanding dance team. During the first years of our partnership the going wasn't always easy. It was during the tough times I was grateful I had learned how to handle trouble when I was ill.

"You know if you can meet adversity with a smile you've got fifty percent of the battle won before you even start to fight."

THE prop man on the set of "The Navy Comes Through" interrupted our conversation to show George a couple of tap steps he had been practicing. It seems that on the picture George had accidentally acquired a tap-dancing class.

It all started on a very cold morning when everybody was standing around beating his arms about to keep warm. George lined them up and taught them a few dance steps. Now, it's become a regular morning ritual.

He claims it not only gets their blood circulating, but makes them start the day cheerfully. George insists there's nothing like dancing to chase away the blues.

If you're feeling awfully lonesome sometime, just turn on your radio and dance around the room. It really works. George knows a girl who made this trick for curing loneliness pay dividends. She was living in a strange city, working in the office of a big department store. She had no friends and no money to spend on entertainment. Her evenings were very lonely. In desperation she began turning on the radio and making up steps to the rhythm of the various dance bands.

The department store decided to put on a big amateur show. The girl did one

of the crazy dance routines she had made up to while away the time. A Broadway producer happened to be in the audience the night of the show. The girl was a terrific success! The result was a week later she left the department store for a successful Broadway dancing career.

GEORGE thinks dancing is a cure for anything! He even knows of a time when it played Cupid. A supposedly successful married couple had come to the parting of the ways. They were in the living room discussing their plans for a divorce. A dance band was playing on the radio. Unconsciously, the husband's feet began to keep time. Impulsively he got up and took his ex-wife-to-be in his arms and began dancing her around the room.

As they danced they both remembered the many happy times they'd had during their courtship. The memories, music and laughter made them forget their divorce plans.

For those in ill health George believes dancing adds greatly to the restoration of physical vitality and strength.

"Naturally," he claims, "no one wants to be ill. But if it does happen and you have to put up a fight—don't get discouraged. Everything has its compensations. Why, it might be the best thing that ever happened to you.

"Having to battle to walk again," George continued, "gave me, I feel, a brand-new outlook on life. And lots of people pay me the compliment of saying I'm good-natured. Well, my illness gave me that. Wait a minute! Don't think I don't get upset about things, for I most certainly do. But when things get a bit thick I generally go for a long walk. I think back to the time of my injuries and it gives me renewed strength both physically and mentally.

"It's true I never realized my ambition of following in my father's footsteps. But I'm grateful for the good that resulted from my illness and the love which led me into dancing. If it had not been for them I would not have the privilege now of putting my feet at the disposal of Uncle Sam—to dance my way across the country selling War Bonds."

THE END



Wouldn't you like to know him better—

The man
who is Hollywood's
latest rage?

Then don't miss the
story in our December
issue. It's as gratifying
as a personal
introduction



Van Heflin

The Truth about Stars' Dates

(Continued from page 67) dinner? The usual method, of course, is the friend-of-a-friend route. Hollywood being such a small place, it is practically impossible not to find one person who knows the person you desire to meet. Steve Crane met Lana Turner at a dance at the Beverly Hills Hotel. They had a mutual friend, who was in Lana's party. Introductions followed, and that was that. Lana met Artie Shaw when they started to work together at Metro. Linda Darnell met Pev Marley, her frequent escort, when he was assigned to the camera work of one of her early pictures.

Extra men being at the premium they are in social Hollywood, practically any man can get anywhere and meet anyone. Sometimes the dates don't work out right. There is a true legend of Hollywood that concerns the young man who called on a star—and then fell in love with her mother!

ONCE having met, no holds are barred, neither age, religion, social standing nor coin of the realm. A mere matter of one or the other's being married is completely ignored. The fact that the lady or gent may be technically tied up in an engagement with some other member of the opposite sex is automatically brushed aside.

Boy dates girl in Hollywood for political reasons, for ambitious reasons, for photographic reasons and—for this thing called love.

Nothing, perhaps, could better illustrate the zany whirligig of Hollywood's romance standards than the triangle that not so long ago embraced Ginger Rogers, Jean Gabin and Marlene Dietrich and which threw its glittering shadows simultaneously on the figures of Michele Morgan and George Montgomery, which in turn reflected upon Jedy Lamarr and Victor Mature and which finally lighted upon the saucy figure of Martha Kemp Mature, who, for goodness sake, didn't seem to be going with anyone, not even her husband Victor!

Back in France, Mr. Gabin had gone with Miss Morgan. There is also some talk that back in France there is also a Mrs. Gabin, but we wouldn't know about that and oceans are so wide. At any rate, Miss Morgan got here first and it was expected when M. Gabin arrived among our local palm trees that they would take up where they had left off.

Practically the moment he got off the train, however, Miss Marlene Dietrich or Mrs. Rudolph Sieber, if you insist) saw him and grabbed. Twentieth Century-Fox, to whom M. Gabin was under contract, didn't care for this much. Dietrich wasn't their star and while they wanted to give M. Gabin the build-up as the publicity romantic route, they wanted to do it with the deliberate aid of one of their own starlets. However, they were very busy fostering the romance of Ginger Rogers and George Montgomery, a home lot boy, they let the Gabin-Dietrich romance slide, hoping it could die the natural death of Hollywood romances that are deliberately overlooked on the publicity side.

The Montgomery-Rogers romance was going big and Mr. Montgomery was reaping much benefit therefrom. Up until this romance, he had been strictly a crowd-stagecoach star but now they saw he could be given an "A" picture grooming. George co-operated marvelously and, even as he dated Ginger, he also called such varied charmers as Greer Garson



With deep pride and affection

Revlon

christens its new color of nail enamel and lipstick... the

"Mrs. Miniver" Rose

In the impersonal stillness of a motion picture theatre, we in America have met Mrs. Miniver and loved her completely. And like the gentle old station-master who grew the beautiful Mrs. Miniver Rose and said, so staunchly, "There'll always be roses," we of Revlon know there'll always be women like Mrs. Miniver. And so, we christen our proud new color of nail enamel and lipstick the "Mrs. Miniver Rose"... as a small, shining tribute to gallant women the whole world over.



©PR. 1942, BY REVLOM PROD. CORP.

Remember... only Revlon gives you the assurance of PREVIEWED! Nail Enamel 60¢. Lipstick 80¢. 1.00

and Jane Withers on the telephone. Most important of all, he got the lead in "Roxie Hart" opposite Ginger, while that flirtation lasted.

The thing that blew it up was Ginger's getting within the Gabin sphere of influence. She saw, Gabin seemed on the verge of a conquest, Marlene pouted, and Ginger went East. Gabin went East, too. Strangely enough, they both ended up in New York at the same time and at many of the same parties. The love birds began twittering on every syndicated line.

Marlene, however, has apparently learned something about tenacity. Absence not only made her heart grow fonder, but it made the telephone and the telegraph people grow richer, for almost every hour on the hour of every single day that Gabin and Rogers were in New York together, telegrams followed Jean everywhere. Long-distance calls pursued him, at lunch, at dinner, at supper clubs, out on the dance floors. Private people may be able to hide out when they are in love, but celebrities are highly visible and so the messenger boys and the long-distance operators always found Jean, and usually with Ginger. Marlene's messages were masterpieces of devotion.

Meanwhile, back in Hollywood, was Michele Morgan weeping her seductive eyes out? She was not. She was using them for flirting with Victor Mature and Vic was calling around regularly, even though he was protesting to the papers that reports of his separation from Martha Mature were most inaccurate. And meantime what was George Montgomery doing but dating Hedy Lamarr, queen of the glamour girls, who currently is going about with Jean Pierre Aumont, another case in point of Hollywood's gaudy dating.

Do you recognize Jean Pierre's name? Do you know another thing about him save that he dated Joan Crawford and a couple of other girls? You don't, because, practically speaking, that is all Hollywood knows him. However, that date routine has served to establish his identity with millions of people.

THERE was at one time a high-powered star in hot pursuit of Tyrone Power. She had prestige enough to be either of great help or great damage to a young actor's career. But the smooth Tyrone managed to elude her so successfully that today they are actually friends. Jimmy Stewart, following shortly afterwards in the lady's ambitious affections, dodged gracefully also. Jimmy is a dodger-de-luxe, anyway. Just as everybody had him married to Olivia de Havilland, he began going with Ginger Rogers and, when that got a bit torrid, the draft came along. Jim still sees Ginger the most frequently of any of his Hollywood "leave dates" but he's even not exclusive about that. He dates other Hollywood girls, too, on his returns.

Of course, the absolute Midas of the Hollywood dating system is Howard Hughes. It's as good as an unknown girl's getting a leading role to be seen with him at a leading cafe. It means she's launched and no two ways about it. Hughes seems to make only one demand—that the girl be beautiful. He never does date the girls who work in his pictures, but he gets around to all the others, if they meet his glamour standard, and that's a high one, indeed.

But true it is that Pat di Cicco, he who married Gloria Vanderbilt, Bruce Cabot, who still apparently hopes to marry Liz Whitney, the wealthy ex-wife of Jock Whitney, and Errol Flynn, who not so long ago was dating Doris Duke, the

blot your name!

You can analyze your own blotograph by following directions on page 52, then by checking with this list of signs that appear most frequently in written designs

Arrow.....	Bad news by letter or telephone
Bayonet.....	Illness
Bell.....	Unexpected news
Boots.....	Success
Butterfly.....	Inconstancy
Cannon.....	News of a soldier
Cat.....	Gossip
Circle.....	Money, success
Clover.....	Prosperity
Corkscrew.....	Trouble caused by curiosity
Crab.....	An enemy
Dog.....	A true friend
Dove.....	Peace
Duck.....	Felicity
Fish.....	Abundance
Flag.....	Danger
Fox...An enemy in one you trusted	
Fruit.....	Prosperity
Goat.....	News of a sailor
Greyhound.....	Good fortune ahead
Hare.....	Long life
Heart..Romance if complete, if incomplete, disappointment	
Jockey.....	Success in speculation
Knife.....	Broken friendship
Lion.....	Courage
Mermaid....	Good news from the sea
Monkey (or ape).....	Scandal
Pig.....	Poverty
Rat.....	Meanness
Scissors..Trouble between married couples, usually divorce	
Snake.....	Evil, cunning
Star.....	Hope, success, fame
Tree..Progress, long life, background	
Triangles.....	Mystery
Vase..News of recovery from illness	
Vegetables..Present unhappiness to be followed by content	
Violin.....	Gaiety
Wedding Cake..News of a wedding	
Wheelbarrow..Meeting with an old friend	
Windmill.....	Change
Wolf.....	Cupidity
Zebra.....	Travel in far-off lands

richest girl in the world, once made up very fancy stag line indeed. It probably irked Bruce and Errol when Cary Grant walked off with Barbara Hutton. This was truly a love match only made the pain all the fiercer for those others. They rarely get mixed up with Hollywood girls. They play strictly society.

If the stag line seems to be spoken in the past tense, blame that on the war. There used to be a good one about town, but it is gone now, really today being just a line composed of Flynn, Cabot and Hughes. The younger men are either in service or keeping most discreetly out of sight.

A girl seen with any one of the three leading "stags" is thereafter pursued by the whole lesser wolf pack. But what a lot of people don't know is that it works reversely with handsome men. Once they are seen dancing with certain glamour girls, all the other glamour girls pursue them, too.

Not that many of the ambitious young heroes around town don't develop the situation deliberately. Victor Mature, the loudest example of this, swiftly succeeded by Montgomery. Around town they grin at young Glenn Ford and his swift dating of Joan Crawford, Hedy Lamarr, Eleanor Powell and many others. Glenn's much more sincere than the other two, but certainly his name romantically linked in so many columns hasn't hurt him.

WHEN Desi Arnaz was brought over from Broadway to star in "Too Many Girls," RKO wanted to build him up romantically. But no studio likes to build a star except with one of its own stars, so Lucille Ball was chosen as the girl to be overcome with Desi's charm. At that time Lucille was engaged to marry Director Al Hall. She and Desi dutifully dated, again and again. The studio was delighted. Everybody was delighted, except Al Hall—for you know what happened. Lucille broke the engagement and married Desi.

Exactly the same setup happened recently with Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens—except that Alexis wasn't engaged to anyone. They met in the Warners publicity department, went on together for the sake of sweet publicity and Cupid got them.

Or take the case of Alan Curtis. Right at the very start of his career a certain glamour lady desired him. Alan snubbed her, married a girl he had known back in New York. The lady, who had great influence, told everyone Alan was impossible. That reputation stuck to him. His career did not advance, his marriage failed. Twentieth finally borrowed him from Metro. Alan started dating Sonja Henie, also of Twentieth. Meanwhile, however, he had met Ilona Maslowa. There was absolutely no advantage in their seeing one another. There was, in fact, everything against it, for Ilona was quietly and gently dropped from the Metro contract list. But there was love. They were wildly, passionately in love, Alan and Ilona. They still are. But since they have been Mr. and Mrs. Curtis neither one of their careers has amounted to anything.

It is just such cases as this that make publicity departments take young starlets aside, point to such lovers, and say, "See? You do what we tell you about dates."

And it is because they do follow the publicity department's advice that many a starlet does advance—and why so much of the time so many of them are bitterly unhappy.

THE END

CAN HUSBANDS BE RIGHT AFTER ALL?

1 "Where," explodes Mr. J, "is my morning orange juice? Tut-tut...I know what you're going to say! My 'pernickety appetite.' But this time, my dear, I'm armed..."



From Natural Color Photograph



2 "Look. The U. S. Government says you need vitamin C every day—because you can't store it in your body. For good health, you need at least 75 milligrams of it—that's a lot as vitamins go!



3 "What's more, it's a scarce item—not found in most foods. Open cooking destroys it in a hurry. So chances are pretty slim of getting enough—unless you have plenty of citrus fruits.



4 "An 8-ounce glass of fresh orange juice gives you all you need for the best of health. So!—pernickety appetite or not—I want my orange juice! And I want *you* to have it—and the youngsters!" (And Mrs. J just smiles, without ever telling Mr. J that orange juice is also a valuable source of vitamins A, B₁ and G, and calcium!)

SHOPPING LESS OFTEN THESE DAYS? Then buy more oranges each time. *They keep!* Those trademarked "Sunkist" are the finest from 14,500 cooperating California growers!

Sunkist

California Oranges

Best for Juice — and *Every* use!

Sunkist, Dept. 5311F, Sunkist Bldg., Los Angeles
Send FREE "Sunkist Orange Recipes for Year-round Freshness."

City _____ State _____

— Copr., 1942, California Fruit Growers Exchange —

GET YOUR VITAMINS THE NATURAL WAY

Oranges make it the delicious way, too! In these times, the protective foods (fruits, vegetables, dairy products, eggs, meats, certain cereals) are *more important than ever*. Oranges are your best practical source of vitamin C—and also give you valuable amounts of vitamins A, B₁ and G, calcium and other essential minerals.

NO SUGAR NEEDED! Oranges in salads, desserts and lunch-boxes satisfy your sweet tooth without the use of sugar. Mail the coupon for the free book of over 100 recipes.

At home or soda fountain, fresh orange juice is delicious and refreshing—a healthful *lift!*

"Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"—Many CBS Stations — 6:15 P. M., E. T. — Mon., Wed., Fri.

Pond's New

Dreamflower Powder

"My skin isn't the pink-and-white type—it's creamy—and Pond's new Dreamflower Rachel flatters it to perfection."
FERNANDA WANAMAKER



New Dreamflower Box—
Big dressing-table size, 49¢. Smaller sizes—25¢, 10¢. In 6 new Dreamflower shades—all glamour-makers!



NEW STAR
Pond's "LIPS"
—stays on longer

5 glorious Stagline shades. You'll love the way your Pond's "Lips" color stays on and on!
Actual 10¢ size!

Every girl who loves Rachel **MUST** try this new Rachel!

So flattering-sweet—Pond's new Dreamflower Rachel! Fluff it on—and you're conscious of no powder at all . . . just a creamier, deeper velvet look to your skin! Childishly pure—yet tinged with the rich ivory of sophistication. If Rachel is your shade, here's a new love for you!

Caressing new Dreamflower Smoothness gives your face a "misty-soft" finish—sentimental . . . endearing—

TODAY! See all 6 New Dreamflower Powder Shades

Natural—for pink-and-white blondes
Rose Cream—peach tone for golden blondes
Brunette—rosy-beige for medium brunettes
Rachel—for cream-ivory skin
Dusk Rose—for rich rosy-tan skin
Dark Rachel—for dark brunettes

At Beauty Counters Everywhere



Spencer Tracy:
He's pleased

Would you believe it!

Here's what the famous public opinion analyst Elmo Roper found out about some big screen stars. He queried two opposite groups of young people, lists here their favorites in order of preference



Kate Hepburn:
She's pensive

Favorite Actors of People In College

Clark Gable
Spencer Tracy
Gary Cooper
Tyrone Power
Errol Flynn
James Stewart
Robert Taylor
Mickey Rooney
Humphrey Bogart
Gene Autry

Favorite Actors of People Not In College

Clark Gable
Spencer Tracy
Gary Cooper
Errol Flynn
Tyrone Power
Mickey Rooney
Gene Autry
Robert Taylor
James Stewart
Humphrey Bogart

Favorite Actresses of People In College

Bette Davis
Lana Turner
Katharine Hepburn
Madeleine Carroll
Joan Fontaine
Myrna Loy
Hedy Lamarr
Margaret Sullavan
Vivien Leigh
Rosalind Russell

Favorite Actresses of People Not In College

Bette Davis
Lana Turner
Betty Grable
Hedy Lamarr
Judy Garland
Olivia de Havilland
Deanna Durbin
Madeleine Carroll
Barbara Stanwyck
Claudette Colbert

Bewildered Knight

(Continued from page 58) window) and for a brief period he was the owner of a Packard convertible. The Manhattan garage problem and the finance company soon made this inexpedient; however, he found cabs more convenient in the long run anyway. He bought a multiple-record-changer, which on occasion played its last record over and over until morning because he had been too sleepy to switch it off, and he spent four week ends in Connecticut and a round dozen on Long Island, at house parties. He discovered ham and eggs at five in the morning, and authors like Baudelaire and Petronius Arbiter, and he met people, important and unimportant. He met Sam Goldwyn, for one, under extraordinary circumstances.

This occurred one night when he had just walked off the stage after his final tint. A man came up to him and said, "I just saw the show, Payne—I'm Sam Goldwyn. You're pretty good."

"I ought to be," said the young man from Roanoke. "I'm Clark Gable." He went to his dressing room, humming a song from the show, stripped to his pants and slapped a handful of cleansing cream on his face. Suddenly he paused, staring beyond the reflection in the glass. He was seeing, in retrospect, the suit the man had worn. John knew clothes, now, and he recognized that suit. One of the great tailors in New York had built it, or not less than \$250.

In one moment he had wrenched his door open, had flung himself down the stairs; when he reached the stage door Goldwyn was just handing a card to the attendant, saying, "Give him this when he goes out"

John skidded to a stop and ran his fingers through his hair. "That will not be necessary, Mr. Goldwyn," he said.

THE contract Goldwyn offered him did not require a screen test, paid \$350 per week and went along with a verbal promise that he should have a part in "Come And Get It." John came to Hollywood, and he did not get it. This was the supreme disillusionment; this was what he had left New York and come into the Great Sunlit Silence for; this was why he had stood in Grand Central and said good-by to Sybil. She had been as beautiful as he had ever seen her that night, her face, except for a small scar near her eye, restored to its original flawlessness. Another three months, and even that would be gone, thanks to the skill of surgery.

They had both been a little teary that evening. Just before train time he'd said, "Darling, I want to tell you something."

She had smiled, then, and shrugged her silver-fox shoulders. "I wouldn't, darling, if I were you. Hollywood does things to people. You might regret what you said tonight."

"All right," he said. "We'll see."

Ah, well. Hollywood did indeed do things to you. You came to Hollywood and nobody knew you and you didn't

know anybody, and the picture you thought you were going to make either did not materialize at all, or made a tremendous hit with someone else in your role. You got loaned around like a lawnmower: to Grand National, where you made "Hats Off"; to Fox, for "Fair Warning"—both of which convinced you, when you saw them, that nothing on earth would ever make you an actor and that if you ever did become one, the memory of these pictures would haunt the memory of all who otherwise might hire you. On the other hand you still got your \$350, every week; and finally you met another guy, a fellow with whom you could strike up an acquaintance, share confidences, beefs and eventually an apartment. And you could hope, as is the fashion of the human race.

The young man John met was Lee Bowman who, besides being a thoroughly nice guy, knew a good many people in Hollywood, including an address bookful of girls.

HE met Goldwyn twice again while his contract lasted. The first time was on the lot, when Goldwyn said, "Let me see your teeth." John bared his fangs. "Tsk, tsks," said Goldwyn. "Have them capped and straightened at once."

The second time was also on the lot, outside the executive offices. Meanwhile John had had his teeth cleaned and a couple of small fillings done, whereupon the dentist had pronounced him whole. "Let me see your teeth." Goldwyn commanded again, "Hmm—a thousand percent better. You see? Now you can smile."

Paramount offered John a contract shortly after Goldwyn did not pick up his option, and he worked there for nine months, making "Love On Toast," which was so bad it was never released, and "College Swing," which got him nowhere. Finally, when he knew he was to be dropped, he settled his contract for seven weeks' salary (he had thirteen left to go) and the next day signed with Warners, on a deal he had previously arranged.

He was learning.

Lee had decided to give a cocktail party at the apartment one afternoon. Anne Shirley, with whom Lee ran around occasionally, came to it with another girl, unescorted. She left it, somewhat to her surprise, to go to dinner with John; and after that Anne was John's girl, by general consent. He had never, he decided after the first blissful week, been in love before at all—and one evening a month after Lee's cocktail party, he told her a story.

"Long ago," he said, "when I was just fresh from New York and knew exactly three people, I had a talk with Cesar Romero, who was one of them. 'Cesar, old boy,' I told him, 'I'm a family man at heart. A year from now I'm going to be married and settled down.' And Cesar said, 'That's what you think. Where are you going to find the girl? I've been hunting for one for years.' 'I'll find her, all right,' I said. So we made a small



An ordinary luncheon cloth was washed, Linit-starched, ironed 119 times. It looked like new, smooth, lustrous. Under the microscope it showed no fraying. (Tests by United States Testing Co., Inc., Test No. 24747, Feb. 6, 1942.)

Washed 119 Times Luncheon Cloth Is Unfrayed; Fresh

Laboratory Starch Tests Reveal Linit-Starched Linen Retains New, Fresh Look

You'll be proud of your LINIT-starched table linens! This *different* laundry starch gives them such a proud finish, such luxurious, gleaming smoothness! LINIT makes even everyday cotton table things look and feel like linen. LINIT helps fine fabrics resist laundering wear.

Free! The helpful "LINIT LAUNDRY CHART". Write Corn Products Sales Co., 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y., Dept. LC-11.

ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT



**PENETRATES THE FABRIC
PROTECTS THE FIBRES**

IMPORTANT!

Many of you have written to us about your problems. We haven't always been able to give you an answer. But beginning with our next issue you shall have answers from the greatest advice star in Hollywood—

BETTE DAVIS!



KEEPING PACE

*with the giant strides
of war-time travel*

Never in history has a war so urgently required so much of transportation . . . never has transportation responded so efficiently.

Greyhound, carrying millions more passengers than ever in the past, is extending its facilities to the utmost, eliminating all unnecessary services, so that every essential traveler shall reach his destination promptly, without waste of precious time and money.

There are few new buses to be had—there is great need for conservation—so every coach, every scrap of rubber and metal, every gallon of fuel must be made to stretch farther and farther.

Greyhound could not successfully have carried the capacity loads of the past midsummer season without the good-natured cooperation of several million travelers. Our sincere thanks to every one of you!

How you can help when taking war-time trips:

- Travel on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays.
- Take as little baggage as possible.
- Get trip information in advance.
- Be at bus station early.



GREYHOUND

bet on it. That was just about a year ago."

"You'd better hurry, hadn't you?"

"Yes. My purpose in telling you this fascinating anecdote," John said, "is to point out that I've found the girl. Now do you think I'll win the bet?"

Anne gave the question some deliberation. Finally she smiled. "I think so."

TECHNICALLY, however, he did not win it because he did not marry Anne until August of 1937. In the interval until then they did the things lovers do in California. They went night-clubbing; they swam in the surf in the morning; they went riding in the desert and strolled through mile-long gardens at Santa Barbara.

The young Paynes lived with a flair and were very gay and very much in love, and people said of them, rather fatuously, that there had never been such happy kids in the world, that theirs was the perfect marriage.

It was, indeed, for almost four years. John was seven years older than Anne, which was as it should have been; and he found that Anne had an almost incredible honesty, and a tolerance of everybody everywhere so that she had never had an enemy, and never would—and an indefinable sweetness that he decided was quite unique in the world. None of these things changed her when she had little Julie Anne, nor in the months that followed when he understood, as did she, that something was going wrong.

When you get a divorce in Hollywood you usually tell the judge that your husband was impolite to your friends, used strong language and generally caused you extreme mental anguish. This ordinarily is quietly accepted as a blind for the real reasons which, if published, would ruin a reputation or a career. But when Anne divorced John last January there wasn't any story hidden behind the headlines. She had told him very simply, one night while they were dining at Romanoff's: "I'm hunting for a little house to move into. I'm leaving you, John." And there didn't seem to be anything more for either of them to say.

They had known there was trouble and had talked about it, but when they had finished, they realized that it wasn't something they could talk out, or eliminate by eliminating the cause.

Sometimes, you just fall out of love. . . .

THE story of John Payne's five years in Hollywood, up until a few months ago, is a relatively simple one. If you had asked John himself, he would have told you that his story had its happy ending. He had found his girl, finally; he was sure of his love, and of what he wanted—and he almost had it, all of it. There was his career, of course, which lagged for a seemingly endless time at Warners. He made one or two good budget pictures, including "Garden Of The Moon," and a long list of B's. But when Warners dropped him, Darryl Zanuck featured him in "Maryland" and "The Great Profile," and then starred in "Tin Pan Alley," which did the trick.

Almost, it would seem, he got the professional success he wanted in return for his happiness. He would, of course, have it any other way. He is a young man with a torch, not alone for the girl he loved and still loves but for a way of life he loved, too. His New York friends, who would hardly have recognized him during his very married years, would know him again now. They would see the same young bachelor, working harder and playing harder, perhaps, than ever before. They would not be allowed to intrude on the afternoons when Julie Anne and her nurse come to visit him at the beach, so they wouldn't see him in his favorite role. Nor would they catch a glimpse of him on the nights he takes Anne Shirley to dinner.

The greatest clues to their recognition, after all, would be the restlessness of his hands, the alternate moods of gaiety and thoughtfulness; and the songs he writes these days, charming things that no man who was complacent or content or certain of his future would think of writing.

I am sorry I can't finish his story for you. In a way, I think only Anne can do that.

The End



John Payne feels a certain way about ex-wife Anne Shirley (see story above); Jane Russell feels another way about John. She's Howard Hughes's find who debuts in "The Outlaw," the girl whose grin is dressing up Payne's supper tables these nights

(Continued from page 68) him. He was also that perfect wonder among Hollywood males, a man who had never been married.

Ruth didn't know it, but even before she met her Robert had fallen in love with her. It happened this way. Eric Carpenter, a photographer, had taken a picture of Ruth sitting in her garden, looking cool and relaxed, and eating, of all things, a cracker. That picture had appeared on the cover of a magazine which is distributed through a chain of drugstores.

Now all men have, somewhere in their subconsciousness, a pictured ideal of the kind of girl they'd like to marry and when Bob picked up that magazine and saw that picture, something stirred in his heart. He tore the cover off the magazine and underneath the picture of Ruth he wrote, "February 6, 1942—This is the girl I'd like to marry."

But Ruth, of course, knew nothing of all this when she was first introduced to Bob. She met him simply because she was handling one of the radio programs on which she was to appear. As their eyes met for a second, his heart pounded wildly. But their "How do you do?"s were casual enough; so were their subsequent meetings. Then came a day when Ruth was having breakfast at the Brown Derby with a group of friends. In another booth sat Robert Longenecker with a group of his friends. As she walked out of the Brown Derby and waved good-bye to her friends, Ruth stepped into the Satyr Book Shop, which is right next to the Derby. She was going to look over some rare editions of her favorite Dickens. Her eyes were shining as her fingers rested on the books . . . yes, they were all there, all her favorites.

Suddenly she looked up, and there was Robert Longenecker, and he was smiling.

Without embarrassment, she said, "I collect Dickens, you see. Of course, I can't afford this beautiful edition, but I can't help looking at it. And I'll buy something else, so that the owner of the shop won't feel cheated."

"I collect Dickens, too," Bob said.

THAT started it. You take a beautiful young girl with dark brown hair and gray-blue eyes like Ruth's and a handsome young man like Bob . . . put them in a book shop together to discover that they both collect Dickens . . . and what do you get? A plot that Christopher Morley would love.

For, a few days later, Ruth received in the mail all the volumes of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," with a note which pointed out that since Dickens was their mutual friend, Bob thought it appropriate to send her this particular set of volumes.

It was. Ruth decided, the nicest present she had ever received. She reached for the phone to thank Bob.

"I'm so glad you liked them," he said. And finally finding the courage to ask what he'd wanted to ask for so long, he blurted out breathlessly, "Could you have dinner with me tonight?"

They dined at the Brown Derby and saw each other almost constantly after that for six weeks. Still Hollywood didn't become suspicious. The courtship was not conducted as Hollywood's courtships usually are, in the glare of bright lights and in the midst of night clubs. They would go driving into the country together, though they kept their drives short, knowing it was patriotic to use



A Lesson They're Eager to Learn

Soon these new mothers will leave the hospital where their babies were born. Now they are watching a nurse demonstrate how to care for a newborn infant. She teaches them many vital lessons that hospitals have learned about scientific infant care; and most valuable of all, she gives them a new understanding of the importance of protecting babies against harmful germs.

Largely because of the progress which medical science has made in its never-ending war on germs, this year more than 100,000 U. S. babies will live, who would have died at less than one year of age had they been born 20 years ago.

Nowadays hospitals maintain almost unbelievable vigilance in guarding infants against harmful germs. Only a few specially-assigned nurses are permitted in the nursery, and they must wear sterile masks, caps and gowns. Even the doctor does not enter; he examines babies in a special room, and he too wears mask, cap and gown. When baby is nursing, the mother's bed is covered with a sterile feeding sheet, and her breasts and hands are sterilized. A limited number of visitors is admitted to the mother's room, only during certain hours; and they are asked to stay away from the bed, to prevent transfer of germs which might later come in contact with the baby.

As a vital aid in protecting baby's skin against germs, practically every hospital now anoints the baby's entire body with antiseptic oil, daily. This helps prevent impetigo, prickly heat, pustular rashes, diaper rash. It is known that germ infection plays a part in these common skin troubles.

Mothers should continue hospital pro-

TECTIVE measures at home. Keep visitors away from baby. Don't let them fondle or kiss him. And do as hospitals and doctors recommend—anoint your baby with antiseptic oil every day until he's at least a year old. Use the oil also after every diaper change. Be sure the oil you use is antiseptic. Look for the word "antiseptic" on the label. Don't be satisfied with anything less. Remember that the essence of baby care is protection against harmful germs.

And, of course, have your baby examined by your doctor regularly . . . that is Rule No. 1 in infant care.

Why do almost all hospital nurseries use Mennen Antiseptic Oil? Because it is antiseptic. No other widely-sold baby oil has that important quality. If you want the best for your baby, at only slight extra cost, use Mennen Antiseptic Oil. There is no substitute for antiseptic care.

When baby is older and you use a baby powder, follow this guide: Mennen Baby Powder, too, is antiseptic—a health aid, not a mere "cosmetic." Made by special "hammerizing" process, it is finer, smoother, more uniform in texture than other leading baby powders. Also it has a delicate new scent. Most important, Mennen Baby Powder is antiseptic.



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The bridegroom thought she looked beautiful—and so did everyone else! Ruth Hussey, in an Irene blue gabardine suit with a pale pink blouse and a large blue grosgrain-trimmed felt, gets married to Robert Longenecker

their tires as little as possible. Sometimes Bob talked of the places he had been, for both Ruth and he have always loved quaint and beautiful places.

One day he told her of the Catholic Mission at Pala. It was more than a hundred years old, he said, and it was the only mission in California which had been decorated and built by Indians.

"I've always thought," Bob said, "that if ever I were to marry, I'd get married at the Mission at Pala." And then his eyes sought Ruth's. "That is," said Bob, "if my future bride likes the idea. Ruth, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Bob," she said, "I'd love being married at the Mission. I've always felt that when I got married I wanted a real marriage, not just a Hollywood elopement."

THEY decided then that they would get married in September. And that's probably the way it would have been if it weren't for the fact that we are living in such uncertain times. Like millions of other young men, Bob's life was to be changed by the war and by the need of America for young, brave, clean men like Bob. When Bob knew he was going into the Army, he told Ruth.

"It would make me very happy, Ruth, if you would marry me before I am inducted."

Looking at him, standing so straight and proud before her, Ruth felt something catch at her throat. Her native Yankee caution was thrown to the winds.

"Let's get married on Sunday," she said. "That will give us just time enough to make the arrangements."

Just time enough, she thought, to write her mother and tell her everything. Just time enough for her mother to get the letter and speed on her way to California with William O'Rourke, her husband, who had brought up Ruth since her father died when Ruth was just a baby. Just time enough for her sister and brother to come out to California. And time enough, too, for Bob's mother and sisters and brothers and for her friends and Bob's to get ready.

But in wartime, all plans are subject to change. Bob's mother and his family could be there. But Captain O'Rourke was also joining the Service and was being sent to Maine. The heart of Ruth's mother must have been torn between her husband, who was leaving to serve his country, and Ruth, who was going to be

married. She felt it was only right to stay with her husband.

A friend said to Ruth, "Will your mother be able to come?" And Ruth, her eyes bright with unshed tears, said, "No, Mother can't come. But she wrote me such a beautiful letter I feel almost as if she were here."

ON Sunday, August ninth, Bob and Ruth were married in the presence of twenty-six guests. Ruth wore a gold wedding ring that was a duplicate of her mother's. Then Bob gave her, as a gift, a guard ring in a scroll. It was a surprise gift and Ruth had not had the faintest idea that Bob planned it, yet by that strange coincidence which governs true lovers, Ruth had also chosen a surprise gift for Bob. And her gift was also a gold ring in a scroll!

Bob had also chosen for Ruth a watch set in a gold heart. He planned to give it to her the day they said good-by to each other, when he would have to leave for the Army. But being young and impatient and madly in love, he couldn't wait. And so on that very day of their wedding, Bob gave Ruth the watch.

As though the rain had been controlled by some wily studio man, it ceased pouring as the two came out of the Mission—just in time for the photographers to take their pictures. Eric Carpenter, who had taken the picture of Ruth with which Bob had fallen in love, was covering their wedding. After Eric had taken some photographs of the two of them together, Bob drew out the yellowed picture of Ruth on which he had written, "February 6, 1942—This is the girl I like to marry."

For the first time, he showed Ruth the picture and told her the story behind it. Then he wrote underneath the picture, "August 9, 1942—This is the girl I do marry."

There was a wedding supper at the Riverside Mission Inn and then Ruth and Bob left for Arrowhead on their honeymoon.

Two days later Ruth was back at the studio reporting for "The Man of America's Conscience": Bob was on his way to the Army.

But Fate had one more gift for the two of them. Bob has been granted furlough and Ruth a two weeks' extension on her honeymoon. So they departed, destination—happiness!

THE END

Love in Exile

(Continued from page 65) location and here was no one who could gainsay the romance that swept these two together. The filming ended, Madeleine and Stirling returned to Hollywood and the world of reality. It was six weeks before Pearl Harbor and the thunder clouds of total war rolled up darkly on his country's horizon. With characteristic abruptness, Stirling walked out on Hollywood and pictures, nor did he break his tight-lipped silence to say whether it was the imminence of war that drove him away or a final break with Madeleine. He went to Washington and, still silent, disappeared on the high seas.

CAUGHT in the midst of a turmoil on which she hadn't reckoned, Madeleine begged for a leave of absence from her studio and after the finish of "My Favorite Blonde" hurried East where the lime-light lost her. Unnoticed by the press of reporters who had chronicled her romantic dilemma so far, she slipped up to Greenwich, Connecticut, in search of a hideaway home. It wasn't too easy to find because it had to have privacy, no near neighbors, a command of the road to spot anyone approaching and a ready exit which would permit of getting to and from New York without having to pass through the village.

Such an ideal spot was the little low, rambling New England house in the woods on North Porchuck Road. On an early December day its owner, engaged in cleaning up the garden preparatory for winter, was startled at the sound of voices.

"Here is the house," the renting agent was saying.

"I'll take it," was the reply in a cultured woman's voice.

The agent introduced owner and prospective tenant. "This is Mrs. Philip Astley."

"How soon do you want the house?" asked the owner, not for a moment connecting the name of Madeleine's first husband with Miss Carroll, the screen star.

"I must have it at once—today—or not at all," replied the blonde woman with the rich voice.

And so Madeleine took up her residence in the little house in the woods. With her was Stirling's mother. Together they sewed and knitted, read and wrote—and waited for their man's infrequent and all too brief visits. Occasionally they would jump into the car, pull out of North Porchuck Road onto Merritt Parkway without passing a single house and whizz into New York for a Broadway play or one of Madeleine's appearances on the radio.

ALTHOUGH she found it easy—almost disquietingly so—to pass unnoticed among the good citizenry of Greenwich, word began to get around that the British star was in their midst. This was in part due to New York newshawks who prematurely began to get on the scent of a marriage story. But Madeleine was too quick for them. She'd spot their cars bending down the road on the hill and would vanish into the low, perfectly masked living room, leaving Mama to deal strategically with the intruders. Local reporters met the same fate, as did deliverymen. When the postman learned the identity of the Mrs. Philip Astley to whom he had been delivering mail and tried to get an autograph for his two little children, he, too, was disappointed. Even guileless air-raid wardens, checking on lights in the dis-

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"Try one of our Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks...actually bring your lips to life with a lustrous grooming only possible with our new SATIN-FINISH. And, for the loveliest possible effect, wear it together with its companion rouge and Tangee's un-powdery Face Powder."

New **TANGEE MEDIUM-RED**...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

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Lipsticks



WHENEVER I REACHED for that laxative bottle, Betty would scream and run away. She hated the taste of the stuff and it upset her something awful! It was just *too strong!*

THEN I TRIED something else. But Betty raised a rumpus every time I gave her a dose. To make matters worse, the medicine didn't do her any good. It was just *too mild!*



ONE DAY MY NEIGHBOR suggested Ex-Lax! I gave some to Betty and she just loved its fine all-chocolate taste. Ex-Lax works so well, too...not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

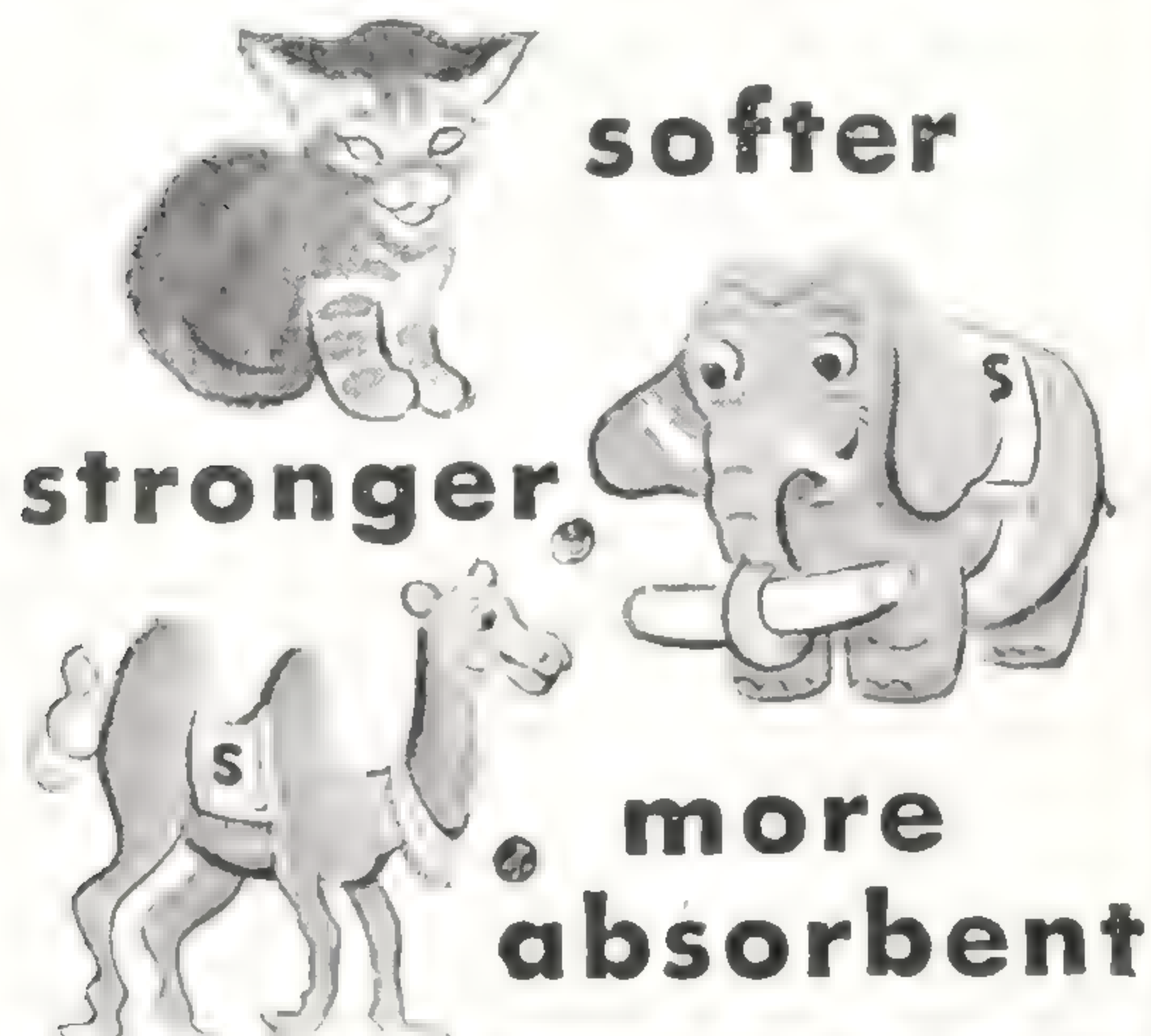
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trict, were turned briefly away.

You may well ask, why all the secrecy? Well, perhaps it had something to do with Stirling. Hayden is engaged in secret work for the Government, work which Madeleine never discusses; the exact nature of which she may not even know.

But she did know that his movements must be protected from the blare of publicity. To be near him she elected to go into exile, at least temporarily.

Finally there came a night in late March when Stirling was able to get back to Greenwich on one of his sudden visits. Piling Madeleine and his mother into the car, he drove to a little town in Massachusetts just outside of Northampton. There, in a simple civil ceremony, Madeleine Carroll became Mrs. Stirling Hayden. After arranging for the mother's return, they spent their wedding night at a near-by inn. For their honeymoon they drove through Massachusetts for several days, called on Stirling's cronies at Gloucester, the port of famous sailing vessels. Then Madeleine returned to the little house in the woods and Stirling went back to No Man's Sea.

THE world might not have known today that they were man and wife had it not been for Madeleine's alarm. It was late June. For weeks she hadn't heard from Stirling. At length word came that he'd be putting into the Bahamas to outfit his Government boat. Without more ado, Madeleine set her beautiful chin, threw some things into a bag and hopped a flying boat down to Nassau. From the comforting circle of her sailor's arms she wanted to hear he was all right—and she did.

There was only one hitch. On the register of the Hotel Rozelda they signed themselves as Stirling Hayden and Madeleine Carroll. And they occupied the same room. The hotel detective, studying the register, was in a fine stew. Girding his courage about him, he knocked on the door. A big bronzed blond giant threw it open.

"Pardon me," began the detective, "but are you Stirling Hayden?"

"I am," replied the young man.

"And—er—is Miss Carroll here with you?"

"She is."

"Then, sir, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to—"

"Don't worry," grinned Hayden. "She's my wife."

"Your wife!" The detective's eyes popped with relief and excitement. "Would you mind giving a statement to our local press, Mr. Hayden? That's big news for these islands. I wouldn't want the boys to miss out."

So, the next day Stirling gave his statement to the reporters, the first of any kind he had made since before his departure from pictures.

Do Hayden and "Mad," as he calls her, mean it when they say no more Hollywood? It begins to look that way. Madeleine has found a charming home on Long Island Sound at Darien which they have bought and have remodeled. It has graceful sweeping lawns and the intimacy of vines that hug the verandah. There's a special place off shore where a pier is to be built to accommodate Stirling's boat when once more he has time to do some civilian sailing.

IT becomes clear that Stirling is the one who wears the dungarees in the Hayden household. And he has no love for Hollywood. Such is his power over her that she is willing to live his way.

Certainly Madeleine has the intelligence and talent to build a constructive life away from the cameras, which is not true of all film stars. Her long experience in living on the Continent, her knowledge of languages and her well-disciplined mind would serve her well in her dream to be attached to the diplomatic service. Such a career would put her in a position to do something concrete about a subject close to her heart—world peace after this war is won. But she believes in every fiber of her being that we must first win it. Toward that end she has given unsparingly of her time, her energy, her money.

Much of this is now curtailed by the new life. Her influence will grow inevitably less as she drops from pictures. Not even the splendid things she now does from under her self-elected bushel basket—such things as personally buying a large consignment of wool from Canada when the Greenwich chapter of British war workers could no longer obtain it—cannot add up to the power for accomplishment that a top picture star commands, because of the vast audiences he or she reaches.

Has Madeleine Carroll chosen the low road? That problem is hers—hers and her husband's.

The End.



Talking picture of Taylor, silent of Stanwyck. Bob confides to Barbara just what he thinks of what the Blottograph expert thought of him on page 53

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

(Continued from page 47) me to go into pictures, but he didn't discourage me, either. He has always told me I have my own life to live and whatever I want to do is all right with him as long as I don't think of myself as being above anybody and go out and fight my own battles, not expecting things to be handed to me on a silver platter.

"Dad never asked any producer or director to give me a break. But he gave me a sound body and a sound mind, and a proper outlook on life. He is hard as nails, has one of the finest physiques of any man I know. You certainly need a strong constitution in this business. And now that I am going into the Army Air Corps, I realize again how lucky I am to be his son.

"One of the best things Dad did for me was to send me to the Culver Military Academy in Indiana, the greatest military prep school in the world. So Army life won't be something entirely new for me. I was in the cavalry at Culver and played two years varsity polo. Dad's hobby is horses and I myself have always loved horses. I don't think there was a better rider in pictures when Dad first broke into this business and I doubt very much if there's one now."

AT Culver, Tim's roommate was Hal Roach Jr., a strapping young giant with almond-shaped blue eyes, who was the captain of the football team on which Tim starred. They are still pals. It was understood at Culver that young Hal, like his father, was going to be a producer and Tim was going to work for him as an actor, so when they had an argument, Hal would tell him, "You're fired!" Tim chuckled as he remembered those days. Hal too, starting from the bottom, as assistant to an assistant director, made good on his own, directing and producing pictures.

Tim made his screen debut in 1926, when he was eight years old, playing himself in a thriller-diller of the great open spaces starring his father. Returning from Culver with a military bearing like his father's, who looks like a tough Army colonel in civilian clothes—tough but urbane—he gained valuable acting experience as a member of the Westwood Theater Guild. On the strength of his stage performances, he applied for a job at Universal.

"I went over to Universal to see the casting director, hoping I might be able to get a part in that picture of the first World War, 'The Road Back.' I waited five hours, but didn't get a chance to see him. Walter Wanger heard about it—we had met in polo games—and asked me if I really wanted a job. I said yes, my ambition was to be an actor like Dad. He gave me a screen test—I played a drunkard with Pat Paterson—which led to a contract and a tiny bit in 'History Is Made At Night.' But my next picture was 'Stella Dallas,' which was a great break for me. I was given the part Doug Fairbanks Jr. did in the silent version."

TIM was definitely on his way up with "Stella Dallas." He rehearsed his difficult scenes with his father, who sometimes visited him on the sets and watched him do his stuff before the camera. Jack Holt is a man given to few words. His five years in Alaska, as prospector, mail carrier and what not, have left on him the stamp of the silent and frozen North. Grimly he would nod his head with a word of approval when Tim played

How do they do it?

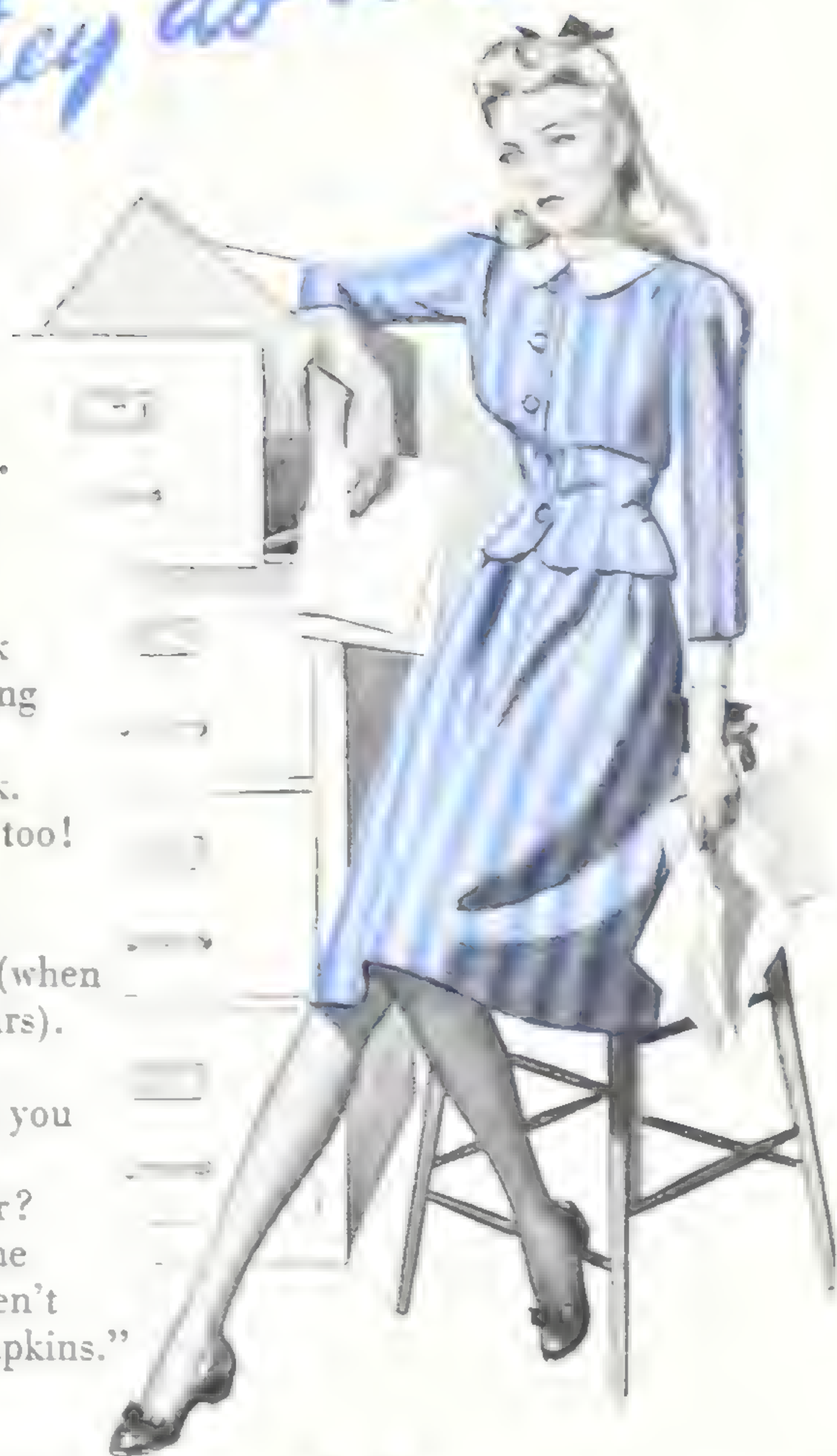
YOUR first day on the job... and your confidence has done a blackout. You wonder if you can stick it out...

Those other girls—they work day after day—do their shopping during lunch hours—even give evenings to war work. They must have "difficult days," too!

But they're so sure of themselves—laughing and wise-cracking. Discussing dates (when you're thinking of breaking yours).

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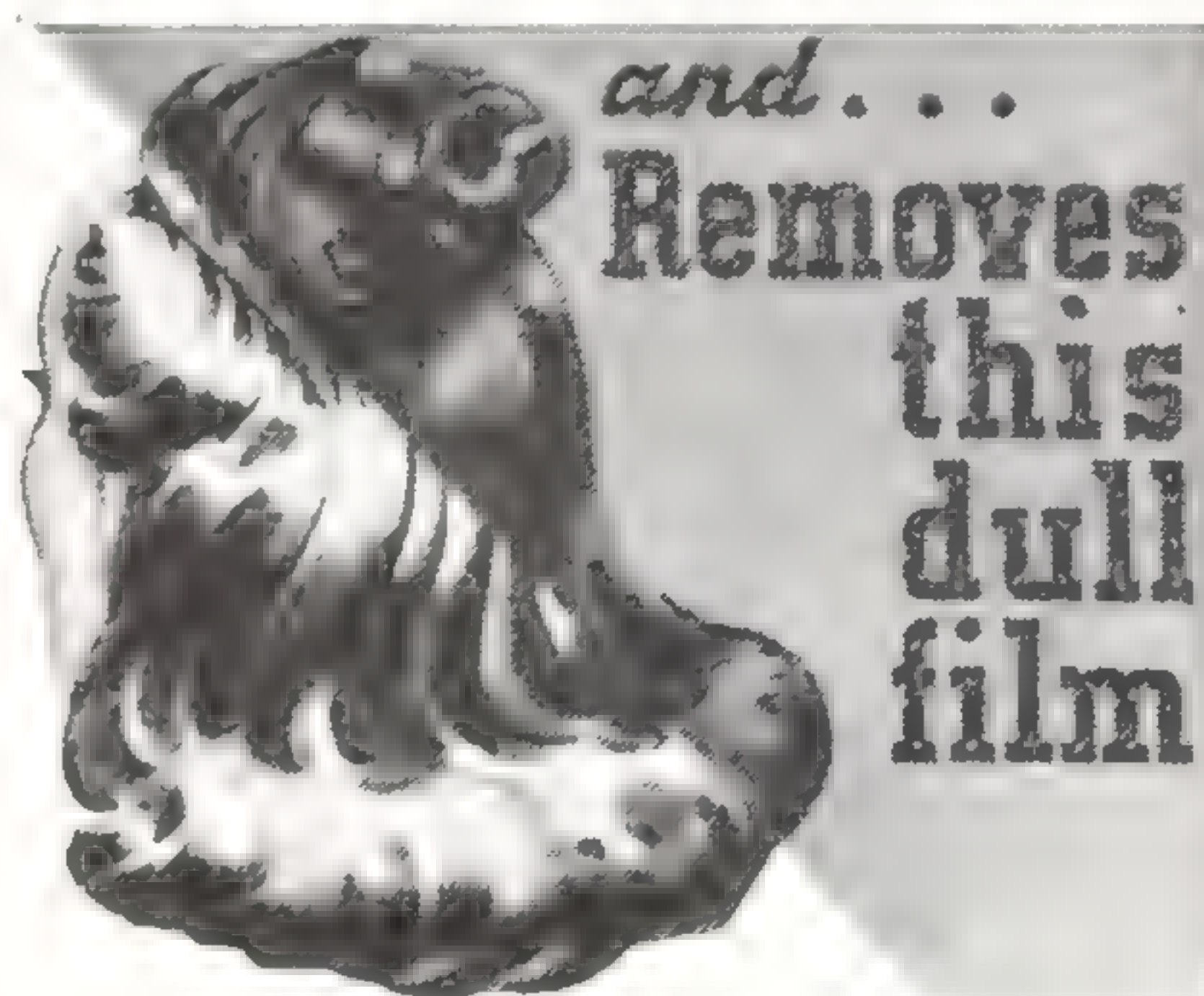
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NO FINER SILVERPLATE THAN THIS

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a scene especially well or performed a daring stunt on his golden-maned "Duke." It was part of their code that Tim never let any rider double for him in dangerous scenes.

How did his father feel about Tim's part in "The Magnificent Ambersons?"

"Dad was tickled to death. He knows Orson Welles and admires him. Orson has forgotten more than most men in this business will ever know. He isn't afraid to try, to experiment. And he has the courage of his convictions. Once you stop bringing new blood, new ideas and methods into the motion-picture industry, we might as well go back to the silents. Orson is a great guy. His heart is as big as his mind."

Orson says of Tim:

"Tim is so different from the average leading man. In fact, he is not a leading man and never will be one. He has no vanity. There are no funny tricks to his personality, there's no nonsense about him. He is a real actor, has all the fine qualities of youth without its foolishness. He is a hard, conscientious worker and still he does everything with a certain natural ease."

"I saw him first in 'Stagecoach.' He had one close-up that made a tremendous impression on me—when, as a young cavalry officer, he saluted and rode away to his death. It was the way he did it, the way he rode, the poignant, dashing style of his performance that got me. I was so excited I saw practically every other picture he had made. Then I noticed him in his cowboy clothes on the RKO lot, and we soon met."

"I was planning to play the part I gave him, but I decided he was the logical person for it. It wasn't an easy decision for me to make. It was a gamble, but I think he is wonderful in this picture. I was lucky to get him. They talk about producers' giving actors a break. In this business it's the producer who gets the breaks!"

When Tim was told what Welles said about him, he blushed a little and said in an embarrassed tone, "Don't let him kid you. I'm not an actor, I'm a horse mechanic."

TIM likes Westerns. They are his meat. As a Western star he has followed in his father's footsteps and now receives more fan mail than any player on the RKO lot with the exception of Ginger Rogers. When he enlisted in the Air Corps the studio asked for a two-months furlough, which the Government granted so that he could finish the Westerns scheduled for him. In two months he made six of them.

"Westerns dramatize one of the most heroic phases of our history," Tim explained. "Heavens knows enough bum pictures have been made on the eternal triangle of two women and one man, or two men and one woman. In Westerns,

like the six I just finished, we try to implant courage and high ideals of citizenship and personal conduct in the minds of the kids who see them. We never use slang in our dialogue. They are good clean pictures. Westerns are just natural for me. I've been practically raised by several of the cowboy extras here. I used to know them when I was so high. They rode with my dad and later with me—great fellows."

Tim is just about the youngest father leaving pictures for the duration. When he was barely twenty he married Mae Ashcraft, daughter of a New York manufacturer, whom he met at a U.C.L.A. sorority dance. They have a three-year-old son, Lance, and for the past two years Tim's hobby has been taking motion pictures of Lance's antics.

"When people marry young, they can adjust themselves better to each other," Tim asserted. "They aren't so set in their ways. There's another angle to consider: if something goes wrong, the girl is still young enough to make another start. I'm saying this as a matter of general principle in favor of early marriages, and not to imply either that I don't expect to come back from the war or that anything might be wrong with my marriage. Thank goodness, I married one of the finest girls in the world, a real wife and mother. And what a housekeeper! Mae has always done the cooking and everything else in our home. No, there isn't anything wrong with our marriage."

TIM has a place in Pacific Palisades, close by his father's ranch house. You could often see father and son riding together. He also owns a fifteen-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley, with an orchard and eight blooded horses. "Dad thinks his method of training horses is the best, while I think mine is. But that's just about the only thing Dad and I don't agree on."

"As I see it," Tim concluded, "being the son of a famous father has been a handicap in my case only in this way: People who know Dad compare me with him. Naturally, I suffer in that comparison and am mighty glad I do."

"Otherwise, I'm no different from any twenty-three-year-old fellow. I like hot dogs—and would eat all I could if I didn't have to keep my weight down. I get the same kick out of watching a ball game or reading a book or going to a movie as any guy my age. I'm just an average punk trying to get along."

This sunny lad with curly brown hair and brown eyes inherited from his father those qualities of manhood that conquered a continent and built the American Dream. There is something native, earthy, sound about Tim Holt. America is safe so long as we have "punks" like him in our bombers, warships and tanks.

The End.

Get Into the Fight Against FIRE!

Do you know that fire is the greatest threat on the home front? From 60 to 70% of England's losses in life and property during the war have been due to FIRE! Our own so-called "normal" losses annually amount to \$300,000,000, not to mention the loss in human life. Imagine what that will be if incendiary bombs come to America! Start now to

KEEP THE HOME FIRES OUT!

Fire Prevention Week Begins October 4

The Private Life of Judy Garland Rose

Continued from page 39) To a young ride it can be the end of the world—only to Judy, somehow, it wasn't. Accustomed to lightning-quick changes that can happen to show people on the move, Judy got up early the day of the affair, donned an apron and went to work. When her friend Betty Jane Graham came over, Judy was deep in carpet sweepers and mops. The two pitched in; time flew by.

The guests were due at eight. At 7:45 Judy was still in a bungalow apron, a smudge of dust across her slightly upturned nose and her red hair standing up in small frightened curls. But the caterers were busy in the kitchen, the table was set, the house was abloom with flowers everywhere, the fire blazed brightly in the living room. Fifteen minutes later Judy, a beautiful young matron, came down the stairs in her smart black dinner dress to meet a hurried husband "blowing in" from his radio broadcast two leaps ahead of the first guests.

All Judy's household troubles ended with the older couple she was finally able to get who stepped straight from heaven, to hear Judy tell it. Each morning Judy gives the menu order for dinner and can be sure of deliciously cooked food waiting her at the end of a hard day's work. And *hard* work is what we mean, with the whole day devoted, at times, to the scene, with a few lines of dialogue and one song repeated over and over for an exacting director.

A typical Judy menu for her and Dave will consist of roast lamb, mashed potatoes, gravy, two and often three vegetables, a green salad, and always dessert. Dave is the vegetable hound and eats a lot of them at once. If ever two people were born with a sweet tooth it's Dave and Judy. Pie with gobs of chocolate ice cream and most everything else chocolate is the favorite with the Roses. At night when Dave gets home from a late broadcast they'll go out to the kitchen and whip up chocolate malts on their own malt machine.

ACH has his own whimsical likes and dislikes in food. Dave, for instance, hates butter and can't eat anything cooked in it. How to scramble eggs without some fat was always a worry.

Judy until she visited Chicago. Dave had lived at the Blackstone Hotel for several years and bragged unceasingly about their wonderful scrambled eggs, so Judy sought out the Blackstone's chef for an explanation.

It was simple. He merely broke the eggs into a double boiler and stirred them gently over the heat from the boiling water. Judy is now a wow at double-boiler scrambled eggs.

Her stirred-together salads of lettuce, tuna and hard-boiled eggs are eaten wholesale by the young set that are invited in for Sunday supper. But just before the salad dressing is added, Judy carefully dishes out her own plate of salad and, before eating, sprinkles it with a water-salad dressing being one of Judy's "no like" phobia.

Judy and Dave like to eat most of their meals at home, with an occasional guest for dinner. When Vaughn Paul was in New York, Deanna Durbin would come over on Sunday, spend the day and have dinner with Dave and Judy. Sometimes Anne Shirley, Gene Tierney and Reg Cassini will come in for dinner on Saturday night. But their closest friends are song writer Hal Arlen and his beauti-

MR. MacMURRAY KNOWS



Fred MacMurray, star of *The Forest Rangers*, a Paramount Picture, says: — "Can you tell a 'gentleman' no matter what kind of clothes he's wearing? A good clue is the way he keeps his teeth. So movie standards require that teeth absolutely shine." For this super-polishing, many stars choose *Calox Tooth Powder*.

Two ways to WHITENESS

*your dentist follows both!
so can you—with Calox*



Notice your dentist's technique when he gives you a dental cleaning. First, he thoroughly cleans your teeth. Then, and only then, does he polish them.

In your home care why be satisfied with less than BOTH cleaning *and* polishing, when you can get Calox?

Calox gives you *five* special ingredients for cleaning *and* brightening. With every stroke of the brush, Calox helps detach food particles, remove deposits, cleans off surface stains. And with every stroke Calox *polishes*, too, making your teeth shine with their own clear and natural lustre . . . In Hollywood, many a star trusts to Calox-care. Try Calox Tooth Powder for *your* smile!

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



Why ANTIPHLOGISTINE? Because it's known that moist heat in the form of a poultice is of definite value in relieving these symptoms—cough, tightness of the chest, muscular pain and soreness. And ANTIPHLOGISTINE, a ready-to-use medicated poultice, furnishes this valuable moist heat for many hours—longer than ordinary preparations. It gets heat directly to affected areas without fuss or bother. For best results apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE early!

As a poultice, applied comfortably hot, ANTIPHLOGISTINE is effective for bruises, muscular aches and sprains. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE today!



Forget "blue days" ever existed... try Holly-Pax. Be your own true, confident self with these *extra-small* tampons. They're so comfortable you hardly know you're wearing them! Dainty, invisible Holly-Pax are easy to use; no applicator is required. In convenient, economical packages for 10c, 20c and 59c at all stores. Try this *modern* sanitary protection today!



Send for free booklet: "New Facts You Should Know about Monthly Hygiene"



★
Why this little girl likes to take her music lesson. Judy Garland gets played up to by her husband Dave Rose her piano teacher. For what happens between the chords see the story that begins on page 38.
★

ful wife, Andra Tayranda of the stage. The music of Hal, who wrote "Blues In The Night" and Judy's own favorite "Over The Rainbow," has brought a close affiliation between the Arlens and the Roses.

There's lots of good talk about music that results in many thrilling songs pouring out from the music room. Sometimes Dave talks about the background music for the Shirley Temple radio show, which he has been directing (the music, not the drama). It's a once-a-week-at-home for this group that movie audiences would give their eye teeth to hear.

On Thursday nights Dave and Judy have gone over to her married sister's and had dinner with her mother who makes her home there since Judy's marriage. Holidays find the whole Gumm family and Dave's mother at Judy's with turkey and fixings and the strangest combination of all—pie, ice cream and beer, for those who like it. Judy takes milk with her desserts and still climbs into a size eleven dress. In fact, her extreme slenderness, following so quickly upon her natural plump roundness, has her studio greatly concerned.

Dave and Judy have a sort of gentleman's agreement about clothes. When Judy first expressed a desire to go shopping with Dave he wisely declared he thought each should select his clothes. "I'll never influence your selections," he said, "and I think it should work both ways." Judy agreed he was right.

A PARTY for the convention of train owners was held this year at the Rose home, a convention that brought West the president of the Southern Pacific Railroad and other big men of industry who donned, in turn, their overalls and asbestos gloves to drive the engine at its top speed of forty miles an hour.

Traces of Judy's "little girl" love of games and decorations have lingered about. Guests would obligingly step around the unfinished games on the floor before the den fireplace. Christmas time has always had a great big little-girl kick for Judy who spends days hanging holly and mistletoe. Of course, at times she has hung the outdoor wreaths with so much enthusiastic energy a nail hole

or two remained behind, but at least it was fun doing one's own pounding.

She'll spend hours on her between-picture days working out new table centerpieces, a white feather and flower arrangement being her favorite.

That Dave understands her "little girl" complexes is evidenced by his gifts. He'll come home of an evening not with the usual elaborate boxes of candy, but a huge sack clutched in one hand, a sack that contains every conceivable kind of chocolate candy bar, mounds, rings, buds, and nut clusters. This is Judy's favorite type of candy. Perfume to Judy is something to decorate her dressing table. Jewels, unless they are unusual pieces of inexpensive costume jewelry, interest her not at all. No one has ever heard Judy exclaim over an elaborate frock or fur coat. But a peasant blouse, a dirndl skirt or unusual sweater sends her off into reams of descriptive phrases, all favorable.

BEFORE her marriage Judy couldn't wait to grow up, to grow past the Mickey Rooney pictures, to get into sophisticated womanhood. Judy has grown up far beyond those aims. "I hope I can always make pictures with Mickey," she says, "They are such fun to make and have such a warm appeal for everyone."

To Ava Gardner, Mickey's bride, went Judy's own hope chest filled with new linens. Sometimes the four will get together for dinner and games afterwards. Between Judy and Mickey exists a rare and wonderful friendship to which the marriage of each has brought only deeper understanding.

Marriage has also given to Judy the courage to be young, to be herself. With pigtails, bobby socks and gingham skirt, Judy will appear at the studio for her daily stints. In fact, the only occasion that calls for high heels, hat and gloves is Judy's recording day, the day she sings her songs before the picture begins. "But why dress up to make recordings?" a friend will ask. Even Judy seems puzzled when put right to it, nevertheless the gesture stands.

Dave and Judy never visit each other during their working hours. The only

exception was the day Dave made recordings for Victor records. Judy was so impressed at the honor accorded Dave, she dressed up in her best and sat entranced during the procedure. Three nights a week, when Judy isn't too fatigued, are given over to movie-going. She and Dave have seen all the good movies as they were shown. For hours at a time Dave and Judy would "borrow" little Judy Sherwood, the three-year-old niece named after her aunt. Little Judy has always occupied a deep and special place in the heart of big Judy.

JUDY GARLAND is an intense, emotional girl who feels deeply and keenly. The blackouts fill her with terror not for her own safety alone but for the suffering and hurts to others that might come. She'll lie awake all night in the dark after a raid warning, her heart aching with the dread of it all. She can't bear to drive with anyone who exceeds a twenty-five-mile speed limit. Tense and nervous, she sits on the edge of her seat, miserable and unhappy.

Dave Rose, older in years and experience, is, on the contrary, calm and quiet. Judy needs that quietness, that calmness, almost as badly as a thirsty man does water. To make her feel more secure and to provide a place for her friends, Dave has consented to have the outdoor playroom converted into a shelter to be used during raid warnings. Dave was absent during one blackout and like a child Judy tore out of her own house and down the hill to her sister's home.

The financial arrangement of their home has been worked out perfectly. Dave has taken over the expenses of the home and Judy has bought her own clothes or little gifts. A small bank on the garden mantel labeled "Trip Bank" received all the change Dave and Judy collected during the day and when vacation time rolled around the pair had a bank night in their own home with all the change counted up to defray expenses. The "Trip Bank" furnished the cash for the extras on the last trip Judy and Dave made to New York.

A business agent manages the funds of each, allowing to each only a set sum for weekly expenses. July is allotted twenty-five dollars a week. Since she almost always forgets to put any money into her purse it's just so much gravy to Judy.

THEIR beloved sport of taking a Sunday drive in Dave's open convertible with Judy's hair flying free had to be given up, not due just to conservation, but because only a month or two ago someone stole the car from Sunset Boulevard while Judy and Dave were having dinner. The "hair flying" meant little to Judy who does her own, even to washing and drying it with her recently purchased secondhand dryer. In the morning when not working, Judy will twist her hair about bobby pins, tie her head up in a scarf and, when evening comes, appear with a beautiful coiffure.

Their two dogs, Judy's miniature poodle, named "Choo-Choo" after the train, and Dave's schnauzer, have adjusted themselves to living in one household by the simple expedient of ignoring each other completely. Even when engaged in their favorite sport of train riding, the two would take elaborate measures to ignore the existence of each other—to the amusement of Dave and Judy.

Judy is sentimental. On her finger is a small plain wedding ring, borrowed from her own mother for the wedding.

Are you sure of your present deodorant? Test it. Put it under this arm.

Put FRESH #2, the new double-duty cream under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!



Use FRESH and stay fresher!



FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

PUT FRESH #2, under one arm—put your present deodorant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which stops perspiration better. We feel sure that FRESH #2 will!
2. See which prevents perspiration odor better. We're sure you'll feel complete underarm security with FRESH #2.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how delightful to use! Never greasy, gritty, or sticky, FRESH #2 spreads easily—smoothly!
4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is! You can use it just before dressing—it vanishes quickly!
5. Revel in the fact that FRESH #2 won't rot even delicate fabrics. Laboratory tests prove this.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST! If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best underarm cream you have ever used, your dealer will gladly refund your full purchase price.



FRESH #2

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR



REMOVE CUTICLE THIS QUICK, EASY WAY...USE

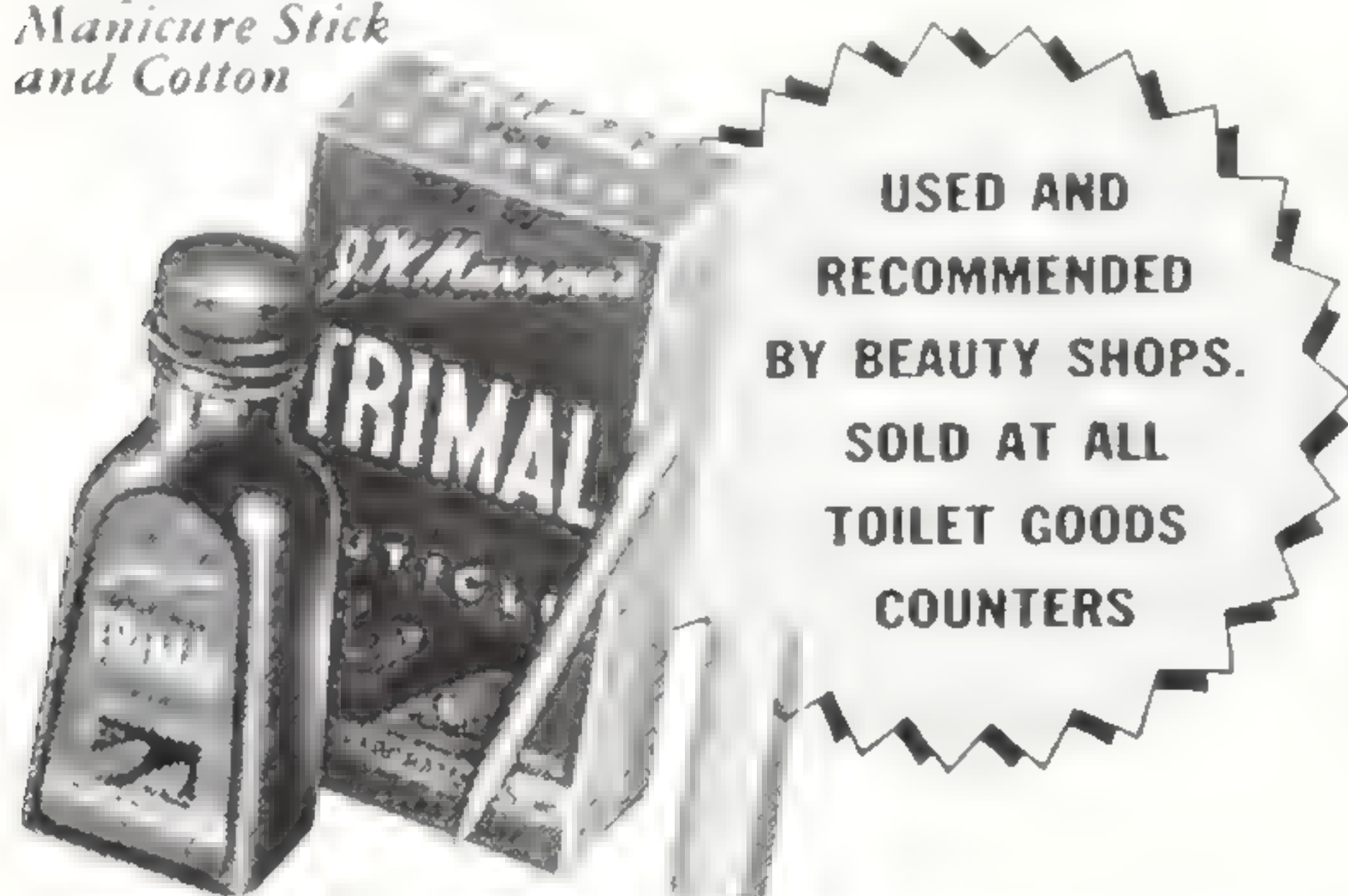
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Don't let ugly, rough cuticle spoil the appearance of your nails...

Get this remarkable cuticle preparation right away. And you'll soon understand why thousands of women are adopting this new way to nail beauty, that eliminates dangerous cutting. • Here's all you do: Wrap cotton around the end of manicure stick. Saturate with TRIMAL and apply to cuticle. Watch dead cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. It's simple! It's easy!

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Chill and thrill your guests with Hallowe'en fun that's different. Have a Ghastly Ghost Party! Free instruction leaflet makes decorating easy... gives ideas for games and eats, too. Clever, spooky settings for a complete and shuddery party are inexpensive to make with Dennison Very Best Crepe Paper and Hallowe'en Cut-Outs. At stores everywhere.



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For interesting Dennison-Craft Guides on other subjects, check below and enclose 5¢ for each.

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A loose leaf that's a lost leaf
Is the last leaf that you'll lose.
After this, gummed reinforcements
Are the guardians you'll choose.

**USE DENNISON
GUMMED REINFORCEMENTS**



It is still there—a mark of love from "a family girl" for her husband, her very own private family.

Of all her accomplishments—her brilliant acting, her radio work, her singing—the one that most thrills her husband's heart is Judy's success as a writer. Dave will come home from his radio work to find his wife sitting crosslegged, like a little girl, in the middle of her bed, her copybook on her lap, her left hand scratching out her thoughts on the white pages.

Already she's sold several stories, but it's one lengthy beautiful poem that Dave loves and hopes one day to set to music.

"When people say, 'My, you have much to be thankful for,' I wonder if they think I don't realize I have?" Judy said, between her numbers on the "Me And My Gal" set. "There's never a night before I go to sleep that I don't count my blessings. I have the work I love, the man I wanted to marry. I've had a home I've loved. Even if I have to give it up for a while, even if Dave has to go away—for a while—I'm still a lucky girl. I think back sometimes to those unhappy days when the kids in our neighborhood snubbed me because I was in show business; how they'd eat my birthday ice cream and cake but wouldn't stay to play; of that little theater right over in Alhambra where the matinee kids threw their lunches at me when I sang in vaudeville and broke my heart. And then I think of now and I just can't thank God

enough. . . ."

Judy was perhaps thinking also of that night when the Gumm family had completed the final preparations for their daring journey from the poverty and heartbreak of Minnesota to the happy inviting sunshine of California.

The bags were packed, all of the furniture had been disposed of; even the piano with the lemonade rings on the lid was to be left behind. The Gumm were on their way.

There remained only a last chance for the Gumm Sisters Trio to sing at County Fair near by. Very little money but money just the same—that extra \$15, added to the \$200 that had been accumulating all summer and all autumn, would make the success of the trip ahead that much more certain.

Burdened with the cares of last-minute preparations, the family slipped up in its eternal vigilance and left the house door unlatched when it went to the Fair.

It was a common ordinary thief who took their savings. At least that was what the police conjectured. The Gums never saw the thief, they saw only their shining dream turning into Minnesota dust. . . .

Next month, Photoplay-Movie Mirror tells the story of Judy and her father and her mother and her two sisters, a story of Judy's life that will bring you tears and laughter—a story that will live in your heart. Beginning in the December Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 17) casting directors have against the girl . . . Sigh of relief! Rooney is married . . . And to the best of Hollywood's veteran actresses, Crawford, Garbo, Dietrich, Loy and Young the little hint that it is much nicer to be remembered as "tops" and not in a struggle to keep yourself before the cameras, when now we are ready to boost along the deserving newcomers.

There you are, Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star. That's the way you look to us. If we don't see you correctly, just remember that all we know is what we read and the things we see on the screen.

IRMA HARRISON,
Grand Junction, Colo.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Two Guys, Great Guys

LET'S give Bob Hope and Bing Crosby an orchid, a big hand, or what have you—believe me they thoroughly deserve them all.

After finishing their recent exhibition golf match for war relief in Salt Lake City (which, incidentally, was received there very well. I was there and I know) these two talented gentlemen of fun piled in for a hot three-hour drive to a tiny, tiny place by the salt flats on the western Utah-Nevada state line called "Wendover" and there they enthusiastically sang and made fun for thousands of soldiers at the new bomber field.

"Wendover" is the type of small town that sports a movie once a week in the schoolhouse and you can imagine what a time soldiers there would have finding entertainment.

The boys thrilled to Bing's songs and whooped with glee when Bob laughingly renamed the town "Leftover."

More success to you Bing and Bob. It's fellows like you that "keep 'em flying!"

BERNICE MCARTHUR,
Las Vegas, Nev.

\$1.00 PRIZE
You Tell Her

JUST what is it he's got?

Physically, he's a dead loss, as far as I'm concerned. Broad shoulders and a slim waist—yes, but so soft! Nice wavy dark hair—but topping an almost impossibly ugly face! Good teeth—but in a sarcastic, bitter mouth! Long dark lashes—but those haughty, intolerant eyes!

By his own admission, he is intolerably conceited and lazy. Even if he hadn't actually admitted it, each move he makes speaks eloquently.

He isn't even a good actor.

There is only one word which describes the man as a whole, and that is—repulsive!

Yet in spite of it all, whenever he appears on the screen, whenever I see a picture of him, my heart pounds and I get that well known funny feeling in my stomach—and it's not the usual kind of hunger. I guess, like millions of other American girls, I'm just a sucker.

But why? I don't know—you tell me.

Just what is it Victor Mature's got?

BETTY JANE ALLEN,
Westfield, N. J.

HONORABLE MENTION

WHY are they keeping Olivia de Havilland's talent away from us? Her sister, Joan Fontaine, wins the Oscar for a grand performance, but I don't think she's half the actress Livvie is. Why don't they give her a real part? She can be a second Bette Davis!

NAOMI SHAVER,
Detroit, Mich.

WHY does a big studio like M-G-M take one of their best actors and put him in such a picture as "Her Cardboard Lover?" They insist on making a pretty

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

boy of Robert Taylor and not giving him more character roles like *Johnny Eager* to play. He's a born actor, so please give him a break and let him act.

ROSLYN MILLER,
Chicago, Ill.

He's super-terrific, dynamic and all those adjectives beyond my vocabulary. Who? Why, George Raft in his greatest role, "Broadway." The story that showed him as he was, a hooper.

MARY LU DELL,
Belleville, N. J.

WHAT does Hollywood have that no other city has? I'll tell you, Richard Ney. How about giving this fellow some more starring roles? We know he can do it if you will only give him a chance to prove it.

BETTY BATES,
Akron, O.

WHY doesn't some enterprising movie company start a new series of travelogues? One to be called "See America First," featuring each of our many famous vacation areas with all their scenic attractions, and the other to be titled "Know American Cities." I can't think of a better way nor a better time to make people realize what a great country this is.

ARTHUR STUBBS,
Delavan, Ill.

WHY must Eleanor Powell only play about once or twice a year? She's a swell dancer and a very good actress. Come on, Hollywood, give us more of Eleanor.

CARMELA MUZIANI,
Donora, Penna.

IT'S time that a grand guy of the movies got bigger and better parts. I'm talking about Robert Young. He has a very charming personality, is very much poised, has his share of good looks and is an all-around swell actor. Robert proved what he could do in "Joe Smith, American." And he can do it again.

MRS. H. S. TRUITT,
Norfolk, Va.

Thank you, Hollywood, for finally giving John Garfield his long-deserved pardon. Please, never make him go back to "dodging the cops." Leave that business to the older and more accomplished "bad men." John can be just as appealing as Robert Taylor and "pretty (?) boy" Mature when he's given the chance—as witness "Tortilla Flat."

KARLAN KRIEGH,
Redding, Calif.



John Garfield (see the letter above) gets his "pardon" from Hollywood

Gotta Watch The Figure!



IT'S EASIER TO BALANCE MY BUDGET SINCE I USE **KLEENEX TISSUES** FOR HANKIES DURING COLDS! WHAT I SAVE ON ONE WEEK'S LAUNDRY BUYS ME A MONTH'S SUPPLY OF **KLEENEX**!

(from a letter by
B. M. W., Atlanta, Ga.)

Get In The Scrap!

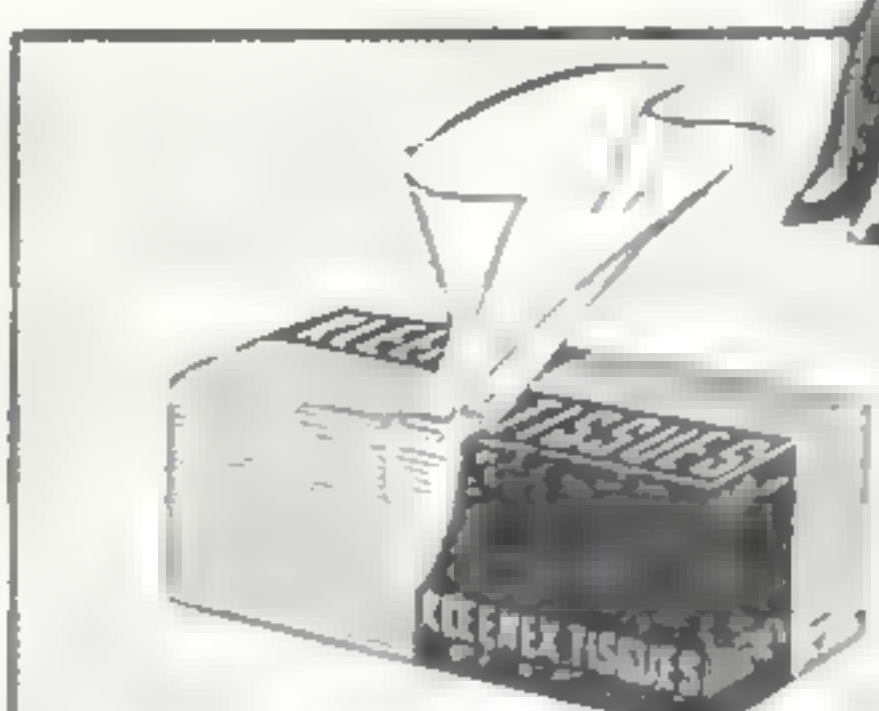
IRON, STEEL, RUBBER, SCRAP OF ALL KINDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED! CLEAN OUT YOUR BASEMENT, GARRET AND CALL YOUR LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE TODAY!



Ring around the Hosiery!

I PLACE **KLEENEX** INSIDE THE TOP OF MY GALOSHES TO KEEP MY STOCKINGS FROM GETTING SOILED!

(from a letter by
R. L., St. Louis, Mo.)

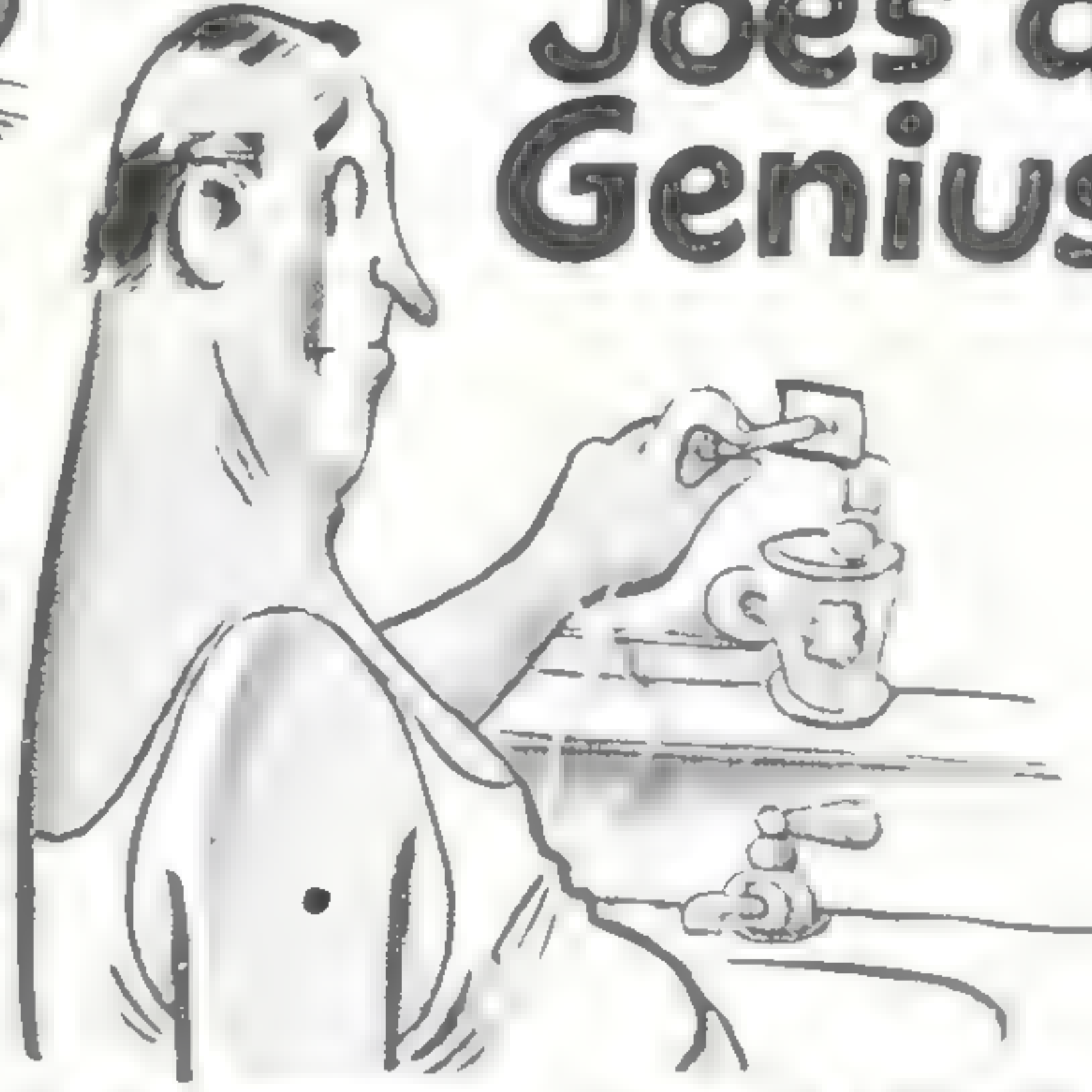


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SAVES TISSUES - SAVES MONEY
BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

WIN \$25
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WAR SAVINGS BOND
FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH
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AFTER SHAVING I USE **KLEENEX** TO DRY MY RAZOR. IT HELPS KEEP BLADES FROM RUSTING... SAVES TOWELS!

(from a letter by
H. S. P., White Plains, N. Y.)

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

WHY WE MUST FIGHT

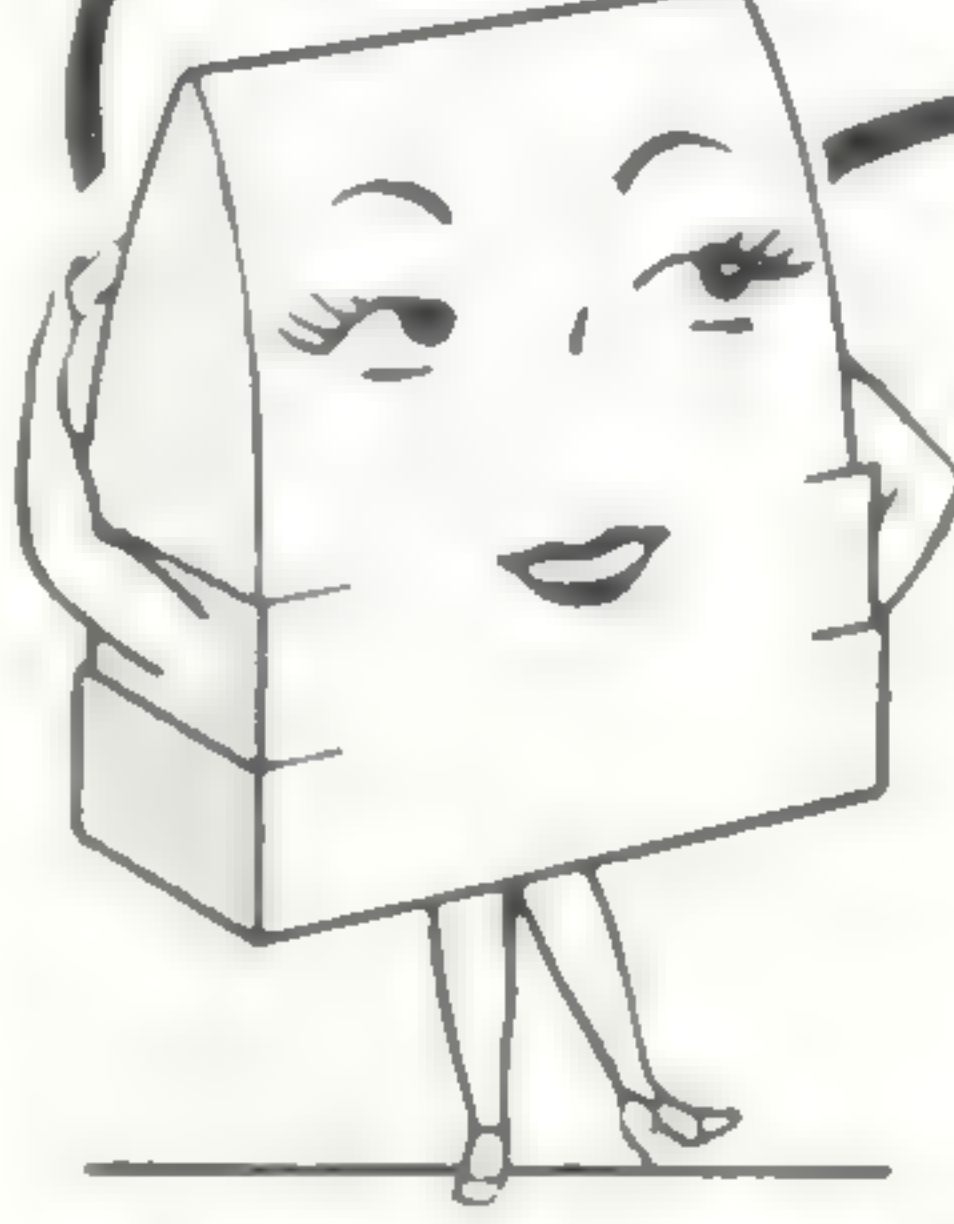
Here is the shameful evidence! Here at last—gripping . . . dramatic . . . shocking—is collected the undeniable proof! Proof that forever damns those who craftily planned



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For "Goodness" sake wear "Skintees"

Close Up and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4) organized them, and such stars as Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis and Myrna Loy (before her recent marriage), work almost nightly at the VACS canteen at Fort MacArthur. . . .

Thus the "Mrs. Miniver" opening became a benefit for the VACS and took in thousands of charitable dollars . . . but it also put Metro at the head of the procession for the season, which meant that every other studio began immediately writhing, figuring how they could have an opening even fancier. . . .

Twentieth Century-Fox had "Tales Of Manhattan" with, as it advertises, "nine stars and forty-four personalities" ready to show . . . after that "Mrs. Miniver" splash nobody could argue that such a star-studded event should be launched in a mere studio projection room . . . thus it was that the red carpet at Grauman's Chinese was rolled out . . . the grandstands were built along Hollywood Boulevard to seat the fans . . . the moth flakes were shaken out of the ermine coats . . . and "Tales Of Manhattan" was unreeled. . . .

NATURALLY Warners with "Yankee Doodle Dandy" ready to come out weren't going to take that lying down . . . Warners advertised a \$5,000,000 "build ships" premiere . . . they really whipped up a keen and beautiful opening on that basis . . . you had to buy a bond to get a seat . . . if you wanted to be within reasonable range of the screen it cost you exactly \$50,000 cash . . . people with \$50,000 cash being rare, they are usually famous . . . famous names make news . . . so every time Warners sold one of these seats, the papers recorded it . . . which was all to the good . . . our Government got the money and "Yankee Doodle Dandy" got the space. . . .

What Sam Goldwyn would have done with the opening of "The Pride Of The Yankees" after all that must now be only dreamed about . . . because between the "Tales" and the "Dandy" openings, the dim-out regulations were announced . . . "Pride" got a big theater opening, but it had a touch of sadness about it . . . it was good-bye to the lights for perhaps a long time to come . . . but under cover of the darkness, the previews, at least, are back in the theaters . . . the list is back to 250 temporarily . . . but that, too, will grow again because one of the most delightful reasons for living in Hollywood is that the more it changes the more it stays itself. . . .

As, for example, there never being any sound reason for the outstanding popularity of any "spot" . . . currently the place to be seen is Andre's . . . "Ooooh, you must go to Andre's," everybody now says to you, so you go, and you see the same old and young familiar faces and you hear the same old and young jokes and you, too, say what an absolutely divine spot it is . . . actually the food is no better than in half a dozen other places . . . the glitter is no more glittering . . . yet just as the Vendome became the place to go after the Montmartre and as Chasen's became the place to go after the Vendome and Romanoff's became the spot after Chasen's now Andre's is it . . . and yet three different restaurants have failed right at this same location . . . ah me, you understand it, I don't . . . I merely live here. . . .

And there are a score of silly reasons why I like Hollywood in wartime . . . I like it for the absolutely idiot quality of its jealousies and the way old scores are settled . . . like the leading milliner

I Learned the Glory of Mary's Love...



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NOVEMBER

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

the leading hairdresser who got mad one another . . . so the leading hair-
 sser is now cutting hair so it looks
 rible with hats and the leading mil-
 r is designing hats that call for no
 to be shown at all . . . I like Adrian's
 ing M-G-M to go into the custom
 hes business and everybody wonder-
 how that would affect Irene who had
 smartest custom trade all wrapped
 . . . but Irene went to M-G-M . . .
 ch means that on the outside Adrian
 now doing all the pictures that Irene
 ays used to do . . . those terrific free-
 e pictures, that is . . . and Irene is
 ssing all the girls Adrian used to
 n . . . and they are still friends . . .
 I love Joan Crawford for establishing
 uryery just for the children of young
 hers who are working in defense
 ts . . . and I am eternally glad that
 lywood has discovered, via "Miniver,"
 propaganda films can be made that
 still supreme entertainment and not
 achments . . . go see "The War Against
 . Hadley" if you don't believe me, and
 to see any of the "war effort shorts"
 may see advertised . . . they are all
 ific, particularly "Divide And Con-
 r" which Warners made and "Mr.
 obermouth" which Metro made. . .

ND I am even rather glad that there
 is one star in Hollywood who has not
 e one single thing for the war effort
 not contributed one performance, not
 e one broadcast, not even, so far
 anyone knows, bought one bond . . .
 tried to enlist, not gone out on one
 p-show tour . . . I am sort of glad of
 because, entrenched as he is, the
 n will get him yet . . . and as long as
 stays the way he is, he shows by
 ry contrast how wonderful every-
 y else is being . . . for with this
 eption there is not one star, one tech-
 an, one player, from the most exalted
 he most unknown, who isn't day by
 in every way without stint or com-
 at doing all he can for America
 freedom.

THE END

Remember This!



Our President says:

Any loss of human life, any inter-
 rence with production, any loss
 critical materials hinders and
 impedes our war effort."

October 4 begins

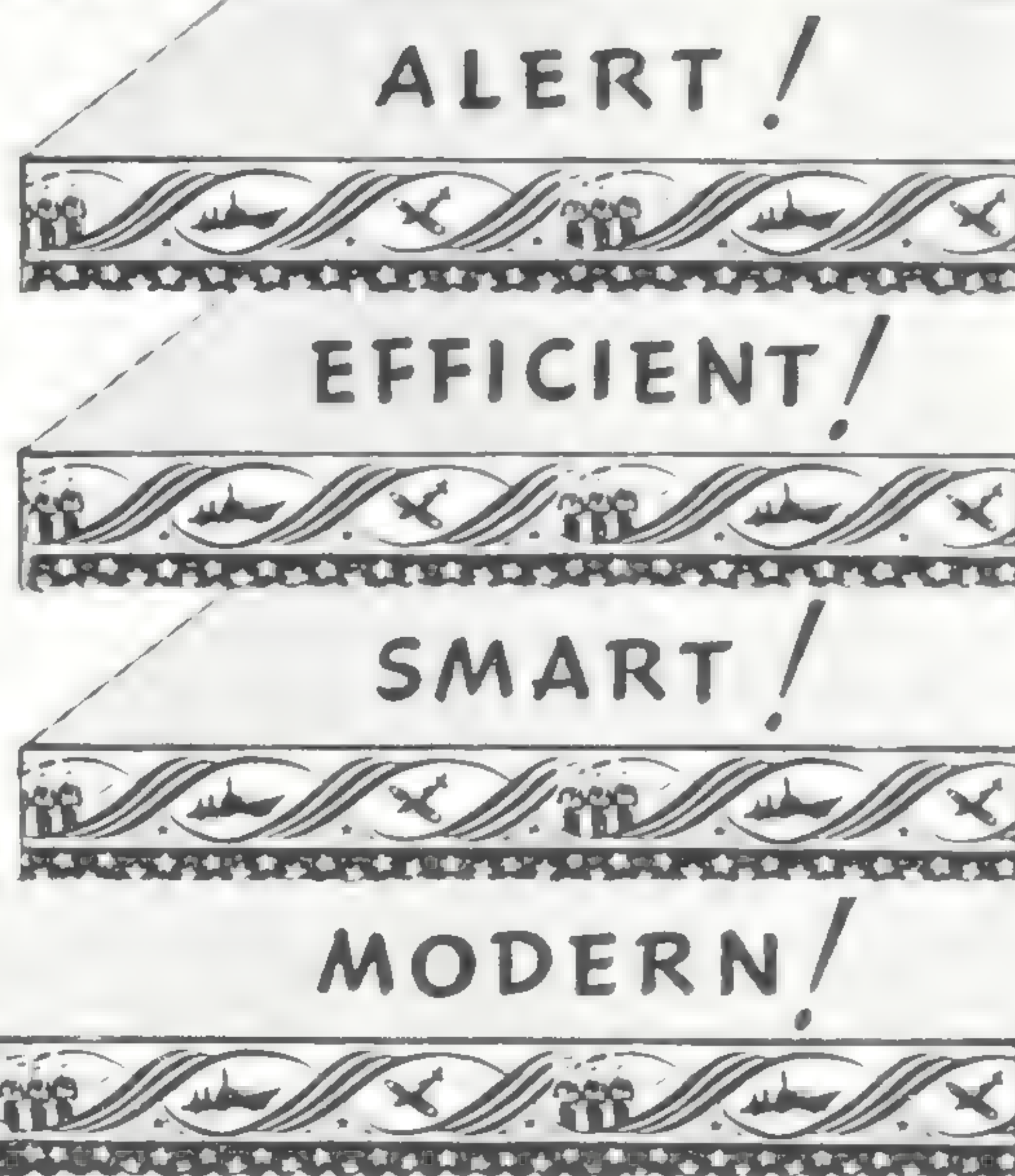
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Don't Be a Doormat!

(Continued from page 42) the respect they gave her, did something for her. The story had a happy ending because she had changed the way she thought about herself."

Olivia might have been talking about herself—although she wasn't. One of Olivia's studio bosses summed it up pretty well one night at a dinner party when he said, "Y'know, we always have a lot of pretty girls around under contract—lovely things in big, transparent hats, with their eyes full of stardust and their heads full of nothing in particular. Once in a great while one of them emerges and becomes a person. One of them has just emerged and she's going to be somebody. It's Olivia de Havilland. I expect," he added, with a smile, "that we'll have a little bit—a leetle mite—of trouble with her! But it will be worth it."

He went on to explain, with amused satisfaction, that when Olivia was lent for the part of *Melanie* in "Gone With The Wind," she had never been off her home lot. For the first time at the Selznick studio people treated her like a grown-up person, like an actress instead of a schoolgirl. Because people thought of her that way, she began to think of herself that way and she gained self-confidence. Naturally, as soon as she had opinions of her own and began to express them, there was bound to be a bit of friction.

Olivia says, "After all, you can't be a sophomore all your life! Sooner or later, unless your development is arrested seriously, you start to be your age! Then—maybe—you have to fight for something. You have to figure it all carefully. The criticism and misunderstanding you'll have. The opposition. You have to figure that you can be wrong, too. That's what scares you! What if you're wrong? But you have to try. When the time comes... you have to try."

Perhaps the most significant thing to tell you about Olivia just at that point in her career is the wail of some old friends of hers. "Olivia used to tell us all her troubles," they complained. "She used to come and weep on our shoulders." Olivia had stopped weeping on anyone's shoulder. She was standing on her own feet and facing her own future. She had stopped being a doormat and she no longer felt like one.

"When you stop asking for advice, then you stop asking for sympathy, too," she says. "You're on your own. And it's a fine feeling!"

NOW, apropos of all this, there is a dangerous saying among young seekers after careers. And it isn't confined to Hollywood. But you hear it from young actors. "The more you demand, the more you will get—and the more respect people will show you." This is not true. If you demand privileges you don't deserve, ask for respect you haven't earned, you are making a grave mistake. There are at least three young players in Hollywood who are making this very mistake at this very moment. They're asking for oblivion—just by taking themselves too big. You would know all three if you were told. Since it isn't too late for any one of them to do the necessary mental backflip, we won't mention names. But you might watch two girls and one good-looking young man (all three comparative newcomers) and see how well they follow up those initial successes...

Of course, the perfect spot—the one everyone dreams of and almost no one

DON'T "WHITTLE" CORNS



• Remember this: Home paring or "whittling" your corn removes only the top—leaves the core in your toe to act as a focal point for renewed development. But medicated Blue-Jay helps relieve pain, remove corns as shown in the diagram. Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug and toilet goods counters.



Home paring or "whittling" corns removes only the top—leaves core (A) in toe.



But Blue-Jay medication loosens corn so it may be easily removed.

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ever encounters—is the one in which you can take a stand and not really care what comes of it! That gives you a sense of power which you don't deserve. It happened to Lana Turner.

Lana found herself cast in a picture which she felt didn't mean a thing to her. Her career had been progressing so that, in the long winter evenings, she had given some thought to the problem of how to assert herself, how to make her presence felt, without making herself a nuisance. Suddenly, huzza, here it was!

The studio made it clear that it considered it a favor on Lana's part to undertake this thankless role. All right, she thought. It was a favor. Why not assert herself—in a ladylike way—while doing something everyone thought was darned nice of her in the first place? Could a girl have invented a nicer situation?

So-o-o, Lana began to take an interest in her lines and to register her opinions—just so that people would learn that she had opinions, and good ones. She fussed a little but not too much about her costumes. Just enough to let people know that she knew something about costumes. She decided that she wouldn't work after six, no matter what. That was just to let people know she was there. She raised her voice in the nicest possible way whenever she saw an opportunity. She lay awake nights thinking up reasons for voice-raising.

Sometimes her heart sank a bit as she did these things. But, she told herself, she'd never have another chance like this. She'd show 'em she wasn't a doormat. Sometimes she thought she wasn't making much impression. No one seemed really to be paying attention to her self-assertion.

"Now I know that that's the way it works," she says. "On the next picture, I found myself getting consideration and attention that I'd never dreamed of! I'd demanded it when I didn't rate it," she went on, dreamily. "It all came home to roost—later on, when I did rate it. I'd have had to fight for it then. Did you ever hear of a girl having such a break?"

Nope. We didn't. But we still think Lana's timing was perfect. She knew she was ready and she took the chance she knew she'd have to take sooner or later.

As Roz Russell said, 'way back at the beginning of this story, "You can't be a doormat forever! But you have to know when to begin to fight. You serve your apprenticeship, you learn your job and then you have to sell yourself."

It's true in any career. Look at the successful women you know and see if the rules these picture girls learned don't apply to all of them. And to you?

The End.

You've loved him in
everything you've seen him
do, from "Man Hunt" to
"How Green Was My Valley"
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Now you'll see why in the
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SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"



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Class in Glass

—Joan Bennett, lady

beautiful, who turns lady

bountiful and gives away

some preserved-fruit secrets

BY ANN HAMILTON



If the man who invented the well-known three-ring circus had waited for awhile before getting his plan under way he could have picked up a lot of valuable pointers from Joan Bennett, who manages her own three-ring circus of career, war work and homemaking with a verve and efficiency that a Commando might envy.

Take last weekend, for instance. Late Friday afternoon I saw her out at Twentieth Century-Fox making a gay young romance scene with Don Ameche for her new comedy, "Girl Trouble." That night I saw her in her American Women's Voluntary Services uniform at the head of a group of stars starting off on an entertainment tour. Joan is one of the hardest working A.W.V.S. members in town and her job at the moment—which, incidentally, she originated—is to gather together a group of stars and lead them on a trek of the recreation halls which the A.W.V.S. operates at nearby military camps and war plants. And after a day on a movie set that's work in anybody's language.

Then on Saturday morning, bright and early when most people would have been resting up from Friday, I saw her again, this time in the grocery department of a downtown department store.

"Don't tell me," I said, "that with 'Girl Trouble' and A.W.V.S. activities you're doing the family marketing too?"

Joan replied with typical Bennett crispness, "Come on along and see for yourself."

She had finished the main part of her marketing, but remarking that she always

saved the best until the last, she led me to a section where shelf after shelf of fruit in glass jars sparkled down at us. Pears, peaches, apricots, pineapple, cherries—almost every variety of fruit you can think of—and Joan ordered some of each.

"Surely your small family doesn't eat all that?" I said.

Joan nodded then launched briskly into a lot of sound advice about eating for health and enjoyment which the rest of us can follow.

Seems that health and diet experts say we should have cooked as well as fresh fruit, and Joan, determined that her family shall get their share of the minerals and vitamins they need, is concentrating on fruit put up in glass.

"It's the very highest quality," she explained. "It has to be, because it has to meet government standards—and it does meet them."

SHE went on then to say that in addition to keeping a supply of fruit in glass jars in her kitchen cupboards—"My housekeeper is so pleased with the artistic effect that she's always showing me how beautiful it looks," she chuckled—she always has a few jars in the refrigerator, chilled and ready for instant use. Especially fruit salad.

To hear Joan tell it, there's practically no end to the ways you can serve fruit salad—just as it comes from the jar, or combined with nuts or fresh fruit such as berries, diced melon or orange sections. She says its tops with either French dressing or mayonnaise, but added that

she's just as likely to serve it as a fruit cup for a first course, or a last one.

There's a spicy pear gelatin, too, that's a favorite of Joan's, though she admits she hasn't quite made up her mind whether she prefers it as salad or dessert or as accompaniment to the meat course and she's considering the notion of making an extra large portion some day and serving it in all three ways at the same meal.

Which would probably be all right at that, it's so good.

SPICY PEAR GELATIN

- 1 jar pear halves
juice from pears
- ½ tsp. powdered cinnamon
- ½ tsp. powdered cloves
- ¼ tsp. nutmeg
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ cup vinegar
- 1 package lemon gelatin

Arrange pear halves (there should be six or eight halves, and nearly a cup of juice) in the bottom of a shallow pan. Bring pear juice, spices, sugar and vinegar to a boil and simmer for ten minutes, then add sufficient hot water to make one pint of syrup.

Add gelatin to hot syrup, allow to cool until it has thickened somewhat, then pour over pear halves and continue chilling until firm.

JOAN thriftily saves all fruit juices, too. She pours them into a jar kept in the refrigerator—she says the varied flavors blend together perfectly—and when she has a cup or so of blended juices on hand she uses it in one of these flavorsome ways:

For pre-breakfast or pre-lunch beverage.

With charged or plain water or cold tea for long cooling drinks.

In place of milk or water for making sweet biscuits or muffins.

To moisten cheese and peanut butter for sandwiches.

To baste meat during roasting, or to braise meat.

Slightly thickened, to serve with hot waffles or French toast.

To thin mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 6)

✓ Across The Pacific (Warners)

It's About: The roundup of Jap spies and saboteurs by an American agent.

ANOTHER exciting, well-done melodrama that boasts the triumvirate of stars that made "The Maltese Falcon" such a something-to-write-home-about picture last year. True, we could quibble and say "Across The Atlantic" as a title would have been more literal, as Balboa's sea is never seen, the tale originating in Halifax and then via the NYK freighter *Genoa Maru* to New York, and latterly and climactically to the Canal Zone.

The three principals, Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor and Sidney Greenstreet, are brought together aboard the freighter. Bogart, who has presumably been court-martialed out of the Army Coast Artillery, is plied with drink, bribery and other stock devices by Sidney Greenstreet, a Jap agent endeavoring to obtain information about the Panama defenses. Bogart also meets and falls for Mary Astor, a mysterious damsel. In New York Bogart is revealed to be still very much in the Army—on intelligence chore. The climax on the Panamanian plantation of Miss Astor's father is great good fun both for Bogie and the audience.

The three leads are their usual excellent selves. The supporting cast, including Charles Halton, Sen Yung, Roland Hot and Lee Tung Foo, have little to do, but contribute outstandingly.

Your Reviewer Says: The Japs get theirs.

✓✓ Between Us Girls (Universal)

It's About: A daughter's aid to Mother's romance.

THE audience shrieked. They howled and yowled from start to finish while we sat there amused and highly entertained, but far from hysterical. So we must be wrong—this must be funnier than we think.

Diana Barrymore scores a knockout in her first juicy role as the daughter who hopes to help along her mother's romance to handsome John Boles by posing as a child. Robert Cummings, one of the best on the screen, who plays a friend of Boles, attempts to amuse "wittle Diana" and finds himself a victim of thirty kinds of conspiracy. The roller-skating scene is riotous.

Kay Francis is beautiful as the mother. Andy Devine dressed up fit to kill is so importantly good. Henry Koster, producer and director, can take bows in every direction for a grand job.

Your Reviewer Says: A lambast to the funny bone.

✓ The Moon and Sixpence (David L. Loew-Albert Lewin, Inc.)

It's About: The life story of a great painter.

LIKE a rare painting, this Somerset Maugham story unfolds on the canvas, a thing of exquisite composition and detail. But the dramatic content of the

story that leads to no climactic crescendo renders it a doubtful product as far as entertainment value goes. The performance of George Sanders as the painter who leaves his wife and children to live the bedraggled life of a starving artist is beautifully shaded and rates four stars alone. Herbert Marshall, the writer who wanders in and out of the story as narrator and incredulous spectator to the behavior of Sanders, is most impressive.

Doris Dudley and Steve Geray, whose lives are ruined by the artist, Molly Lamont and Elena Verdugo as his wives, Albert Basserman as the doctor and Florence Bates as the Islander are such worthy additions to this strange and fascinating tale.

Your Reviewer Says: Oddly beautiful.

✓ Here We Go Again (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Belated honeymooners meet a phony promoter.

THOSE who laughed at the radio four-some consisting of Fibber McGee and Molly, Edgar Bergen and Charley McCarthy in last year's picture "Look Who's Laughing" can get all set for another giggle feast. Those four, plus Mortimer Snerd (again in person), the great Gildersleeve (Harold Peary) and Ginny Simms get together in a resort hotel to dish out the laughs like beans in an Army camp.

Gale Gordon, a former suitor of Molly's and Bill Thompson, a phony inventor, add to the story that has Fibber and

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**ALL SMOKERS SOMETIMES
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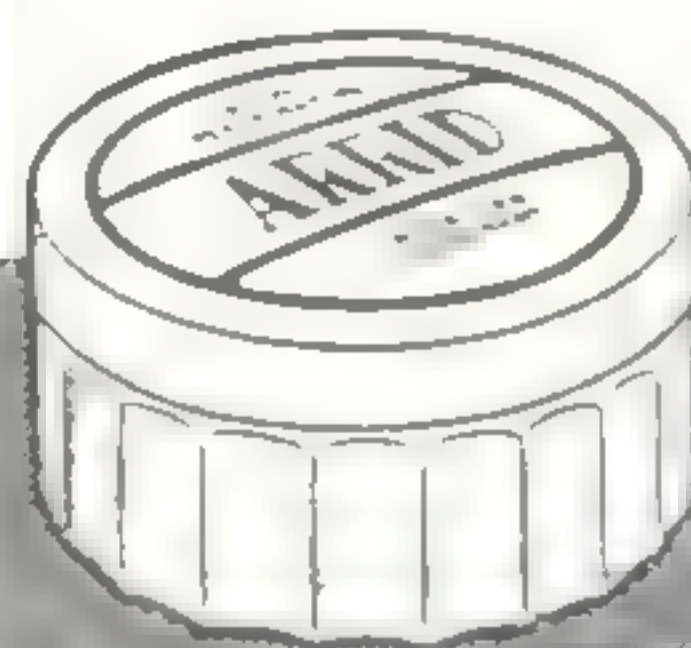
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Molly celebrating twenty years of marriage at the hotel where Bergen is searching for a peculiar moth whose culture will aid the production of silk. Imagine that mess if you can and imagine, too, how beautifully Ginny Simms sings to Ray Noble's music.

Your Reviewer Says: Here we all go again.

✓ **The War Against Mrs. Hadley (M-G-M)**

It's About: A selfish woman oblivious to the duty of others.

NO one at M-G-M dreamed this film, intended only as fair entertainment in a mildish sort of way, would turn out to be a little gem of a number shining brightly in every department.

To our notion Van Johnson, the red-headed, freckle-faced hero, is the best thing in the show, even surpassing the smoother and handsomer Richard Ney, who is a bit of all right, too, in his role of a regenerated young man.

Jean Rogers is a beautiful heroine, but why do we keep remembering Dorothy Morris, who played the maid? Her role was brief and her scenes unimportant and yet . . .

Fay Bainter is polish itself as the selfish, ingrown woman who refuses to alter her life or accept wartime alterations in the lives of others until—but no, that's your special little treat.

Edward Arnold, Fay Bainter, Sara Allgood and Spring Byington are a grand foursome.

Your Reviewer Says: A love of a picture.

✓ **Orchestra Wives (20th Century-Fox)**

It's About: The intimate love lives of members of a band.

CLENN MILLER fans rejoice. Re-joyce with a big "re," for the lads unload a ton of rare melody that will start the pulses pounding.

What's more, there's a grand little story to boot with George Montgomery, a trumpet player in Miller's band, and Ann Rutherford his wife. Trouble starts when Mary Beth Hughes, Carole Landis and Virginia Gilmore, other orchestra wives, reveal George's former relationship with Lynn Bari, singer with the band.

Cesar Romero, the pianist who helps Ann rectify the mistake she made, one that led to the disintegration of the band, is a cutup.

Everyone, for that matter, is tops with this reviewer.

Your Reviewer Says: Right on the beam.

✓ **Iceland (20th Century-Fox)**

It's About: A Marine and an Iceland miss.

SOME of the best skating of her career is presented by Sonja Henie in her new picture "Iceland," her hula and Chinese numbers being particularly outstanding.

The story is only fair, however, and has Sonja, an Iceland maid, grabbing off John Payne, a ladies' man and Marine on the island, before he knows where he is.

Osa Massen as Sonja's sister is a very good and a very pretty actress. Jack Oakie clowns on skates very funnily. Sterling Holloway, Felix Bressart and Fritz Feld are amusing.

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Sammy Kaye and his orchestra provide some swell music for singing Joan Merrill.

Your Reviewer Says: Glide along and enjoy yourself.

✓ Seven Sweethearts (M-G-M)

It's About: Seven sisters, a newspaper writer and a Dutch father.

PRODUCER Joe Pasternak, who did so much for Deanna Durbin at Universal, presents this as his first picture under the M-G-M banner and it's a honey. Whimsical and quaint, charming and gay, it has Kathryn Grayson the youngest of seven sisters, whose father S. Z. Sakall runs a hotel (you can be a guest only if he likes you) in a Little Holland village in Michigan.

To the village comes reporter Van Heflin to cover the tulip festival. The oldest sister Marsha Hunt, a would-be Duse, manages to ensnare him right off. But it's little Grayson who captures his heart forever.

The music is delightful, Miss Grayson sings charmingly, S. Z. Sakall is cuter than a bug's ear, the sisters with the boys' names are charming and Van Heflin perfect in his role.

Carl Esmond, Lewis Howard, Louise Beavers and Diana Lewis form a grand supporting cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A sweetheart seven times over.

✓ Pardon My Sarong (Universal)

It's About: Two zanies in the tropics.

THIS is by far the funniest of the Abbott and Costello riots since their initial bow in "Buck Privates." If you have enjoyed this pair and their madcap antics previously (and who hasn't) then we recommend wholeheartedly that you let yourself go whooping and hollering with the crowd.

This one is essentially a "chase" picture, full of melodramatics, yet it never misses an opportunity to leave off and kid itself. From its beginning reels, wherein the pair take their crosstown Chicago bus to Los Angeles to deliver their wealthy passenger to his waiting yacht, to its hilarious finish on an uncharted South Sea isle and Costello's accidental heroics in capturing a band of renegades preying on the island, it is gleefully and monumentally riotous.

From start to finish the boys are at their best. Robert Paige is good as the romantic lead and Virginia Bruce lovely as the girl. Lionel Atwill and Jack LaRue are two hiss-hiss boys, William Demarest an out-distanced process server, and Leif Erickson and Samuel S. Hinds are natives. The saronged element is filled very nicely, thank you, by Nan Wynn, Marie McDonald and Elaine Morey.

Your Reviewer Says: Pardon our hysterics.

Cairo (M-G-M)

It's About: A mix-up in spies.

OH, dear, we're afraid this isn't very good and Jeanette MacDonald did so need a strong picture after several weak ones in a row. But it does have its moments of fun with Bob Young, an American correspondent in Cairo, and Jeanette, an American singer, the dupe

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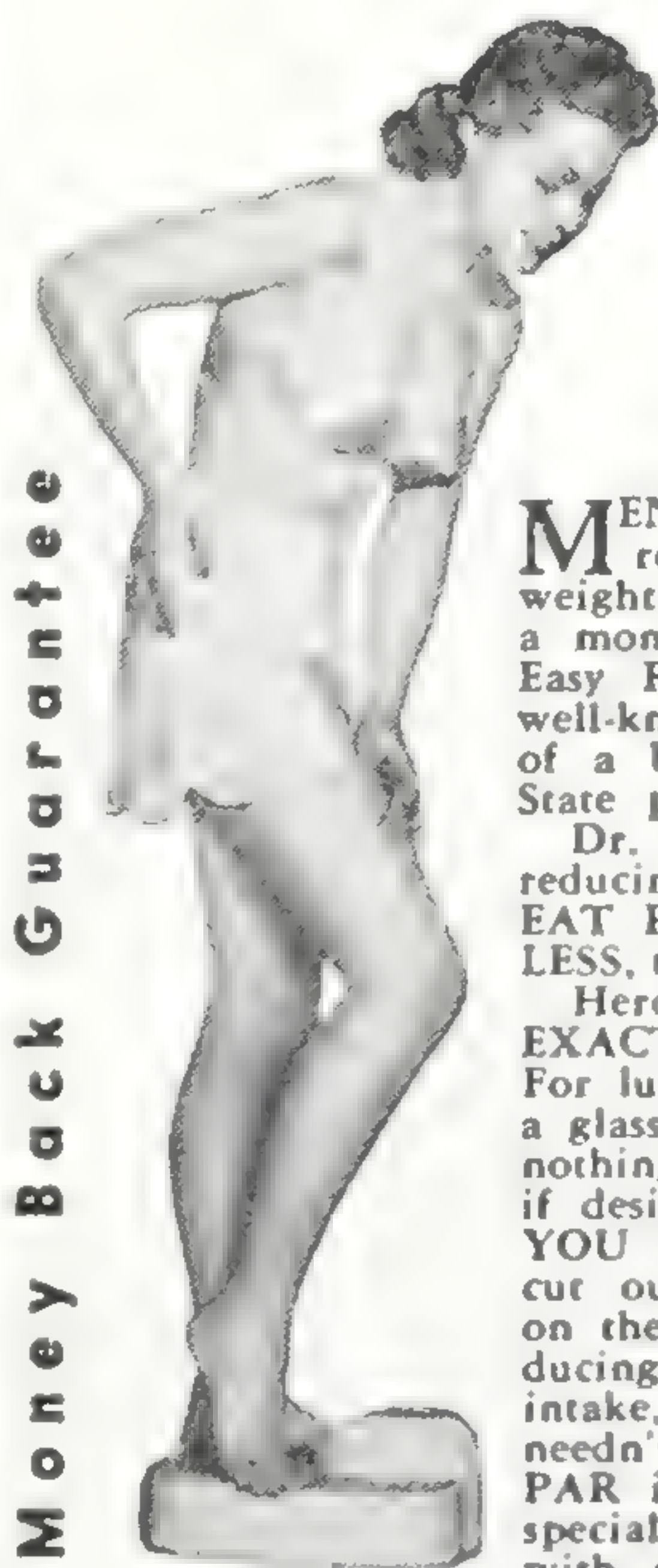
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of Nazi sympathizers. The way Bob and Jeanette chase each other around is a caution. Jeanette sings beautifully. Ethel Waters is superb as the maid.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, they meant well.

✓ The Big Street (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The blind devotion of an underling for a torch singer.

DAMON RUNYON'S story "Little Pinks" comes to the screen as touching a little masterpiece as you'd want to see. Its aura of unusualness, its charm and appeal are attributes strictly Runyonesque on screen or off.

Lucille Ball gives the best performance of her career as the ruthlessly unfeeling night-club performer, permanently injured by a blow from the man she tried to jilt, and blindly adored and served by Henry Fonda, a bus boy. Fonda creates a living thing of his love and devotion. It springs from the screen a living emotion.

William Orr, Barton MacLane, Agnes Moorehead, Sam Levene and Eugene Palette make up a great cast, don't they?

Your Reviewer Says: An unexpected delight.

The Palm Beach Story (Paramount)

It's About: A married couple who separate and unite.

DIRECTOR-producer-restaurateur Preston Sturges, who gave us "The Great McGinty" and "Christmas In July" and nothing much since, falls flat on his directorial face in this so-called comedy written and produced by himself.

It misses a mile, to our notion, despite the cleverness of Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea who play the separated husband and wife. Claudette, out to garner new laurels, finds them in Rudy Vallee, surprisingly good in his take-off on a well-known millionaire. But once she has them, she doesn't want them. And that's about all there is to that.

Mary Astor is good as the rather decadent man hunter. But the antics, such as odd-looking humans' wearing odd clothes and falling headlong out of taxis, are as antiquated as an antimacassar.

Maybe in this grievous time you'll laugh anyway. We hope so. This is once we should be so happy to be so wrong in our opinion.

Your Reviewer Says: We were frankly bored.

✓✓ Desperate Journey (Warners)

It's About: R.A.F. flyers who crash in Germany.

ONE long chase, crammed with exciting incidents, is this picture, telling of the adventures of a group of R.A.F. flyers whose bomber is hit and crashes in a forest in Germany. Five of them survive the crash and are captured by the Germans. They manage to make their escape and then comes their desperate attempt to evade German officer Raymond Massey who pursues them, and to make their way back to England.

As though this weren't enough they even find time to commit sabotage by exploding a munitions factory. In the resultant melee, one of them is wounded, but fortunately they are aided in their escape by Nancy Coleman and Albert Basserman. Though their adventures are fantastic, the picture is an exciting and thrilling one, with never a moment's let-up in the bedlam.

Errol Flynn plays the leader of the squadron and Ronald Reagan scores a solid hit as the American volunteer flying officer. The other flyers are played by Alan Hale, Arthur Kennedy and Ronald Sinclair; all turn in fine performances. The photography and special effects deserve cheers.

Your Reviewer Says: A thriller.

✓ A Yank At Eton (M-G-M)

It's About: An American lad transplanted in England.

MICKEY ROONEY gives life, color and laughter to a story that depended too much on its star and too little on its content. It's good, but it could have been wonderful is what we're trying to say.

Mickey's imitating of English mannerisms is very funny and kids, of course, will love every moment of it.

Mickey is a typical American high-school football star who wants to go to Notre Dame but finds himself at Eton, instead, when his mother Marta Linden marries a wealthy Englishman, Ian Hunter, and sends for Mickey and his sister Juanita Quigley to come abroad.

Mickey's trials and tribulations at the famous old English school plus a few not so subtle lectures on American-English



Exciting adventures make a thrilling motion picture with an R.A.F. accent: Ronald Reagan, Nancy Coleman, Errol Flynn in "Desperate Journey"

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co-operation form the bulk of the yarn. Freddie Bartholomew, Edmund Gwenn, Raymond Severn, Tina Thayer and Terry Kilburn round out the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: I say there, it's ripping, you know!

Isle Of Missing Men (Monogram)

It's About: *Intrigue in a penal colony.*

THIS is a rather suspenseful little melodrama, with John Howard as the governor of a penal colony. He befriends Helen Gilbert who has come to the island to help her husband, Gilbert Roland, escape. Much exciting action transpires before she is successful, but by that time she has justifiably transferred her affections to Howard, Roland being strictly a no-good who (yes, you guessed it) pays as expected.

Alan Mowbray gives his usual excellent performance. Howard is good, although as much cannot be said for Miss Gilbert. Bradley Page as Howard's utterly efficient lieutenant and Roland give adequate support.

Your Reviewer Says: Cops-and-robberish.

Timber (Universal)

It's About: *Saboteurs move up into our timber regions.*

THERE have been too many delays in the deliveries of timber to the mill and mill boss Leo Carrillo and Andy Devine of the woods' division are worried about it until along comes Dan Dailey Jr., special undercover agent, who fires the man responsible for the sabotaging and hires in his place Edmund MacDonald who brings along his pretty sister, Marjorie Lord.

From then on it's a romance tale for Marjorie and Dan, with Leo and Andy putting in their two cents' worth.

Your Reviewer Says: That outdoor mountain air is refreshing, anyway.

Mexican Spitfire's Elephant (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *Jewel smugglers meet some zany people.*

WELL, here he is again—good old Lord Epping as played by Leon Errol and what a Lord. What an Epping. What a picture. Lupe, as usual, is all over the place trying to help out Uncle Matt, also played by Leon Errol, when smuggled jewels are hidden in an onyx elephant and the elephant must be returned pronto. Walter Reed is Lupe's husband this time. Lyle Talbot and Marion Martin are the smugglers.

Your Reviewer Says: More noise than movie.

Little Tokyo, U. S. A. (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A Los Angeles policeman who rounds up Japanese spies.*

OUR local Japanese colony, labeled "Little Tokyo, U. S. A.," comes into the spotlight with this lively little epic of a Los Angeles police officer, Preston Foster, who suspects shenanigans in the Jap settlement. His superiors and his girl friend, Brenda Joyce, scoff at his accusations until the Pearl Harbor incident. And then Foster, forewarned, is able to scoop up spies like fury.

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Harold Huber, George E. Stone, Abner Biberman and June Duprez head the Nip spy ring.

Your Reviewer Says: Quite a little dish of suki-yaki!

✓ Berlin Correspondent (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: An American news commentator in Berlin.

A NEAT little package of melodrama is this, with Dana Andrews an American news commentator in Berlin slipping information to a New York paper via the air, much to the consternation and confusion of the Nazis.

When pro-Nazi Virginia Gilmore sets out to trap him she discovers her own father to be the informer. Then comes Andrews' thrilling attempts to rescue her father and extricate himself from a concentration camp.

Martin Kosleck, as usual, plays a believable and nasty Nazi. Mona Maris is good as his secretary. Erwin Kalser is the father.

Your Reviewer Says: A little thriller-diller.

Busses Roar (Warners)

It's About: Spies and saboteurs on a bus.

MORE things go on and yet few come off in this meant-to-be-thrilling melodrama that provides only mediocre entertainment. Spies and saboteurs commandeer the night bus from Los Angeles to San Francisco, planting a bomb timed to explode as the bus reaches vital oil fields. Like the story, the bomb fails to explode at the right time.

Richard Travis is good as a passenger Marine. Peter Whitney as a Nazi and Julie Bishop as a stranded passenger are among those present.

Your Reviewer Says: You can miss this bus.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 19)

✓ **JOAN OF OZARK**—Republic: Corn, but good, in this teaming of Judy Canova and Joe E. Brown, with all their ludicrous antics in store for you. Judy lands in Joe E.'s night club, where she's been brought from the Ozarks on a deal hatched by Nazi spies. Jerome Cowan is the spy and Eddie Foy Jr. is swell. The airplane sequence is a howl and it's all a lot of fun. (Oct.)

LADY IN A JAM—Universal: Irene Dunne is an heiress badly in need of a psychoanalyst. She lands in bankruptcy, heads West and becomes embroiled in a phony gold mine. Ralph Bellamy is a cowboy out-of-this-world and Patric Knowles the doctor. It's all pretty silly, so just laugh it off as one of those things. (Oct.)

MAD MARTINDALES, THE—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers attempts to capture her older sister's (Marjorie Weaver) rich beau to the distress of her young suitor Jimmy Lydon in this hokumy story. Jane deserves better material. (Aug.)

✓✓ **MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, THE**—RKO-Radio: Orson Welles has made a magnificent picture from the Booth Tarkington novel, presenting it with rare originality in photography and story telling. Tim Holt comes into his own as the spoiled son who ruins his own and his mother's life with his selfishness. Dolores Costello as his mother, Joe Cotten as the man who loves her, Anne Baxter, and Agnes Moorehead are superb. (Sept.)

✓ **MAGNIFICENT DOPE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda is the yokel jerk who comes to New York to claim his \$500 prize as the magnificent dope, offered by success school manager Don Ameche and ends up by out-smarting the smooth, fast-talking Ameche. Lynn Bari, as the girl, has ability, looks and charm, and Edward Everett Horton and George Barbier add a lot to the fun. (Sept.)

MAISIE GETS HER MAN—M-G-M: Pretty corny is this latest of the series, with Red Skelton a stage-struck yokel who convinces Ann Sothern

Canal Zone (Columbia)

It's About: A playboy who becomes a fine aviator.

IT'S the same old story pattern of the young upstart in aviation training who finally gets his come-uppance and turns out to be a man and a hero. John Hubbard is the believable smartie. Chester Morris is swell as the flying instructor. Harriet Hilliard is very nice as the lone female of the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Familiar as an old shoe—with heels.

Jackass Mail (M-G-M)

It's About: A rascally old-timer who becomes a hero.

IT'S Wally Beery, folks, with Marjorie Main in their oh, so familiar story of a renegade of the old West who becomes regenerated through the orphaned son of the man Beery himself kills.

It takes the boy, played beautifully by Darryl Hickman, and Marjorie Main, fearless owner of the transport mail line, to civilize Wally—even to the point where a statue is erected in his honor. J. Carroll Naish is good as ever.

Your Reviewer Says: A typical Beery-Main yarn.

Hillbilly Blitzkrieg (Monogram)

It's About: Cartoon characters come to life in the Army.

BILLY DE BECK'S famous cartoon people, Snuffy Smith, played by Bud Duncan and Barney Google, played by Cliff Nazarro, cut all sorts of capers that have the pair embroiled in a rocket invention that finally takes off with poor old Snuffy aboard.

Edgar Kennedy as an Army sergeant and Lucien Littlefield as an inventor add to the rather silly maneuvers.

Your Reviewer Says: Small-time fun-making.

that he's a panic on the stage—until he gets there. The story, after a detour through a bond swindle, winds up in an Army camp. Allen Jenkins, Leo Gorcey, and Donald Meek are a gleesome threesome. (Sept.)

✓✓ **MAJOR AND THE MINOR, THE**—Paramount: Don't miss this gay comedy, with Ginger Rogers posing as a twelve-year-old child and wreaking havoc with the boys at a military academy and with Major Ray Milland. Rita Johnson is Ray's suspicious fiancée, Diana Lynn Rita's younger sister who knows the truth about Ginger but helps her, and Robert Benchley add to the fun. (Oct.)

MEET THE STEWARTS—Columbia: Warm and cozy is this story of a poor boy, William Holden, who marries a rich girl, Frances Dee, and their efforts to live on a budget. Frances is lovely and Holden, as always, gives a sincere and polished performance. (Aug.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST—RKO-Radio: It's Lupe Velez again, and Leon Errol impersonating Lord Epping. But when the real Lord Epping turns up, you can imagine the zany results. Buddy Rogers is the handsome husband of Lupe. Loud and noisy. (Aug.)

MISS ANNIE ROONEY—Small-U. A.: Shirley Temple is cute as the young modern who executes a mean jitterbug and Dickie Jones is the rich young man who adores her. William Gargan is her father and Guy Kibbee her grandfather. (Aug.)

MOONLIGHT MASQUERADE—Republic: Dennis O'Keefe and Jane Frazee have to marry each other or forfeit a fortune. Since they've never met, Jane has her nutty secretary Betty Kean impersonate her at the arranged meeting, and O'Keefe has Eddie Foy Jr. do the same for him. Need we say more—except that Jane sings delightfully and Betty's dancing is swell? (Sept.)

✓✓ **MRS. MINIVER**—M-G-M: The best picture of the month and high among the best of the year

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is this charming and appealing story of an English family during this war. Greer Garson is Mrs. Miniver, mother of three children, and Walter Pidgeon her architect husband. It's a picture for Hollywood to be proud of. (Aug.)

MY FAVORITE SPY—Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio: Kay Kyser is a frustrated bridegroom who is yanked into the Army on his wedding day, then released as a secret member of the F.B.I. Ellen Drew, his bride, who is unaware of his F.B.I. affiliation, believes the worst when Kay is jailed with Jane Wyman. (Aug.)

NIGHT FOR CRIME. A—Producers Releasing Corp.: Murder mystery, with the victim a movie star, played by Lina Basquette. Glenda Farrell is the newspaper reporter and Lyle Talbot the studio press agent. Newspaper columnists Jimmy Starr, Edwin Schallert and Erskine Johnson play themselves. (Oct.)

NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS—Paramount: Preston Foster is a police lieutenant who's accused of murder by Albert Dekker, another police officer. Patricia Morrison is Foster's silly wife, and Cecil Kellaway is dragged in to complicate things even more than they are already. (Sept.)

ONCE UPON A THURSDAY—M-G-M: Marsha Hunt is the maid secretly married to employer Richard Carlson, but when Carlson returns from a trip he becomes engaged to Frances Drake, believing Marsha has divorced him. When they learn at the engagement dinner party that Marsha is about to publish a book of memoirs, the results are most amusing. It's a gay little picture. (Aug.)

✓ **ONE THRILLING NIGHT**—Monogram: A bedroom riot is this comedy with John Beal as the bridegroom who has twenty-four hours to honeymoon with bride Wanda McKay before his induction into the Army. But into their room parade gangsters, cops and robbers, dumb house detectives and hoodlums. Tom Neal and Warren Hymer add to the laughs. (Oct.)

PACIFIC RENDEZVOUS—M-G-M: Both Lee Bowman as a naval officer who craves action but gets a desk job of deciphering code, and Jean Rogers as the girl in his life, deserve better material than this. Spies Mona Maris, Carl Esmond, and Blanche Yurka are so obviously spies it all becomes a bit ridiculous. (Sept.)

✓ **PANAMA HATTIE**—M-G-M: A pleasant, delightful-in-spots musical that boasts Ann Sothern as star, Dan Dailey Jr. as the rich soldier boy, and a trio of comics, Red Skelton, Rags Ragland and Ben Blue. The singing of Lena Horne, the dancing of the Berry Brothers and the dead-pan warbling of Virginia O'Brien also brighten it up no end. Little Jackie Horner is very good. (Oct.)

✓✓ **PIED PIPER, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Monty Woolley is an elderly Englishman in France when the Nazis invade. As a favor, he agrees to take two English children back to England with him, but the pair expand into a group as Mr. Woolley travels back through devastated France, and then the Nazis catch up with him. It's drama with a chuckle, a laugh with a tear; in fact, the picture's a gem. (Sept.)

PIERRE OF THE PLAINS—M-G-M: John Carroll is a devil-may-care French-Canadian accused of murder but too busy helping a friend escape another murder indictment to care much. We don't care about it either. Ruth Hussey is shamefully miscast and Bruce Cabot, Phil Brown and Henry Travers are poor, weary fellow travelers. (Oct.)

POWDER TOWN—RKO-Radio: A stupid little number, with Edmond O'Brien as a scientist who invents an explosive and must be protected at all times by Vic McLaglen. But then both Edmond and his bodyguard are almost blown up. Girls wander around and get all mixed up in it too. (Aug.)

✓✓ **PRIDE OF THE YANKEES**—Goldwyn: To the role of Lou Gehrig, beloved star of baseball, Gary Cooper brings all the gentleness, simplicity, and sincerity of the first baseman. Teresa Wright as Mrs. Gehrig becomes Hollywood's most important young actress, and Babe Ruth plays himself. It's a fitting tribute to a great man. (Oct.)

✓ **PRIORITIES ON PARADE**—Paramount: Johnnie Johnston is a band leader who seeks a job playing for defense plant workers and the whole band takes jobs in the plant in order to furnish the music, with Johnnie working under the tutelage of Betty Rhodes, who sings very well. Ann Miller is the jealous dancer, Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna the comics. Plenty of talent and fun. (Oct.)

PRIVATE BUCKEROO—Universal: Too much of a good thing in this picture, with all the music leaving very little room for plot. Harry James band plays, the Andrews Sisters warble numerous ditties, Dick Foran sings several numbers, and Jennifer Holt, Joe E. Lewis, and Shemp Howard try to squeeze a word in edgewise. (Sept.)

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR—Republic: Don Barry plays an irresponsible soldier who neglects his duty, thereby causing the death of his pal. Later, of course, he sees the error of his ways. Alan Curtis and Fay McKenzie are also good, but it's really the dramatic news flashes and timely inserts that keep the story alive and interesting. (Aug.)

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RUBBER RACKETEERS—Monogram: Timely is this story of a released convict, Ricardo Cortez, who organizes the racket of bootlegging cheap rubber. When a blowout from one of his cheap tires kills a defense worker, Bill Henry starts an organized fight against the villains. Rochelle Hudson and Barbara Read are the girls. (Sept.)

✓ **SHIP AHOY**—M-G-M: Eleanor Powell is a dancer who becomes involved with foreign spies and through her tap dancing foils their plot to steal a mine. Red Skelton, her boy friend, brings life and laughter to his role, and Bert Lahr is comical as Red's stooge. Virginia O'Brien is Bert's heart beat. (Sept.)

SHIPS WITH WINGS—U.A.: An English-made picture, expressing the importance of aircraft carriers in battle. The story has the usual heel who is discharged from the R.A.F. and eventually becomes a hero by blowing up a dam. The English cast features Leslie Banks, John Clements and Jane Baxter. The photography is remarkable and worthy of applause. It's fair war stuff. (Aug.)

SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU—M-G-M: Love around the globe, with Clark Gable and Robert Sterling a brother team of foreign correspondents and Lana Turner as the beautiful corner of the triangle. The action carries the trio from New York to India, China, and Manila. Gable is right up there at the peak of his acting and Sterling does a fine job, as does Lana. (Oct.)

SUNDAY PUNCH—M-G-M: Connie Gilchrist runs a boarding house for prize fighters, and every thing goes along fine until her beautiful daughter Jean Rogers, comes home, and then comes Love Dan Dailey, Jr., plays the janitor, and William Lundigan the college lad who wins Jean. The big fight climax is a thriller (Aug.)

SWEATER GIRL—Paramount: Murders occur during rehearsal for a college musical, with Eddie Bracken and girl friend June Preisser trying to solve the mystery, and Nils Aster gets himself suspected among others. Phillip Terry and cute songstress Betty Rhodes add to the doings, and the hit tunes even overshadow the plot with their catchiness. (Sept.)

SYNCOPE—RKO-Radio: This little ditty wanders around aimlessly and gets nowhere. Jackie Cooper marries Bonita Granville, a belle from New Orleans, joins a symphony orchestra and leaves it to organize his own band. The one and only redeeming feature is the aggregation of popular band leaders in the finale. (Aug.)

✓ **TALES OF MANHATTAN**—20th Century Fox: The adventures of a dress suit from the moment it left the tailor's shop to its ultimate finish is told in complete and separate episodes, some gay, some tragic, some stronger than others, and with an arresting cast which includes Rita Hayworth, Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton and numerous other stars. You'll enjoy it. (Sept.)

✓ **TALK OF THE TOWN**—Columbia: Ronald Colman's a dignified, bearded law professor who rents a home from Jean Arthur and finds much confusion. It turns out to be escaped prisoner Cary Grant who's being hidden in the attic by Jean who tries to pass him off as the gardener. Miss Arthur is as always delightful and the men give brilliant performances. (Oct.)

The Ten Most Attractive Men in Hollywood

(Continued from page 35) hear the explosion; you just feel it.

Five, Cary Grant. Although he wasn't born in America, Cary is the average American girl's dream of a Perfect Beau. He has a sense of humor and broad shoulders; he dances well enough to get around on any night-club floor and he wears clothes like a dream. In fact, he is the best male clotheshorse in the movies.

You can imagine yourself doing incredible things with him—roller skating in ermine or ringing doorbells on a haunted house or eating hot dogs for breakfast or thumbing a ride to the moon. He makes you feel like the heroine of a Leo McCarey picture starring Cary Grant.

Cary brings out the pixie and the gypsy in a girl. And that's good.

SIX, Paul Henreid, the Perfect Continental. Remember the fellow you used to read about in those Riviera novels—the gallant foreigner who was clever and smooth, quick to compliment and kiss the hand, a good conversationalist and charming companion? You never met

TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE—M-G-M: Johnny Weissmuller, the perennial Tarzan comes to New York in search of Boy, who was taken to civilization by big-game hunters, and his adventures there result in thrills and chuckles. Maureen O'Hara as Jane and Cheeta the ape are with him, of course. (Aug.)

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT—20th Century-Fox: The establishing of West Point Academy and the training of the first group of students under Major Laird Cregar make a most interesting story, but histrionically it's very weak despite the cast of George Montgomery, John Sutton, John Shepperd and Maureen O'Hara. Cregar is splendid. (Aug.)

✓ **THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE**—Columbia: Good solid comedy, with Joan Crawford as the stern woman executive who tries to run everyone's life and gets all tangled up in love. Melvyn Douglas is the man who cuts her down to his size, and the trimming provides some mighty amusing moments. Joan's jitterbug sequences with Allen Jenkins is a riot. (Sept.)

✓ **THIS ABOVE ALL**—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power is the bewildered English soldier who deserts his regiment and meets and falls in love with Joan Fontaine, member of the W.A.A.F., and through her learns what England is fighting for. Both their performances have power and pathos, and the characters of Thomas Mitchell, Nigel Bruce and Philip Merivale are expertly drawn. We heartily recommend it. (Aug.)

✓ **THIS GUN FOR HIRE**—Paramount: The big news in this exciting melodrama is Alan Ladd, a newcomer who springs into the big time in his role of the killer. Laird Cregar is terrific as a slim stooge, Robert Preston very good as the police officer and Veronica Lake proves herself an actress. It's thrilling and suspenseful. (Aug.)

TISH—M-G-M: The three delectable sisters of Mary Roberts Rinehart's beloved "Tish" stories take on all sorts of foreign characterizations in this unimaginative screen version. Marjorie Main, Zsa Zsa Pitts and Aline MacMahon play the spinsters; Le Bowman and Virginia Grey furnish the romantic relief. (Oct.)

UNDERCOVER MAN—Sherman-P: A group of baddies have Hopalong Cassidy, played by William Boyd, puzzled when they take turns in personating first Mexicans and then Americans as they even go so far as to impersonate Hoppie at his host Antonio Moreno before the catch is made. Chris Pin Martin and Andy Clyde cut up cutely. (Oct.)

✓ **WINGS FOR THE EAGLE**—Warners: The plot of this timely drama is subordinated to the exciting background of the busy Lockheed plant, factory and the scenes taken there are most vivid and interesting. Among the many workers there are Ann Sheridan and Jack Carson, whose marriage has broken, Dennis Morgan, and George Tobias as the foreign-born foreman who loses his job. (Sept.)

✓ **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY**—Warners: This life story of the great star, George M. Cohan is the best biographical musical to come out of Hollywood and the best thing Jimmy Cagney has done in years. It's warm and sincere, and the Cohan music is unforgettable, as is the picture itself. Cagney, Walter Huston as his father, Rosemary de Camp, and Joan Leslie are all great. (Sept.)

one, of course—somehow the Continentals, who turned up on this side of the Atlantic were always several inches too short or several degrees too arrogant or they stuck out their lips like Maurice Chevalier or shaved their heads like Erich von Stroheim.

Then Henreid arrived. He has everything that Boyer has plus quite a few inches in height and a neater waistline. He has a pleasant sense of fun and a teasing quality that makes him seem much younger than most Europeans who have stepped within camera focus, and far more amusing.

He, too, has read books, and I mean the kind with words in them. This makes him a rather nice contrast to so many foreign stars who only read bank books.

Seven, Errol Flynn. His attraction doesn't have to be explained by me—Tennyson did it better a couple of centuries ago, and Shakespeare knew all about it, and so did Chaucer, and so did the folk who wrote the fairy tale book about princesses and castles. Flynn is this year's model of Sir Galahad, or Sir Anybody. If he isn't, he looks it.

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So far as I know he has never rescued a maiden from a fate worse than death, or even discouraged her from it, but he can't help giving the impression that he's just fought a duel (and won). Even in a night club he looks as though he had checked a sword along with his hat. Errol makes a girl in a knee-length skirt feel as though she were wearing a wimple; I think he could convince Sophie Tucker that she was a frail helpless heroine in an ivory tower.

And if you will pardon me for calling attention to it, Errol is one of the few stars who by his attire permits his avid feminine public to observe that he is a male Betty Grable. You don't find legs like his on a tea table!

Eight, James Cagney. For a special kind of wayward charm, Cagney has them all stopped. He's the Jim who doesn't send her pretty flowers, and with him mutiny seems always to be just an eighth of an inch below the surface; but there is a great Irish tenderness in his eyes even when he is giving you the back of his hand, and he has the kind of a soft voice that makes you lean forward to catch what he's saying. It's very few who do that. When they get you leaning, either you're deaf or they're interesting. With Cagney, it's not because you're deaf.

He is no collar ad, and probably very few people ever ask for the name of his tailor, and when he pulls out a cigarette it comes from a crumpled pack, not a gold cigarette case. But he has a certain magic—the kind, I believe, that you get in Killarney at midnight if the moon is new and the wind is high and the wee people love you.

Nine, Burgess Meredith. I've never seen Burgess out with a girl who didn't seem to be crazy about him, and it's not because he's handsome or tries hard but maybe because he isn't and doesn't. Burgess is glib and full of sly whimsy. He's hep. He has a way of looking wistful that has nothing to do with the way he feels. He cares passionately about the state of the world and he likes boogie-woogie; he's the boy to take you to Harlem or the Stork Club and also to toss you a little high philosophy.

He is a magnificent actor, and he can also make with words on his own, off stage and off screen, without the aid of George Bernard Shaw, Molnar, or Eugene O'Neill.

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Ten, Clark Gable. If there is a girl anywhere who doesn't think Clark Gable is Big Stuff, I haven't met her and she doesn't write me fan mail. With Gable, the decision is unanimous.

And it's not hard to analyze; the secret of his success is masculinity. He is the most male male I've ever encountered. He is any woman's type whether she's a chorus girl, or a duchess, whether she speaks English or Arabic. Just so long as she's a woman, she can imagine herself waltzing in his arms at a gay ball, digging for clams on a lonely beach, drinking burgundy at a table for two, or lying in a wet blind waiting for ducks to fly down wind in the dawn. Or whatever girls imagine in Arabic.

Gable, as an all-around, all-time hero, is very hard to top.

Of course, Charlie Chaplin has a certain something, too. He has the most magnetic bank roll.

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Casts of Current Pictures

"ACROSS THE PACIFIC"—Warners: Rick Leland, Humphrey Bogart; *Alberta Marlow*, Mary Astor; *Dr. Lorenz*, Sydney Greenstreet; *A. V. Smith*, Charles Halton; *Joe Totsuiko*, Sen Yung; *Sugi*, Roland Got; *Sam Wing On*, Lee Tung Foo; *Captain Morrison*, Frank Wilcox; *Colonel Hart*, Paul Stanton; *Canadian Major*, Lester Matthews.

"BIG STREET, THE"—RKO-Radio: *Little Pinks*, Henry Fonda; *Gloria*, Lucille Ball; *Case Ables*, Barton MacLane; *Nicely Nicely Johnson*, Eugene Pallette; *Violette*, Agnes Moorehead; *Horse-thief*, Sam Levene; *Professor B*, Ray Collins; *Mrs. Venus*, Marion Martin; *Decatur Reed*, William Orr; *Col. Venus*, George Cleveland; *Mrs. Lefkowitz*, Vera Gordon; *Ruby*, Louise Beavers; *Gentleman George*, Millard Mitchell; *Lou Adolia*, Juan Varro; *Louie*, Hans Conried; *Doctor*, Harry Shannon; *Detective*, William Halligan; *McWhirter*, John Miljan; *M. C.*, Don Barclay; *Judge Bamberger*, Julius Tannen; *Mulvaney*, Eddie Dunn; *Philly the Weeper*, Bert Hanlon; *Heart of Gold*, Bob Perry; *O'Rourke*, Anthony Blair; *Joel Duffle*, Art Hamburger; *Dr. Mitchell*, Addison Richards; and Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra.

"BERLIN CORRESPONDENT"—20th Century-Fox: *Karen Hauen*, Virginia Gilmore; *Bill Roberts*, Dana Andrews; *Carla*, Mona Maris; *Captain Carl von Rau*, Martin Kosleck; *Dr. Dietrich*, Sig Ruman; *Weiner*, Kurt Katch; *Mr. Hauen*, Erwin Kalser; *Manager*, Torben Meyer; *Gruber*, William Edmunds; *Gunther*, Hans Schumm; *English Prisoner*, Leonard Mudie; *Actor*, Hans Von Morhart; *Doctor*, Curt Furburg; *Pilot*, Henry Rowland; *Prisoner*, Christian Rub.

"BETWEEN US GIRLS"—Universal: *Carrio*, Diana Barrymore; *Chris*, Kay Francis; *Jimmy Blake*, Robert Cummings; *Steve*, John Boles; *Mike Kilinsky*, Andy Devine; *Gallagher*, Ethel Griffies; *Father of boys*, Guinn Williams; *Sergeant*, Walter Catlett; *Little prince*, Scotty Beckett; *Harold*, Peter Jamerson; *Marybelle*, Mary Treen; *Doctor*, Andrew Tombes; *Maid*, Lillian Yarbo; *Soda clerk*, Irving Bacon.

"BUSSES ROAR"—Warners: *Sergeant Ryan*, Richard Travis; *Reba Richards*, Julie Bishop; *Eddie Sloan*, Charles Drake; *Norma*, Eleanor Parker; *Betty*, Elisabeth Fraser; *Dick Remick*, Richard Fraser; *Hoff*, Peter Whitney; *Detective Quinn*, Frank Wilcox; *Sunshine*, Willie Best; *Jerry Silva*, Rex Williams; *Danny*, Harry Lewis; *The Moocher*, Bill Kennedy; *Nick Stoddard*, George Meeker; *Mrs. Dipper*, Vera Lewis; *Henry Dipper*, Harry C. Bradley; *First Old Maid*, Lottie Williams; *Second Old Maid*, Leah Baird; *Yamanito*, Chester Gan.

"CAIRO"—M-G-M: *Marcia Warren*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Homer Smith*, Robert Young; *Cleo*, Ethel Waters; *Philo Cobson*, Reginald Owen; *Mrs. Morrison*, Mona Barrie; *Ahmed*, Eduardo Cianelli; *Bernie*, Larry Nunn; *Teutonic Gentleman*, Lionel Atwill; *Mr. Boggs*, Grant Mitchell.

"CANAL ZONE"—Columbia: *"Hardtack"* Hamilton, Chester Morris; *Susan Merrill*, Harriet Hilliard; *Harley Ames*, John Hubbard; *Kincaid*,

Larry Parks; *Madigan*, Forrest Tucker; *Hughes*, Eddie Laughton; *Baldwin*, Lloyd Bridges; *MacNamara*, George McKay; *Commander Merrill*, Stanley Andrews; *"Red"* Connors, John Tyrrell; *Jones*, Stanley Brown; *Henshaw*, John Shay.

"DESPERATE JOURNEY"—Warners: *F. L. Terrence Forbes*, Errol Flynn; *Flying Officer Johnny Hammond*, Ronald Reagan; *Kaethe Brahms*, Nancy Coleman; *Major Otto Baumeister*, Raymond Massey; *Fl. Off. Jed Forrest*, Arthur Kennedy; *Fl. Sgt. Kirk Edwards*, Alan Hale; *Fl. Sgt. Lloyd Hollis*, Ronald Sinclair; *Dr. Mather*, Albert Basserman; *Preuss*, Sig Ruman; *St. Lane-Ferris*, Patrick O'Moore; *Herman Brahms*, Felix Basch; *Frau Brahms*, Ilka Gruning; *Frau Raeder*, Elsa Basserman; *Captain Coswick*, Charles Irwin; *St. Clark*, Richard Fraser; *Kruse*, Robert O. Davis; *Heinrich Schwartzmueller*, Henry Victor; *Eng. officer*, Bruce Lester; *Wing Commander*, Lester Matthews.

"HERE WE GO AGAIN"—RKO-Radio: *Edgar Bergen*, Himself; *Charlie McCarthy*, Himself; *Fibber McGee*, Jim Jordan; *Molly McGee*, Marian Jordan; *the great Gildersleeve*, Harold Peary; *Jean*, Ginny Simms; *Wimple*, Bill Thompson; *Mortimer Snerd*, Himself; *Ray Noble*, Himself.

"HILLBILLY BLITZKRIEG"—Monogram: *Snuffy Smith*, Bud Duncan; *Barney Google*, Cliff Nazarro; *Sergeant Gatling*, Edgar Kennedy; *Julie James*, Doris Linden; *Professor James*, Lucien Littlefield; *Corporal Bruce*, Alan Baldwin; *Marlene Zara*, Nicolle Andre; *Missouri*, Jimmie Dodd; *Dinky*, Teddy Mangan; *Boller*, Jerry Jerome; *Hertle*, Jack Carr; *Luke*, Frank Austin.

"ICELAND"—20th Century-Fox: *Katina Jonsdottir*, Sonja Henie; *Corporal James Murfin*, John Payne; *Slip Riggs*, Jack Oakie; *Papa*, Felix Bressart; *Helga*, Osa Massen; *Adele Wynn*, Joan Merrill; *Tegnar*, Fritz Feld; *Sammy Kaye and His Orchestra*, Themselves; *Sverdrup Svensson*, Sterling Holloway; *Grandma*, Adeline DeWalt Reynolds; *Valtur's Father*, Ludwig Stossel; *Valtur*, Duke Adlon; *Aunt Sophie*, Ilka Gruning; *Skating Partner*, Eugene Turner; *Sergeant*, James Flavin.

"ISLE OF MISSING MEN"—Monogram: *Merrill Hammond*, John Howard; *Diana Bryce*, Helen Gilbert; *Dan Curtis*, Gilbert Roland; *Dr. Henry Brown*, Alan Mowbray; *George Kent*, Bradley Page; *Bar Steward*, George Chandler; *Sally*, Geraldine Gray; *Richard Heller*, Egon Brecher; *Nurse Pauline*, Kitty O'Neill; *Tony*, Dewey Robinson; *Jo-Jo*, Charles Williams; *Capt. Sanchez*, Ernie Adams; *Bob Henderson*, Kenneth Duncan; *Sani*, Alex Havier.

"JACKASS MAIL"—M-G-M—*Just Baggot*, Wallace Beery; *Clementine (Tiny) Tucker*, Marjorie Main; *Signor O'Sullivan*, J. Carrol Naish; *Tommy Gargan*, Darryl Hickman; *Red Gargan*, William Haade; *Jim Swade*, Dick Curtis; *Gospel Jones*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Barky*, Joe Yule.

"LITTLE TOKYO, U. S. A."—20th Century-Fox: *Michael Steele*, Preston Foster; *Maris Hanover*, Brenda Joyce; *Takimura*, Harold Huber; *Hendricks*, Don Douglas; *Teru*, June Duprez;

Kingoro, George E. Stone; *Satsuma*, Abner Biberman; *Marsten*, Charles Tannen; *Jerry*, Frank Orth; *Suma*, Edward Soohoo; *Shadow*, Beal Wong; *Mrs. Satsuma*, Daisy Lee; *Fujiama*, Leonard Strong; *Captain Wade*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Oshima*, Richard Loo; *Okono*, Sen Yung; *Mrs. Okono*, Melie Chang.

"MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S ELEPHANT"—RKO-Radio: *Carmelita*, Lupe Velez; *Lord Epping*, Uncle Matt, Leon Errol; *Dennis*, Walter Reed; *Della*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Lady Epping*, Lydia Bilbrook; *Diana*, Marion Martin; *Reddy*, Lyle Talbot; *Luigi*, Luis Alberni; *Chief Inspector*, George Cleveland; *Arnold*, Marten Lamont; *Operative*, Jack Briggs; *Alamos*, Arnold Kent; *Head waiter*, Max Wagner.

"MOON AND SIXPENCE, THE"—David L. Loew—Albert Lewin, Inc.: *Charles Strickland*, George Sanders; *Geoffrey Wolfe*, Herbert Marshall; *Dirk Stroeve*, Steve Geray; *Blanche Stroeve*, Doris Dudley; *Captain Nichols*, Eric Blore; *Dr. Coutras*, Albert Basserman; *Mrs. Strickland*, Molly Lamont; *Ata*, Elena Verdugo; *Tiare Johnson*, Florence Bates; *Rose Waterford*, Heather Thatcher; *Maidland*, Robert Grieg; *Col. MacAndrew*, Kenneth Hunter; *Mrs. MacAndrew*, Irene Tedrow.

"ORCHESTRA WIVES"—20th Century-Fox: *Bill Abbott*, George Montgomery; *Connie*, Ann Rutherford; *Gene Morrison*, Glenn Miller; *Sinjin*, Cesar Romero; *Jaynie*, Lynn Bari; *Natalie*, Caule Landis; *Elsie*, Virginia Gilmore; *Caroline*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Specialty*, Nicholas Brothers; *Mrs. Beck*, Tamara Geva; *Rex Willet*, Frank Orth; *Dr. Ward*, Grant Mitchell; *Cully Anderson*, Henry Morgan; *Beck*, Jackie Gleason; *Hilda*, Edith Evanson; *Henry Fink*, Alec Craig.

"PALM BEACH STORY, THE"—Paramount: *Gerry Jeffers*, Claudette Colbert; *Tom Jeffers*, Joel McCrea; *The Princess Centimillia*, Mary Astor; *J. D. Hackensacker, III*, Rudy Vallee; *Toto*, Sig Arno; *Mr. Hinch*, Robert Warwick; *Mr. Osmond*, Arthur Stuart Hull; *Dr. Kluck*, Torben Meyer; *Mr. Asweld*, Jimmy Conlin; *Mr. McKeewie*, Victor Potel; *1st Member Ale and Quail Club*, William Demarest; *2nd Member Ale and Quail Club*, Jack Norton; *3rd Member Ale and Quail Club*, Robert Greig; *4th Member Ale and Quail Club*, Roscoe Ates; *5th Member Ale and Quail Club*, Dewey Robinson; *6th Member Ale and Quail Club*, Chester Conklin; *7th Member Ale and Quail Club*, Sheldon Jett; *Wienie King*, Robert Dudley; *Manager*, Franklin Pangborn; *Pullman Conductor*, Arthur Hoyt.

"PARDON MY SARONG"—Universal: *Wellington Pflug*, Lou Costello; *Algy Shaw*, Bud Abbott; *Joan Marshall*, Virginia Bruce; *Tommy Layton*, Robert Paige; *Prof. Vornhoff*, Lionel Atwill; *Whaba*, Leif Erickson; *Luana*, Nan Wynn; *The Four Ink Spots*, Themselves; *Tip Tap Toe*, Themselves; *Sharkey the Seal*, Himself; *Katherine Dunham Dancers*, Themselves.

"SEVEN SWEETHEARTS"—M-G-M: *Henry*, Van Heflin; *Billie*, Kathryn Grayson; *Regina*, Marsha Hunt; *Victor*, Cecilia Parker; *Cornelius*, Frances Raeburn; *Peter*, Dorothy Morris; *George*, Frances Rafferty; *Albert*, Peggy Moran; *Van Masters*, S. Z. Sakall; *Miss Robbins*, Isobel Elsom; *Mrs. Nugent*, Diana Lewis; *Mr. Nugent*, Lewis Howard; *Jan Randall*, Carl Esmond; *Petunia*, Louise Beavers.

"TIMBER"—Universal: *Quebec*, Leo Carrillo; *Arizona*, Andy Devine; *Kansas*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Yvette*, Marjorie Lord; *Sandy*, Walter Sande; *Ann*, Jean Phillips; *Pierre LaCour*, Edmund MacDonald; *Jules Fabian*, Nestor Paiva; *Joe Radway*, James Seay; *Daly*, William Hall; *Jim Crowley*, Wade Boteler.

"WAKE ISLAND"—Paramount—*Major Caton*, Brian Donlevy; *Joe Doyle*, Robert Preston; *Lt. Bruce Cameron*, Macdonald Carey; *Shad McCloskey*, Albert Dekker; *Sally Cameron*, Barbara Britton; *Aloysius "Smacksie" Randall*, William Bendix; *Ivan Probenski*, Mikhail Rasumny; *Comm. Reynolds*, Walter Abel; *Captain Patrick*, Damian O'Flynn; *Sgt. Higbee*, Bill Goodwin.

"WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY, THE"—M-G-M: *Elliott Fulton*, Edward Arnold; *Stella Hadley*, Fay Bainter; *Theodore Hadley*, Richard Ney; *Patricia Hadley*, Jean Rogers; *Mrs. Michael Fitzpatrick*, Sara Allgood; *Cecilia Talbot*, Spring Byington; *Michael Fitzpatrick*, Van Johnson; *Mrs. Laura Winters*, Isobel Elsom; *Sally*, Frances Rafferty; *Millie*, Dorothy Morris; *Bennett*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Cook*, Connie Gilchrist; *Peters*, Horace McNally; *Dr. Leonard V. Meecham*, Miles Mander; *Louie*, "Rags" Ragland; *Bob*, Mark Daniels.

"WINGS AND THE WOMAN"—RKO-Radio: *Amy Johnson*, Anna Neagle; *Jim Mollison*, Robert Newton; *Mr. Johnson*, Edward Chapman; *Mrs. Johnson*, Joan Kemp-Welch; *A. T. A. Commandant*, Nora Swinburne; *Lord Wakefield*, Charles Carson; *Mac*, Bredni O'Rourke; *Housekeeper*, Muriel George; *Schoolmistress*, Martita Hunt; *Official*, Stag Lane; *Anthony Shaw*; *Lord Wakefield's Secretary*, Ian Fleming; *Mayor*, Elliott Makeham.

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